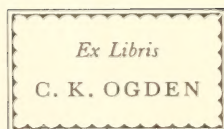


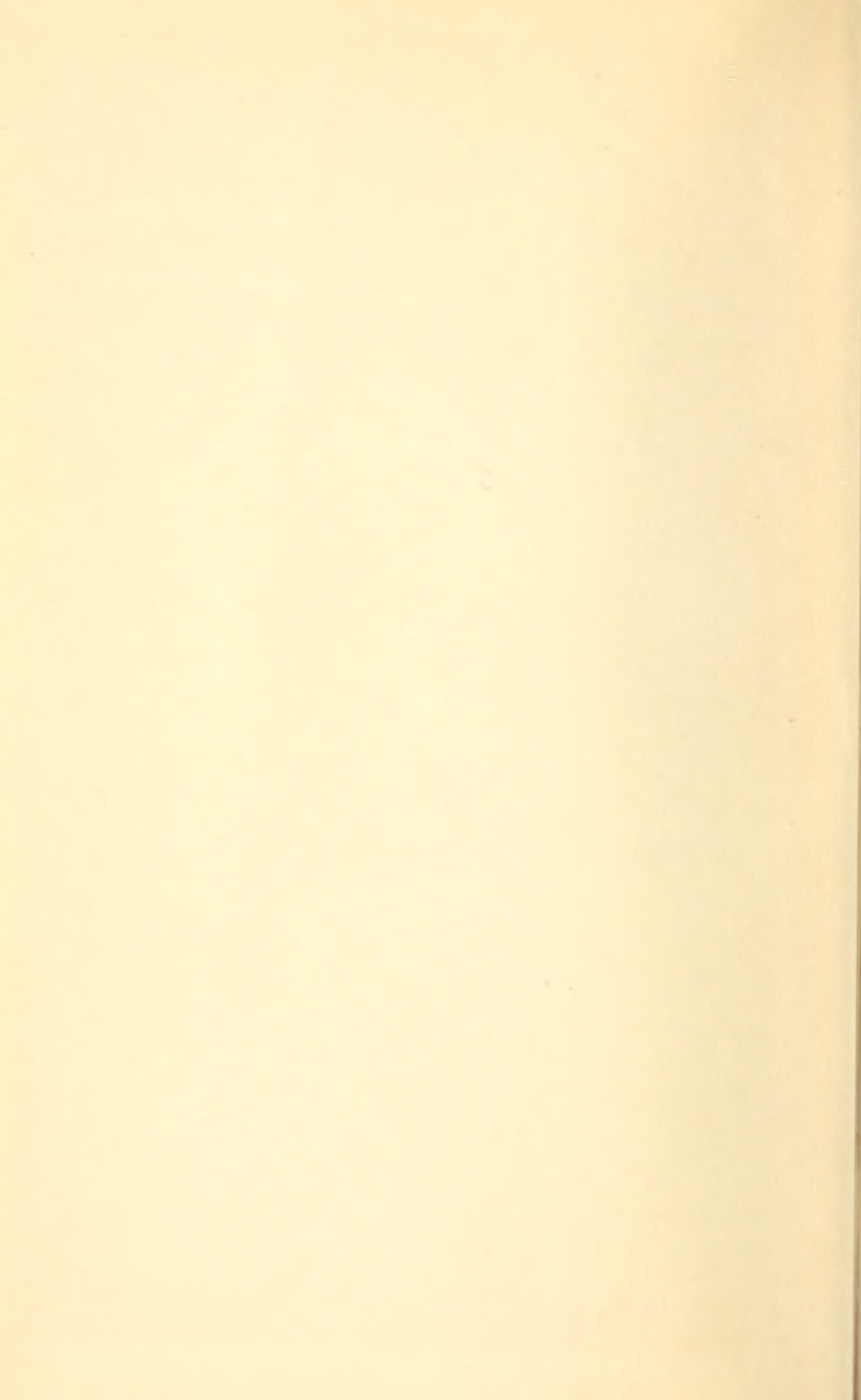


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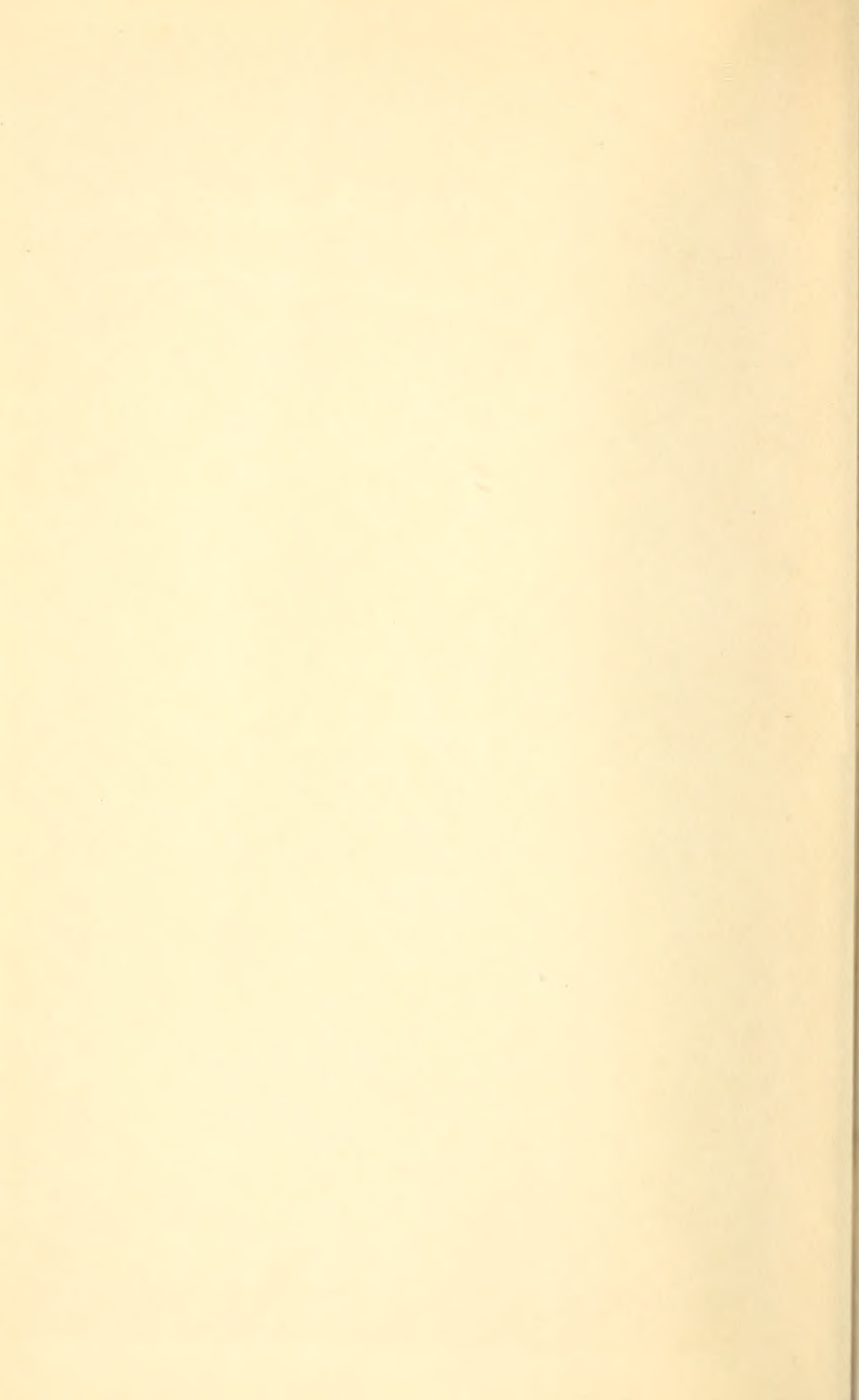
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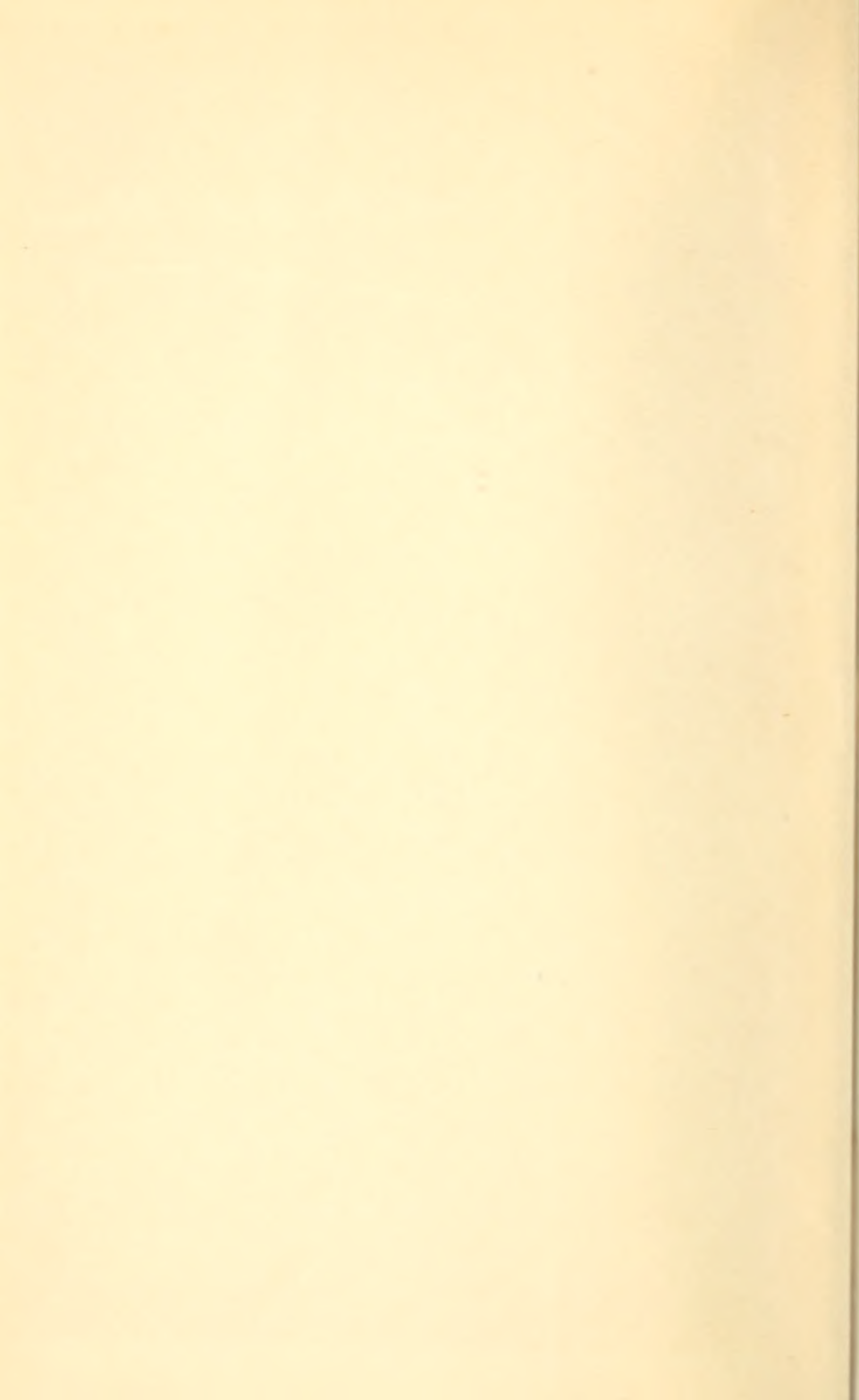
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WALTER HEADLAM







Walter Headlam

WALTER HEADLAM
HIS LETTERS AND POEMS
WITH A MEMOIR BY CECIL HEADLAM
AND A BIBLIOGRAPHY BY L. HAWARD



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1910

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WALTER HEADLAM AT 18 (*Photogravure*) (*Frontispiece*)

T.A.F. GROUP

Facing page 26, Part I

SPECIMEN OF GREEK WRITING BY WALTER HEADLAM

Page 1, Part II

I

WALTER GEORGE HEADLAM was born in London upon February 15, 1866. When he died, by a sudden mischance, at the age of forty-two, not Cambridge only, but the world of letters, suffered a loss not easily to be measured. His was a personality singularly complex and exceedingly rare in the history of Intellect. For not only had he made his mark in the academic world as a creative classical critic, who must take his rank with the greatest of the interpreters of Greek thought and language and art, but he combined with the industry and acumen of a scholar the temperament, the individuality, and the achievement of a poet and man of genius. These qualities, rare in the history of literature, still rarer in the history of a university, had made him for the last twenty years one of the most remarkable men in Cambridge. But an individuality such as his, a temperament so intense and many-sided, does not rapidly mature. Time and the experience of years are needed for the harmonising of discordant elements, and the painful working out of a philosophy of life. It is the belief of all those who knew him and his

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work, that Walter Headlam, when he died, stood, as it were, only upon the threshold of still more remarkable achievement, which was to be the outcome of a hard-won, new-found harmony of the soul.

It will be seen, then, that the subject of this memoir is one, as I believe, of unusual interest. And since the biography of the individual must always be a contribution of some importance, if rightly understood, to the history of a nation, and because the understanding of this curiously complex character, of which it is my object to present as vivid a portrait as may be, can only be arrived at through the knowledge of the circumstances which produced it, and the several strains of which it was compounded, I have sketched in very brief outline those circumstances of life and place, and those accidents of heredity, which went to the making of Walter Headlam.

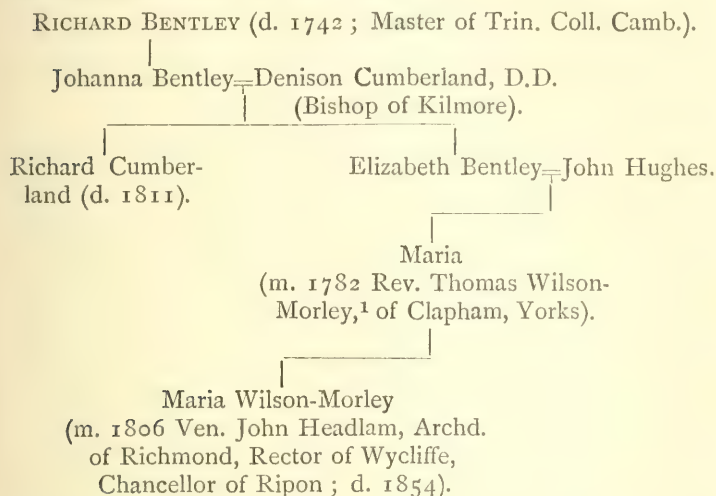
It is a characteristic of England that so large a part of the life of the nation is to be found in the history of individual families. This characteristic is exemplified in the case of Walter Headlam. He was not one of those who by his own unaided exertions won for himself a place in the world. He sprang from a cultured English family, and academic distinction came to him, as it were, by right of birth. For he came of a stock which was likely to produce a classical scholar of genius. He was born almost exactly two hundred years after his great-great-great-grandfather, Richard Bentley, the famous Master

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of Trinity College, Cambridge, the great classical critic.*

It is not, I think, merely fanciful to recognise in Walter Headlam's temperament and gifts an

* The following tree, taken from Joseph Foster's "Noble and Gentle Families of Royal Descent," shows the descent of Headlam's grandmother from Bentley :



The Bentleys were a West Riding family, a yeoman race of no great eminence, as the world counts 'eminence, before Richard Bentley made it immortal in the annals of English literature. This appears to be the fact, in spite of the efforts of Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, Bentley's grandson, to prove their claim to aristocratic descent. At any rate they had done nothing more memorably aristocratic than to get themselves born and buried, before Richard Bentley was made Master of Trinity College, before he crossed blades with the young wits of Oxford and drew upon himself the brilliant but capricious lightning of Swift's satiric genius.

¹ Eldest son of Thomas Wilson, Dean of Carlisle, of Beechcroft Hall, Yorks, who added Morley to his name on inheriting Clapham, in the West Riding, from his uncle. His son, George Bentley Morley, was Sen. Opt. Camb. 1852, and won the Porson Prize.

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inheritance on the one side of some of the great scholar's traits. Independence of mind, intrepidity of thought, and above all a passionate desire for the guiding truth in every path of life, these are the qualities which we know to have inspired Bentley's work, and are revealed in that portrait by Thornhill which hangs in the Master's Lodge at Trinity. These, too, are the characteristics of Walter Headlam's critical and poetical achievements, as they were the motive power in all the details of his existence.

When he died, cut off by a sudden blind blow of Fate, as it might seem, in perfect health, in the maturity of his powers, in the fulness of knowledge born of a quarter of a century's intense industry, at a time when he was just beginning to reap the harvest he had sown so laboriously, the subject of this memoir, the author of this volume, had acquired that knowledge of all Greek and Latin antiquity which, Bentley postulated, a man must have at his finger-ends before he can venture, without insane rashness, to pass criticism on any ancient author. But besides this, Bentley adds, "there is need of the keenest judgment, of sagacity and quickness, of a certain divining tact and inspiration, as was said by Aristarchus, a faculty which can be acquired by no constancy of toil or length of life, but comes solely by the gift of nature and the happy star."* A memory stored with knowledge as the fruit of constancy of toil, the divine gifts of judgment and inspiration, these qualities Walter

* Bentley; preface to his edition of Horace, translated by Professor Jebb (English Men of Letters Series, p. 210).

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Headlam possessed to a degree excelled by no classical scholar since Bentley. And to the force and penetrating originality of Bentley he added the exquisite ear of Porson. His critical work already published, and his editions of the *Agamemnon* and *Herodas*, shortly to be issued by the Cambridge University Press, will establish this claim beyond doubt or cavil.

And lest I seem for a moment to be claiming too much for him, let me quote at once the penetrating analysis of one who knew him and his work at King's for over a quarter of a century, a scholar who is able to judge him impartially, a friend to whom he owed much. "He was one of the rare instances," wrote Dr. Waldstein, shortly after his death,* "where supreme accuracy of scholarship was combined with an artistic temperament, and the critical faculty, which enabled him to discover with minute thoroughness the niceties of language, was blended with a fiery and delicate poetic imagination, a power of divination as regards the spirit, the 'perfume' of a bygone age, its life, its thought, and its art. . . . He was never satisfied unless he had found the *whole* truth himself. He was not a worker with dictionaries and indices, nor in consultation of what had been produced by other scholars. He went through the whole of classical literature in order to settle a question of language or ancient life, which we others decide by consulting some form of dictionary. No doubt this helped to give him that unique acquaintance with all forms of

* In a letter to Violet, Lady Melville.

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ancient language, literature, and life which no scholar I have ever met possessed to the same degree."

And Dr. Tyrrell, after speaking of the "splendid mental gifts" of that "starry spirit," adds: "Walter Headlam had achieved much. There can hardly be a scholar whose interleaved copies of the classics do not record many a brilliant emendation, many an acute interpretation by him of the great poets of antiquity. He held high the torch of British scholarship, and was the legitimate successor of Bentley, Porson, Munro, Jebb, Elmsley, Gaisford, Conington, not to mention scholars who still adorn their universities."* The great scholars of the Continent had long recognised his eminence, and the sweet praise of this recognition went far to compensate him, through many weary years, for the apparent failure of the scholars of his own University to appreciate with equal readiness the quality of the work he was publishing. Professors Blass of Halle, and Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, Professors Crusius of Munich, and Herwerden of Utrecht, dealt with him on equal terms; he valued the high opinion of Professor Robinson Ellis, and his yet closer intellectual bond with Professors Gilbert Murray of Oxford and A. E. Housman of London. Bursian's "Jahresbericht" teems with references to his work. Professor Murray writes:

"In looking through the letters that I have received from Walter Headlam I feel again the crushing loss sustained by Greek scholarship in his death, and something like personal self-reproach to think that, while he

* *Hermathena* (Trinity College, Dublin), No. xxxiv. p. 140.

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was there to be consulted, I did not consult him oftener. Not one of the letters but is individual; not one but shows absolutely first-rate intellectual quality. We all know of scholars who are learned but dull-witted, brilliant but wild, poetical and sensitive but ignorant or inaccurate. Dr. Headlam's learning, at any rate in the realm of Greek poetry, was quite extraordinary. He seemed, so to speak, to know his Callimachus and Aratus as the rest of us know our Æschylus and Sophocles. He was never wild or disposed ὑπὲρ τὰ ἔσκαμμένα πηδᾶν, and his sensitiveness to beauty of language, and especially beauty of metre, was not that of a savant, but that of a poet.

"It was over Greek lyrics that Dr. Headlam and I first made friends, and I think there can be very few people in the world, if any, who have a more exquisite ear for that remote and marvellous music than he had."

Wilamowitz-Moellendorf* used to say that if Dr. Headlam's Greek verse were discovered to-morrow in a papyrus, it would be recognised at once by all scholars as true Greek poetry. And this great scholar it was who wrote, upon his death, those beautiful Greek elegiacs† which I here quote, together with the translation by Professor A. J. Church, which appeared in the *Spectator* (September 5, 1908):

Ἄρτι φιλήρετμόν τ' ἐπιὼν κατὰ Καμὸν ἄμιλλαν
καὶ σοφὸν ἐν Βασιλέως συμπόσιον θιάσῳ

* Headlam's "Book of Greek Verse" was reviewed by Moellendorf in the *Literarisches Zentralblatt für Deutschland*, May 23, 1908.

† *Classical Review*, August 1908.

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ἔβλεπον ἡβώωντά σ' ἐπήκουόν τε λαλεῦντος
 ἡδέα καὶ δεινῶς σὴν φύσιν ἡγασάμην,
 Ἀδλαμε, καὶ πατρίαις πεφιλημένε Πιερίσιν τε
 Μούσαις, ἱστορίης τ' ἦρανε γραμματικῆς.
 καὶ νῦν Μοῖρά σ' ἄωρον ἀφήρπασεν, οἷς δὲ μέμνηεν
 Ἑλλὰς τὰς πολλὰς ἐλπίδας ἡφάνισεν.
 κῆμοι πικρότερον μὲν ἴσως ἄχος αὐτὸν ἰδόντι
 ἄρτι σε· πλὴν ὁπότεν σῆισιν ἀηδονίσιν
 ἔντυχῳ, αὐδῆς αὐθις ἐν οὔασι σῆς ἐπορούσει
 φθόγγος, ζῶντά δ' αἰεὶ τὸν φίλον ἀσπάσομαι.

I watched on Cam the oarsmen's strife,
 I shared in royal Henry's hall
 The scholars' feast ; but most of all
 I loved to see thy vigorous life,

Thy gracious-sounding speech to hear,
 To muses of thy native land,
 Nor less to that harmonious band
 Which haunts Pieria's mountains, dear ;

Skilled, too, the critic's craft to ply :
 And now the untimely stroke of doom
 Has fallen, and in Headlam's tomb
 A thousand hopes of Hellas lie.

Bitter in truth to all, to me
 Who loved so well, and knew so late,
 More bitter, came our scholar's fate :
 Yet, haply, in the years to be

Lighting on some melodious strain
 He sang, shall ear and eye rejoice
 Again to hear the silent voice,
 To see the vanished form again.

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The Bentley strain was introduced—as will be seen from the brief genealogical tree on p. 3—when Archdeacon Headlam, the grandfather of Walter Headlam, married the daughter of a well-known Dean of Carlisle, Thomas Wilson-Morley, a little more than a century ago.

The Headlams derived their name from the tiny hamlet of Headlam, near Gainford. They do not seem to have strayed far from “Barnard’s Towers and woodland Tees” for many centuries. But from the middle of the seventeenth century onwards they are found engaged in shipbuilding or commerce in the seaports of Durham. That their prosperity increased through the development of the country’s mercantile marine seems clear, and there is a pleasing record of one Headlam who, on a Christmas Day, fought and captured a Frenchman in the intervals of eating his Christmas dinner on board his *letter of marque*. But it is to John Headlam, the venerable Archdeacon of Richmond, Squire of Gilmonby Hall, for over twenty years Chairman of the North Riding Sessions, and Chancellor of the Diocese of Ripon, that his descendants look back with reverence as to the Founder of their house. His brother was the head of the medical profession at Newcastle, and he himself was rector for sixty-one years of that ancient, half-ruined church of Wycliffe, so well known from Turner’s somewhat imaginative picture of it.* This is the tiny village from which the great Reformer sprang and took his name. Tiny village and ancient

* Engraved by John Pye in Whitaker’s “History of Richmondshire.”

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church lie within sight and sound of Tees, that flows, slipping over the broad, smooth ledges of bastard limestone, gurgling onwards through the deep pools in which salmon lie, or roaring in torrential spate over pebbly beaches and low falls, and carving his deep course through the steep, curving banks of Wycliffe Woods.*

Archdeacon Headlam was a man of much local importance in his day, who combined, in fact, the position and influence of a modern Bishop of Ripon with that of a county magnate. He left the reputation of a man of unusual mental and physical vigour, a man of the old school, strong, just, upright, intelligent. Sydney Smith,† indeed, fell foul of him, and

* The scenery of that lovely river, with all its tributary streams—

“Staindrop, who, from her silvan bowers,
Salutes proud Raby’s battled towers ;
The rural brook of Egliston,
And Balder, named from Odin’s son ;
And Greta, to whose banks ere long
We lead the lovers of the song ;
And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,
And fairy Thorgill’s murmuring child,
And last and least, but loveliest still,
Romantic Deepdale’s slender rill”

—all this has been described once and for all by the magic pen of that Wizard of the North who loved Nature and Romance with so fervid and so equal a passion that he taught his prosaic countrymen to love them too, and him in them. Macaulay’s exiled Jacobite, it will be remembered,

“Heard on Lavernia Scargill’s whispering trees,
And sighed by Arno for his lovelier Tees.”

† For a just appreciation of his action in the controversy with Sir Robert Peel and Sydney Smith, *see* Sydney Webb’s “History of Local Government in England” (“Quarter Sessions”).

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held him up to scorn as a bigoted Tory, but the Duke of Cleveland, on the other hand, was sometimes inclined to regard his views and actions as dangerously Radical. For when the Archdeacon, largely at his own expense, was providing for the erection of a suspension-bridge* over the Tees at Whorlton, the then Duke wrote to his Radical friend protesting against this scheme of his, which was open to the serious objection that it would "enable the lower orders to move about the country." We may conclude that the Archdeacon was a wise and moderate man, who eminently deserved the universal respect and affection in which he was held.

He was the father of a large family. All his sons had distinguished academic careers,† and the eldest, the Right Hon. Thomas Emerson Headlam, Q.C., represented Newcastle in Parliament for twenty-six years, was a Privy Councillor, and held office as Judge Advocate-General, 1859-66. All left behind them a reputation of untarnished integrity, of unswerving devotion to duty, of serious and ungrudging work. Each in his different way attained a considerable

* See Surtees' "History of Gainford," p. 46.

† Of these, Walter's father, Edward Headlam, won the Bell Scholarship at Cambridge, and was a Fellow of St. John's; Francis Headlam, the youngest, the late Stipendiary Magistrate of Manchester, was sometime Fellow and Bursar of University College, Oxford; Arthur Headlam, Hon. Canon of Durham, and successively Vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham, Gainford, and Whorlton, was a Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and University Prizeman. Thomas Emerson Headlam was 17th Wrangler; John Headlam 21st Wrangler and Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholar; Edward Headlam 12th Wrangler and 9th Classic; and Arthur Headlam 29th Wrangler and 10th Classic.

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position in his profession. Common to them all was a quality of reserve and restraint, which in some sort sterilised the creative powers of their strong intellectual force. A spirit critical both of themselves and of others dominated and guided them. They demanded of themselves the same high standard as they applied to others. Their critical faculty seems to have dwarfed their imagination and the productive powers of their intellect. For a group of men who were so distinguished in their academical career, and who were intellectually so capable, they were singularly lacking in literary enterprise, in the necessity, or the ability, of self-expression. There is one exception to be made. Walter Headlam's father was taught Latin at the age of four by his sister Margaret, a talented and cultured woman of quite unusual ability. She published nothing but one popular harvest hymn, which was set to music by Dr. Dykes, "Holy is the seed-time." But she was a French and Italian scholar, and she wrote much poetry, notably several Italian sonnets, which reveal a critical fastidiousness and a scholarly spirit to a degree rare in a woman.

On the whole, one is left with the impression of a family of clever men, cultured and conscientious, but capable from a literary point of view of more than they performed. We must look to the other side of his family for the fire, the originality, the creative impulse which made Walter Headlam a poet.

His mother, Mary Sowerby, was the daughter of the squire of the parish, who lived at Wycliffe Hall, near by the Rectory. Of the early history of the

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Sowerbys what little is known is recorded by Mr. Plantagenet Harrison in his "History of Yorkshire."

George Sowerby, Walter Headlam's grandfather, was the ninth son of John Sowerby, of Putteridge Park, Herts. He had married Anne Johnson, of Dalton Hall. Before succeeding to Putteridge he spent a good part of his life in the hunting-field, renting first one hunting-box and then another. After a short residence in Rutland, he moved with his family to the Yorkshire banks of the Tees. The story goes that an amusing error confirmed him in his choice of Wycliffe Hall as an agreeable spot from which to sally forth against that "old customer," whom he loved as Jorrocks loved. He came over from Rutland in early spring, when, beneath the thick woods that fringe the steep banks of rushing Tees, a few miles below "Rokeby's park and chase, and Greta's ancient bridge," the first primroses were peeping, and the ground was brilliant with the rich greens of growing daffodils and wild garlic. The sight of this wild garlic, growing in great profusion, convinced him. He rode home to his wife and told her that he had taken a place where the ground was carpeted with lilies of the valley growing wild. Later, when he trod upon them, he found that his lilies of the valley were but wild garlic, which has a very different savour. Still, the liliaceous genus of *Allium* has been identified with moly, Homer's magic herb, and if we may think of wild garlic as endowed with the wondrous properties of that plant which the gods gave to Odysseus to protect him against the charms of Circe, perhaps old

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George Sowerby was not so far in error when he found in it something of the sweet enchantment of the lily of the valley. George Sowerby belonged to the generation of country gentlemen who hunted, drank port, and, having been to Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge, knew and loved their Horace. He told and enjoyed a good story, made, and often repeated, some shrewd and humorous judgments upon men and things, and it is noticeable that he brought up his daughters, though they had no knowledge of the language, to rejoice in the sound of Greek, of which he used to repeat long passages by heart. Though he died when Walter Headlam was quite a small boy, he always used to predict that he would be a great Greek scholar.

He was particularly devoted to his youngest daughter, Mary Anne Johnson Sowerby, a very pretty, bright, and witty girl, full of vivacity and fun, who was the life and soul of Wycliffe in those days, and who eventually married the fourth son of Archdeacon Headlam. Edward Headlam was a man of singular charm, strenuous, intellectually alert, and physically vigorous. He was gifted with a great power of work, and had learnt at the Rectory a strong sense of duty, which clung to him through life as tenaciously as his delight in exercise and sports of all kinds. Even towards the end of his life, whilst applying himself with intense application to his work as Director of the Civil Service Examinations, in London, he kept alive his interest in cricket, archery, skating, and so forth, being, indeed, one of the earliest

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members of the Toxophilite Club. And the story is told of him that, when he was well over fifty years of age, he was once walking in the country with his friend Lord Bowen, and the latter, pointing to a six-barred gate, remarked, "Ah, Edward, I remember the day when you would have jumped that at sight." "I might do it still," said Headlam, and did indeed clear the gate easily enough.

This marriage between the Rectory and the Hall resulted in the union of two strong personalities ideally suited the one to the other. Mary Headlam, whilst highly appreciative of her husband's gifts, shared, too, in his recreations. She shared in his love of sports, his love of travel, and was an admirable hostess to his many friends of eminence in the legal and literary world. Vivacious, pretty, and in sympathy with the brilliant in conversation and the original in Society, she was in many ways a woman in advance of her mid-Victorian era. She was endowed with a natural good taste, and though her eye was untrained in the realms of art she enjoyed a singularly acute sense of form and colour, which Walter, no doubt, inherited.

His delight in colour and his appreciation of form—colour in pictures, in draperies, in the gorgeous palette of browns and yellows and russet reds of our Lakeland scenery in autumn; form in literature, form in sculpture, and form in things yet lovelier, men and women—this Walter Headlam derived directly from his mother, who possessed the same artistic sense to a remarkable degree. To her, in fact, I should say he owed all, or almost all, of that artistic, mercurial

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temperament of his which made him poet, man of letters, *amateur* of art, first; and to his father and paternal ancestors his power of work, his critical taste, his love of music, and instinct for scholarship, which made him, secondly, supreme in textual criticism and in the interpretation of Greek thought.

Walter Headlam was born at 24 Norfolk Square, Hyde Park, the second son of his parents. The first school which had any influence upon his mind was Elstree, one of the pioneers, under the Rev. Lancelot Sanderson, of the modern luxurious and efficient private preparatory schools. Here he was taught the classics and coached in cricket with equal enthusiasm, and in due time passed on to Harrow, where he had obtained an entrance scholarship. He always retained an affection for Elstree, as the subjoined letter, written to the Provost of King's upon revisiting the place, will show (April 14, 1889):

“ . . . I spent some really idyllic days at Elstree, which I love. . . . What a pity you weren't there! it would have been the making——! Well, you must go to Old Toley's, and ask Ted (*Sanderson*) who Mrs. Marlborough was. It seems so strange to find everything so much the same, Brasier and Portsmouth (I don't believe you know who they are!) just the same. But I'm sorry poor old Gooch is dead, aren't you? And I wish the Upper 1st were still taken in the Old Study, though it makes a very nice drawing-room. . . . I was a little disappointed that the room with double windows where I used to

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sleep at 'The Elms,'* is no longer a dormitory. I was in No. 5 at first. . . . It's rather hard to score off you this way, but I have heard Eton shop once or twice. If you don't enjoy your visit, I'll make you drill on the platform, when I come back."

He entertained a deep affection, too, for the Headmaster, and all his family. And when death struck down suddenly the eldest daughter, Kitty Sanderson, in the springtime of her beautiful existence, he dedicated to her this lovely threnody, which for simplicity, tenderness, restraint, and the beauty of a splendid epithet, inevitably placed, may compare, I think, with Ford's famous lyric in the "Broken Heart":

You that were
So free-hearted and so fair,
Made for life and air,
Now to lie where no man's lore
Can restore
You that were, and are no more.

Ne'er again
Death may bring such burning pain
As devoured my brain
When they told me you had died,
Ere a bride,
You so young and morning-eyed.

Death was always his enemy, and he always feared it. Death took from him, one after another, his nearest and dearest and his most admired friends. Death was the theme or the occasion of the greater number of his finest poems. These have a quality

* A boarding-house.

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of high thought and deep feeling which renders them comparable, I dare to say, even with the threnodies of that great poet of the grave, the Victor Hugo whom he so much admired.

Whilst almost a "new boy" at Harrow, at the period of his most sensitive youth, his mind received a series of cruel shocks, which left his feelings deeply wrung, and which were responsible, I think, in part, for a certain morbid tendency which manifested itself in after-years. First he lost a highly gifted little brother, in whose memory he then wrote some sweet and touching lines.* Shortly afterwards his father and mother died also.

In later years the tragic end of J. K. Stephen was a great sorrow to him. In a poem written upon the anniversary of that sad event, a lyrical ode of extraordinary pathos, intensity, and originality, which gave expression to deep and fearless thought, Headlam commemorated his poet-friend by an "In Memoriam" worthy of its subject. The death of Mrs. Duckworth (Mrs. Leslie Stephen) robbed him of a friend who had been to him "like a mother"; whilst the

* I quote the opening and concluding lines :

"Farewell, sweet, clinging soul! . . .
A bark so frail as thine (because so frail
More dear) knew not to venture its weak sail
Far from the shore upon life's stormy wave.
A little voyage it made, then quickly sought
That harbour whence it came short time before.
Farewell. My memory needs no mimic art
To give me back thy happy look, but thought
Shall make me dwell with thee, and evermore
Thy loving smile shall linger in my heart."

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subsequent death of Sir Leslie Stephen, like that of John Addington Symonds, deprived him of the friendship of one who had had great influence upon his lines of thought.

At Harrow he had the good fortune to be placed in the Headmaster's house, for Dr. Butler was not only a brilliant Classic himself, but also a schoolmaster with much literary insight and sympathy. To him, when Master of Trinity, Walter dedicated his "Book of Greek Verse" in grateful acknowledgment of much kindness and encouragement received at Harrow and in later years. He used often to say how much he felt he owed to the training of his taste in literature by his old Headmaster. His last speech-day at Harrow proved an extraordinary triumph for the young scholar. He carried off no less than seven of the chief prizes, including those for Greek and Latin poems and epigrams, and for the English poem; for he was, then as always, not merely a classical scholar. As a schoolboy he was a poet both in temperament and achievement.* Many of the poems in this volume date, in their original form, from his boyhood. His poetic sensibilities had received a stimulus, not only from the sad experiences which had befallen him so young, but also from happier circumstances. Though born and brought up in London, he had the good fortune to enjoy many of the delights of the country in addition to the stimulus of the town. One could wish that all children might be reared in the country.

* I quote from the Harrow "Prolusiones" on that occasion the Latin epigram, with the author's translation of it,

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But, for a town-bred lad, Walter Headlam had unusual opportunities of learning to know and love the country. And this sedentary student with the artist-soul always retained the tastes of a sportsman. For from his earliest boyhood he enjoyed visits to the country houses of his relatives. There were visits to Putteridge, where his cousins taught him to ride and shoot; there were visits to Whorlton, where "Greta flows to meet the Tees"; there were visits above all to Mirehouse, where, on the shores of Bassenthwaite and beneath the shadow of Skiddaw, he could learn to love the mountains and the lakes.

written on the occasion of the death of the Prince Imperial (1884):

"LATIN EPIGRAM

"Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure.'

"O Regina, novi circumdata nube doloris,
Lux tamen e tenebris fulgeat orta tuis.
Tu lacrimas inter gaude, nostraque Deique
Freta fide rectum perface fortis iter.
Nil sine consilio Deus ordinat: ingruit umbra
Scilicet ut populi luceat auctus amor."

"O stricken with a darkening blow,
Though grief new-fallen bow thine head,
Rejoice, while weeping for the dead,
And falter not, but onward go.

God knows thy loss is ours, and He
Perchance hath called him but to make
The bond yet closer, for his sake,
That knits thy people unto thee."

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Two of Walter's aunts had gone westward "over Stanmore's shapeless swell" and married two Spedding brothers, sons of Captain John Spedding, of Armathwaite Hall and Mirchouse, Cumberland. Jane Headlam, a charming woman dowered with a delightful gift of original humour, married John Spedding, and Frances Headlam married Thomas Story Spedding, of Mirehouse. They were men of the "scholar and gentleman, county gentleman, type."*

The literary tradition of that lovely spot could not but have a strong influence upon an impressionable boy. For hither, a few years before, James Spedding, the Baconian scholar—"the Pope among us younger men," as Tennyson described him in "those dawn-golden days at Trinity," the friend to whom the poet wrote those tenderly sympathetic lines "To J. S." on the death of his brother—was wont to bring down from Cambridge or London the men whose names loom largest in nineteenth-century English letters. Here "Cousin" James Anthony Froude would meet and talk with Thomas Carlyle; here, in the little smoking-room off the front hall, "faithful Fitz" (Edward FitzGerald, not yet delivered of Omar) and James Spedding sat and sketched Alfred Tennyson, as he chanted to them in that sonorous, deep-chested voice of his, "from a little red-book, when all the house was mute," the first drafts of the "Morte d'Arthur"; and here the poet learned, I have no doubt, in meditative strolls through the meadows that slope down to Bassenthwaite, beneath the slopes of Skiddaw,

* See the "Life of Lord Tennyson," *passim*.

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the vision of the "deeps upon the hidden bases of the hills," and of the "level lake, And the long glories of the winter moon." Even apart from such inspiring memories, the grandeur and the beauty and the peace of the place might well turn a lad's mind to poetry. I have a vivid recollection of one hot spring morning spent beneath a huge oak, reared in black outline against the blue skies and silver water, upon a carpet of daffodils, in a meadow bounded by a purling beck, that slopes down to the ancient church upon the shores of Bassenthwaite. And Walter was busy all that morning there, making an English translation of a French poem, with the aid of a French dictionary, for his knowledge of the language was but slight. This version afterwards appeared in the *Cambridge Review*, November 11, 1885, and the poem, Victor Hugo's "Guitare," remained a favourite with him all his life. His perfect translation of it into Theocritean hexameters will be familiar to those who know his "Book of Greek Verse."

This version, which, as the *Times* critic observed, seems to light up that splendid ballad with new suggestion, ranks with his translation of Shelley's "Sky-lark" and the version of the passage from the Book of Wisdom ("the most Pindaric thing I know in literature," Walter used to say) as supreme examples of how translation may be not merely a change of form, but also a real transfusion of vitality. "If he could have read the Greek rendering," the *Spectator* truly put it, "the author himself might have doubted whether his own poem was the original."

II

CAMBRIDGE

FROM Harrow Walter Headlam passed to King's College, Cambridge, where he had gained an entrance scholarship. The Classical Tripos, as it was constituted in those days, did not greatly interest him, and he devoted much of his energy to following out his own lines of work. Meantime the same brilliant success attended his compositions as had distinguished that last remarkable speech-day at Harrow. Between 1885 and 1887 he won no less than seven Browne medals for Greek and Latin odes and epigrams, and the Porson Prize (1887), besides taking a first-class (third division) in the first part of the Classical Tripos.

When he went up to Cambridge, Walter Headlam was ready to drink in the loveliness of the things around him, the grandeur of the "reverend walls" in which he "wore the gown," the peaceful beauty of the shores of the many-bridgèd Cam, fringed by the trim lawns and shaded avenues of the College Backs. Brought up in the atmosphere of a refined literary tradition, such as I have suggested, early familiar with various English country homes, each happily placed amidst scenery the most exquisite, his natural

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taste had been stimulated in this way as well as at school. A refined delight in all that was lovely and of good report, and a corresponding shrinking from what was ugly, commonplace, or "bad form," according to a somewhat narrow social standard, equally characteristic of one who was intellectually something of an iconoclast, always distinguished him. He was trained already to dwell in a college "of fair sights and sounds," such as Plato would have recognised as the ideal home for the training of youth, "where beauty, the effluence of fair works, might flow into the eye and ear like a health-giving breeze from a pure region, and insensibly draw the soul from earliest years into likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason." No one was ever more susceptible than he to the grandeur and beauty of King's Chapel; the colour of the superb glass in the storied windows, afire with the light of the summer sun, intoxicated him, and he would stand entranced to hear

The storm the high-built organ makes,
And thunder-music rolling shake
The prophets blazoned in the panes.

His eye always feasted upon colour, and a friend recalls how he seemed wrapped in a trance as the crimson draperies of the metics swept across the stage at the end of the Cambridge performance of the *Eumenides** in 1906. The true mythological symbolism of that scene and of the appearance of the Eumenides in this crimson garb he himself had

* Mr. Richmond in the *Cambridge Review*, December 3, 1908.

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just previously rediscovered and revealed to the world.*

He was ripe, above all, when he went up to Cambridge, for the conversation of brilliant, understanding friends. He had had little in common with the ordinary rough-and-ready schoolboy who, as the public-school fashion then was, despised work and loathed poetry. He found now among the undergraduate friends he made at King's, chiefly Etonians, just that mixture of polished enthusiasm and cultured wit which was the counterpart of his own mental attitude and equipment.

He became a member of a small society of friends at King's and Trinity known as the T.A.F. These initials, originating, like the club itself, with J. K. Stephen, indicated its practice of meeting for supper twice a fortnight, or, more explicitly, every Sunday evening, in the rooms of one of its members. Membership of this society was a matter rather of personal than definitely intellectual qualifications; yet, besides Walter himself, several of its members—for instance, its founder, J. K. S., Henry Babington Smith, Stanley Leathes, and M. R. James—attained subsequent distinction.

Another society to which Headlam belonged was the Chit-Chat. This, also composed of King's and Trinity men, existed for the reading and discussion of papers, serious or the reverse, and to it Headlam made several well-remembered contributions. Unfortunately none of these have been preserved. More

* *Journal of the Hellenic Society*, vol. xxii.

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than one member of the Chit-Chat feels a special regret that he cannot now discover a narrative in the manner of Walt Whitman of the lamentable adventures of two of their number, entitled "A Specimen Day in a Dog-cart." The ode was produced the same evening ("I sing the bearing-rein, the snaffle, the martingale, the farthingale, the curb—the kerbstone," and so forth). Indeed, while the happy turns and the artistic form of his beautifully written notes made him known among some of his friends as "the complete letter-writer," he would to the end of his life often accept an invitation or commemorate some slight incident in more or less extemporised verse. Long after T.A.F. days—in fact, quite in his late years—three Newnham students* with whom he used often to ride (glad of the opportunity of competing with his inventiveness in discovering pretexts for giving presents) sent him a hunting-crop to replace one which he had broken while attempting to open a gate for them. The Greek lines given below conveyed his thanks to one of the three, a pupil of his, while the English stanzas, which he described as a "free translation," were written for the benefit of another of the trio who did not know Greek.

* Their friends and contemporaries will recognise under the playful pseudonyms Miss Elizabeth Philipps (Mrs. Marcus Dimsdale), Miss Victoria Buxton (Mrs. de Bunser), and Miss Jessie Crum (Mrs. H. F. Stewart).

Gerald Duckworth M. Sanderson J. K. Stephen Walter Crum Walter Headlam



E. L. Sanderson E. F. Benson M. R. James E. H. Douty Marcus Dimsdale
K. Carr Bosanquet
T.A.F. GROUP

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HUNTING-CROP

Μάστιξ ἱππελάτειρα, πυλῶν ἐπανοίκτρι' ἀγροίκων
λάτρι, σὲ μὲν τρισσαὶ παρθένοι ἱππόδαμοι
ἀντ' ὀλίγων μέγα δῶρον ἐμοὶ χαρίσαντο Φιλιππίς,
Νικῶ, Ψυχάριον, ζεύγος ἀδειςίπονον.
ὦ κραδίης μοχλευτί, σὺ δ' εἰπέ μοι· οὐ γὰρ ἔμοιγε
εὐρετά· πῶς ταύτης ἀντὶ φιλοφροσύνης
ταῖς κούραις τίσαιμ' ἂν ἴσῃν χάριν; εἴθε γένοιο
Κίρκειος τέχνης ῥάβδος ἀπειρεσίης,
μὴ μὴν ἀλλάξων φύσεως τύπον, ἀλλ' ἵνα θείης
ἀθανάτους ἄσπερ νῦν ἔλαχον χάριτας.

To-day when the weather is wettish
I stay disappointed at home :
Yet bring me my mystical fetish !
No need for diversion to roam :
For such the strange power of my whip is,
This wonder of wonderful sticks,
It will show to my fancy Philippis
And Niko and Psix.

Man weaves and is clothed with derision ;
He sows and he shall not reap ;
Yet still the command of the vision
This wand shall eternally keep :
And so 'mid the wreck of my Sharon
Wherever my wilderness be,
As the rod that once blossomed for Aaron
I shall see it, and see

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On a steed * unacquainted with banting
And careless of buffeted toes,
(Or another whose rhythmical panting
Makes music wherever she goes),
Unaffrighted by ditches, yet prudent
Where streams are to swim or to breast,
Philippis the queenly, the student,
The Pride of the West.

For Niko the mistress of Jerry
In vain the long ages inter
Their love—but the centuries bury
The eyes that had gazed upon her :
Polycletus in marble had limned her,
And frets in the grave for his loss,
The dead poet is dumb who had hymned her
καλλιπλόκαμος.

Psix horsewoman, art-lover, hiding
Still more in her soul than she speaks,
Who silent or speaking or riding
Had gladdened the heart of her Greeks ;
Psix quite at her best over fences,
Whom absence or presence endears,
Engrossed in her moods and her tenses,
Too seldom appears.

Were I but a wizard enchanter !
O Wand, could I wave you, and bring
To my door in a musical canter
The real satisfactory thing !

* Zoe, a rotund mare belonging to Lady Jebb, would occasionally bolt through a gate without allowing room enough for the rider.

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The books that oppress me and bore me
Should remain on their several shelves,
And there should be gracious before me
The ladies themselves. . . .

The graceful little poem below was inscribed in Miss Hardy's note-book, to whom I am indebted for permission to reproduce it:

Αἶθε κάμοι τάσδ' ἐπέδωκ' Ἀθάνα
χέρρας ἢ τόπερ παρ' ἐμοὶ κράτιστον
τέκτον' ἱμμέρτων μελέων ἀοιδοῖς
Μοῖσά μ' ἔθηκε·
νῦν δὲ τούτων μὲν φθόνον ἔσχε δαίμων,
δῶκε δὲ ζᾶλον, φιλίαν τὸ μύθοις
περσπόλην, κῶφαν χάριν, ἀλλοτέρροισ
ἄξυνετείσαι.

His Demosthenic oration (*Cambridge Review*, February 27, 1890)* put into the mouth of the late Sir Richard Jebb, when he protested against the construction of Sidgwick Avenue, if it was to curtail his garden, is also remembered. I quote the delightful passage in which the classical mottoes which adorn the Guildhall at Cambridge are ridiculed:

"Having much that I could say to prove the wickedness of these abandoned fellows and the justice of my own cause, I will pass it by, having inadvertently drunk most of the water in my glass. But it is worth while mentioning how our fathers surpassed them in virtue. For our fathers, when they

* Reprinted in "The Book of the *Cambridge Review*."

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wished to decorate the Guildhall, placed upon the walls such mottoes as these: *In statu quo*; *Nolo episcopari*; *Cui bono*? *In puris naturalibus*; *Vice versa*; and others of the kind. Such were the public inscriptions those noble men thought fit to put up, meaning, I suppose, that they should be a continual exhortation to posterity. But consider how different is the conduct of these infamous scoundrels: one of whom, not long ago, got three m——. In that case, I had better pass at once to my peroration, merely remarking that in my opinion it ought to have been six!”

Naturally enough, he was not careful to preserve these amusing trifles. But, had they been preserved, they would have contributed to illustrate, along with the letters which I shall quote, his bright wit and happy gift of humour. This was no small part of him. In conversation one element of his humour was pose, the affectation, more or less deliberate, though much misunderstood, of an immense seriousness, a surpassing simplicity. As a matter of fact his judgment of men and things, as was natural, seeing how carefully he had trained it in the study of literature, was, when he cared to exert it, remarkably acute. But he loved to represent himself as naïvely simple, partly for the pleasure of creating humorous situations, and partly for the amusement of watching their effect upon other people. Very characteristic of this trait was his working up of a story about himself. He had found in one of Swinburne's essays the phrase, “A wind-egg hatched

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in a mare's nest," and was delighted with it. Swinburne had applied it to certain criticisms of Shakespeare. It would apply so happily to the theories of a certain Greek scholar. A friend suggested that the words might cause some pain to the conscientious, if mistaken, scholar, to whose idea he proposed to apply them. Headlam was aghast at the notion of his objecting. The easiest way to make sure would be to ask the man himself, and this he accordingly did. The phrase was pronounced objectionable by the intended victim, and was at once suppressed.

It amused him, again, with his air of simplicity, to go into a butcher's shop and demand the price of meat, or into a post-office and to inquire, "What is the price of stamps?" And then, when he was informed that there were different kinds of stamps at different prices, he would ask to be shown some, would insist on examining the various patterns, and, having discarded those which pleased him least, he would buy a handful, chosen, not for their face value, but for the beauty of their colour and design.

One may recall his sayings, but it is not possible to make to live again that serious manner, contrasting with the mobile lip and the blue eyes twinkling behind his spectacles, to sound again that resonant, clear voice, half arrested by an occasional stammer, which made his listeners wait for a witticism and doubled their appreciation of it when they heard it. One may recall, but it is vain to record the spoken words, without elaborating to breaking-point the occasion or the too

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trivial context; it is vain to print the phrase when the voice, the manner, the vivacious spontaneity can never be reproduced. "Yesterday's unfinished bottle of champagne"—I quote from Sir Henry Cunningham's understanding biography of Lord Bowen—"Yesterday's unfinished bottle of champagne is but a feeble representation of the staleness of the written record of transient hilarity. The essence of fun is to be spontaneous, apposite, and instantaneous. Caught between the solemn pages of a book, and stuck like a butterfly with a pin through its back in a well-camphored tray for the purposes of science or curiosity, it is but the dead semblance of itself." And that is particularly true of Walter's fun, the bubbling, effervescent fun of a mind well stocked and a lively intelligence, fun which depended as little upon rehearsal as did that impulsive protest of his against pomposity when, in undergraduate days, he seized the mace which was being solemnly borne in front of the Vice-Chancellor upon some state occasion, and ran away with it down Trumpington Street.

His appreciation of other people's humour, in life or books, was inexhaustible. Perhaps no modern writing of the kind gave him keener delight than Professor Housman's Introductions to Manilius and Juvenal. Often would he read or quote to his friends certain classical sentences therefrom, and confess, with streaming eyes, that he loved above all things to be made to laugh outright.

The shades, the living, lasting personalities of how many great scholars haunt the grassy courts of

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Cambridge colleges! The ghosts of their ambitions, the impress of their wrestling brains, the power of their forceful thoughts, linger on in the quiet "Backs," where Cam flows sluggishly beneath huge elms, between flat grassy banks; the brightness of their vivid inspirations seems to illuminate the heavy, humid air, to suffuse as with the rich afterglow of sunset the old grey buildings wherein they dwelt and thought. Not altogether, one may fancy, have the personalities of men so striking and original as Walter Headlam and J. K. Stephen vanished from the precincts of King's; and the Fellows' Gardens, which once resounded with the laughter of those boyish men, or with the hushed tones of their gravest communings, will long be haunted by their memories and their thoughts. Each delighted in the wit, vivacity, and humour of the other, each so capable of the indignation which makes verses—and sometimes prose; each ripening towards maturer judgment and ampler achievement. I have already referred to the poems which Walter consecrated to the memory of his friend.

After taking his degree Headlam devoted himself to the preparation of a dissertation for his Fellowship at King's, and at the same time to equipping himself, in the thorough manner postulated by Bentley (p. 4), for the life-task of elucidating Greek literature. He had already nearly completed his translations from Meleager; * his first step now was to master palæo-

* "Fifty Poems of Meleager" (Macmillan, 1890). Some of these translations, recast to satisfy his maturer taste and scholarship, were republished in his "Book of Greek Verse." A delightful

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graphy, and to obtain that first-hand familiarity with manuscripts and scholia, which, with his method of applying it, early distinguished him from the majority of English classical scholars. I accompanied him in the autumn of 1889 when he visited Florence with this object in view. Work upon a new subject amidst new surroundings is always curiously more fatiguing than work of an apparently similar amount in a familiar place. I well remember how Walter used to work to the pitch of exhaustion at his manuscripts in the libraries, whilst I amused myself in the picture-galleries and in the lovely environs of the town. His spare moments he occupied in translating Meleager and writing amusing verses for his friends. The following extracts from letters written to Dr. M. R. James from Florence at this time give a clear picture of the scholar on his travels:

"It is like being dumb to have to say everything on this thin paper. . . . I arrived here as usual without my luggage: I had it duly registered at Charing Cross, but it seems they only register it as far as Milan: they ought to have told me, oughtn't they? So I went every day to the station here, explained the matter every day to one official, who took me to another, and so on; really four people each day, each pair of days having three officials common. Finally I got it by writing a most elegant letter to the ease and musical grace distinguish these early versions, as his early poems; an ease and grace which, under the influence of other masters, and with the object of attaining other qualities, he somewhat sacrificed in his later poems.

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Capostazione at Milan, in French; but it is better to see that your luggage is right before, because the other plan, though apparently safe, is slower, and there are so many officials to bribe and telegrams to pay. . . .

“ . . . Giotto's Campanile is the most beautiful tower in the world: I cannot imagine anything surpassing it. But in the shop-windows they have coloured pictures of the Eiffel Tower, which is bright red and is represented with electric light streaming from the top and a huge bonfire of red flames burning underneath. . . .

“ . . . As soon as I got my luggage and my dear books, I went to the Library, to find 'M' being used by a German, so began on one of the other three, but I have had M the last four working days. The library is open from 9 to 3, and I work from 9 to 12, lunch from 12 to 1.30, and work again till 3. I find these four hours and a half as much as I can do; it is the most exhausting work possible: not only the collating, which of course must be very accurate to be worth anything, but the continual question of hands, which is a moot point in this MS. When I come out at 3 I am too tired to see anything; I come and lie down, and later have a little stroll; but I find already I am getting upset, and to-day I was too ill to go. . . . Jebb wrote to Maunde Thompson for introductions for me, and he was most kind in sending me letters and cards, and in advising me about my project of getting the *Æschylus* (M) photographed as the *Sophocles*. . . . My French is increasing; but when possible I talk Latin, as do several people in the

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Library. . . . By the way, I am learning palæography fast: as for the first hand (*Persæ*, 1-700) which wrote all Sophocles, I can imitate any given word without looking! Not that I do!"*

To the study of Greek Walter Headlam had already decided to devote his whole life. This was his first and chiefest love, to which all other sides of art were for ever afterwards made subservient. And of Greek authors Æschylus was the writer whom he chose for his peculiar care.

In the article in the *Classical Review* † in which he explained Æschylus' developed use of metaphor, referring to it as but one manifestation of his vast creative and constructive power, he added: "No great poet has been less appreciated—I am not saying 'less admired,'—but as an artist Æschylus has been appreciated even less, perhaps, than Pindar: and in my opinion *to enable those who love great poetry to appreciate these two great poets is the task best worth pursuing that remains to scholars.* The Athenians

* It was characteristic of him that his handwriting, both in Greek and English, was a thing of beauty. Exquisitely clear and precise, each letter strongly formed and yet characteristically shaped, with artistic curves and loops that did not impair its strength, his English script was only one degree less lovely and scholarly than his Greek writing. This, at once practical and lucid in its cursive rapidity, and learned in its revival of forms thus recovered from the study of manuscripts, was beautiful in detail and beautiful in effect as a whole. In later years he hoped that it might form the pattern of a new fount of type for the Cambridge Press, and a new form of Greek writing to be taught in the schools.

† 1902, p. 434.

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were Ionian, and the quality they inherited and developed was *lucidity*; an admirable quality; and by its help the Athenian mind expressed itself eventually in admirable prose, but the defect of it is that by leaving nothing to the imagination, by abolishing suggestion, it becomes the death of poetry. And poetry died soon at Athens; at least it could only survive when it was drunken,—in the dithyramb. . . . The evolution of Athenian style according to its tendency was rapid; already to the age of Aristophanes Æschylus appeared ἀξύστατος, *incompositus*, disjointed, ill put together, inconsistent; and the cry has been parroted through Quintilian and Longinus ever since. He would not have appeared so to the countrymen of Pindar; nor after long and patient study does he appear so now to me. On the contrary, in his elaborated plays at least, the *Agamemnon* and *Choephoroe*, I find what is to me the highest of artistic powers, the power of construction, of designing a composition from the beginning to the end, and controlling the relations of one part to another,—the power that corresponds to strategy as opposed to tactics, or the statesman's power as opposed to the mere politician's—the power that in art is exhibited in the highest degree by Beethoven. Beethoven, too, has in his time been thought ἀξύστατος; and certainly, if their opinion of his composition is represented by their versions, Æschylus may well appear ἀξύστατος to modern critics too! But from not knowing the effect of particles, from not understanding the order of the words, and from being unfamiliar with ideas, they

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are unable to see more than single passages, and fail to appreciate the connexions and constructions of the whole.”*

This is far indeed from being the writing of a Zoilus—it is rather the confession of faith of a critic who was also a poet himself, and who grasped the whole by and through all its parts; who could comprehend, appreciate, and repair the details of expression as a means towards a yet more perfect appreciation of the whole.

Elected a Fellow of King's in 1890, Headlam resided here for the rest of his life, teaching and studying in the grand manner which he held was alone worth while. To him the acquisition of almost all available knowledge seemed necessary in order to prepare for the criticism and elucidation of his chosen authors. When the *Mimes* of Herodas† were discovered in 1891, his knowledge of manuscripts and consummate mastery of Greek at once enabled him to do brilliant work in restoring the mutilated papyrus and explaining the obscurities of the text. He was persuaded to undertake a complete edition of the *Mimes* for the Cambridge University Press.

* *C. R.*, December 1902. The gist of this was repeated in his Prælection (Cambridge University Prælections, 1906).

† The subsequent discoveries of fragments of Bacchylides and Menander gave him opportunities, of which he was not slow to avail himself, of bringing to bear his erudition, his deep insight into Greek thought, metre, and ideas, and his brilliant powers of emendation. The latter, as an amusement, he would sometimes apply to the Elizabethan dramatists he loved so well, with extraordinarily happy results (*see Athenæum*, December 26, 1903).

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In the following letter to his sister he explained his task, and his delight in it:

“KING’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“*February 16, 1892.*

“MY DEAR IDA,—Thank you so much for your letters, and for the Christmas present, which I think very pretty, and should like nearly as much if I did not. You are very patient, knowing that I am indeed very busy. Just at the end of August, when I thought there was a prospect of taking things easier, appeared a transcript from the British Museum of an author found on a papyrus in Egypt (from a mummy!) of whom we knew before hardly more than the name. He happened to be in my line and I at once set to work on him. You see, there is always a great deal of work to do in a case of this kind, because a papyrus is bound to be obliterated in parts and fragmentary in others, so that the missing parts want filling up; and besides, all such manuscripts, being copies of copies, are full of various errors, which have to be corrected, and which sometimes take a good deal of correcting. And then, when the text is corrected there is always a great deal that wants explaining. Herondas writes short dialogues, between two or more characters (in verse), very lively and amusing. They have been compared with the writings of a living French lady, who calls herself ‘Gyp,’ whom I want to read. They are in dialect and full of proverbs and colloquial expressions. Sometimes one has been able to restore the text through knowing the proverb,

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which is fun. Thus the transcript in type gave in one place . . . ΚΩCBOYΛΟΜΕΘΑ, which should be ΚΑΙΖΩΜΕΝΟΥΚΩCBOYΛΟΜΕΘΑ. Well, I looked for traces of this phrase in the MS., and found . . . Μ . . . Ο . ΚΩC, &c., which shows that the guess was right. Do you see the kind of way? In another place one can restore, through knowing a form of expression, a large gap with certainty; the MS. is partly destroyed, leaving

Κ ΩC
ΤΑΔΟΥΧΙΚΑΛΩCΑΛΛΑΠΑ C

where it is certain, without any need of proof from the MS., that the reading is

ΚΟΥΤΑΜΕΝΚΑΛΩC
ΤΑΔΟΥΧΙΚΑΛΩC ΑΛΛΑ ΠΑΝΤΕΧΙΚΑΛΩC

I am not giving you a lesson in textual emendation because my mind is so full of it, but because I think you may like to see the kind of thing one has to do. I am lucky enough to have been commissioned to edit H. for the Press here, and enjoy the work, only it has to be done as quickly as possible, and to edit a quite new author in a few months is a severe task. However, it is a chance which it will be my fault if I do not use well. I spent nearly a fortnight at Christmas in working through the MS., which is laborious work, but necessary, and was well repayed. There are of course other people at work on H. (tho' mine will be on the largest scale), English and German, and I have been corresponding with some of them, which is

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pleasant and reasonable to do. In fact I got this sermon paper on purpose!* . . .”

The Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, F. G. Kenyon, Esq., D.Litt., one of whose services for scholarship was the production of the *editio princeps* of Herodas from the papyrus, writes the following appreciation of Headlam's work on that manuscript:

“My acquaintance with Walter Headlam began with the first publication of the poems of Herodas in 1891, and continued intermittently, but with unabated cordiality, until his death. The many difficult problems connected with Herodas—problems of restoration, of explanation, and of illustration—seemed to have an attraction for him as a test of scholarship; and his scholarship answered the test, both in knowledge and in insight. What I saw of his work on this MS. had not only the brilliance, but the patience of the true scholar. He submitted to the verdict of decipherment, wherever it could be obtained, without a murmur, and with no attempt to substitute his own conjectures for facts; and if he was ingenious in suggesting possibilities, he was ready to abandon them at once if they could not be reconciled with the remains in the papyrus.

“It is rather curious that of all the recently recovered classics, Herodas should have been the one that

* The results of some of this correspondence were generously acknowledged by Professor Blass (*Bacchylides*, 3rd ed., Teubner, 1904, preface, p. lxxvi.). Cf. *Hermes*, vol. xxxvi. p. 272.

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attracted him most; for Herodas is the least poetic of Greek authors, and Headlam was a poet as well as a scholar. It is indeed fortunate for his fame that his 'Book of Greek Verse' was published. Even, I think, to most of those who knew him best, and certainly to the world of scholars in general, that book was a revelation. It showed Headlam not merely as a fine scholar—every one knew that he was that—but as one of the extremely small and select band of those who have penetrated into the very heart of Greek poetry and have made its spirit their own. Whether the translation is from Greek into English or from English into Greek, he has entered into the spirit of both languages and the tone and rhythm of the several poems, so that he has produced, not translations of Greek or English poetry, but English or Greek poems.

“If he had not been a poet and a man of fine literary culture, he might (with his wide range of knowledge and his consuming zeal for accuracy) have been a pedant. As it was, he was a scholar in the best and fullest sense of the term: one whose life was given to the study of the great literature of the ancient world, and who, having entered into its spirit, was able to reflect and interpret it to his contemporaries.”

It was characteristic of him that his next step in preparation for his task was to read through the entire extant literature of Greece, including the Rhetoricians and the dictionary-makers. His vast collections of illustrative materials grew, and presently

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overwhelmed the work. Other editions appeared, and the immediate necessity for his own having passed, he determined to treat that work as the treasure-house of his learning, to which, when finally published, scholars should be able to turn for complete illustrative notes upon subjects and points of language as they consult Lobeck, Bergk, or Mayor's Juvenal. He wrote the article on Herodas for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and in 1907 welcomed the opportunity of giving a course of lectures on Herodas and the Alexandrians to the advanced students of the University of London.

To Mrs. Wherry:

"c/o LESLIE STEPHEN,

"ST. IVES, CORNWALL.

"September 10, 1893.

". . . What a blessing it is to be able to sit down peacefully (though it is in a little *châlet* in the garden with a tearing storm outside) and write like a human being and no longer a machine. Yet even now, whilst I write, sits on the page before my fevered eyes, Herodas, commentary, first revise; still hums a ruthless murmur in my head, Maximus Tyrrius is half unread."

Meantime he was approaching the great task of editing Æschylus. And in doing so he began to arrive at new principles of criticism, new interpretations of the Greek mind. It should be remembered that the contribution of even one such new *principle* as he discovered is more than is achieved by the life-work of

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most scholars. Originality, brilliant, fearless originality, was not the only quality of his work. A very great power of dealing with material was involved, and he had trained his memory to a very high pitch. With a view to textual criticism and restoration, he made quite a new departure in the study of the old Grammarians and Annotators, by examining the language in which their notes (scholia) and glosses were written. This was a language by itself, like our *Commercialese*; literary and poetical words were not used in the language of glosses. According to this new principle of his, many attempted restorations, based upon a supposed gloss, were now ruled out of court. For Headlam was able to show that such and such a word, supposed to have been written as an explanation or gloss, would, in fact, never have been so used by these professional Annotators. Or, again, as the result of his studies and collections of glosses, he knew that a particular word was habitually glossed by a particular word. When, therefore, he found it in the text, he was in a quite new position for dealing with it. For example, what had been previously suggested as an emendation he was able to confirm with a near approach to certainty by showing that this, the appropriate word to the passage, was habitually glossed by that which had crept into the text. This was but one small weapon in the armoury with which he now equipped himself, but it will serve to show the kind of power he was developing, whilst his contemporaries cried out against his dilatoriness. He fought all his life against any *a priori* method of dealing with the

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language of the classical writers. One could make no progress, he held, that way. Such a comment upon a phrase as that it "seems strained" he considered fatuous. The right thing to do was for the commentator to take the trouble to find out whether or no his authors did or did not write in that fashion. The method of attempting to explain an author by himself was useless. It was necessary to study the history of the language and to learn how the phrase in question was actually used.

The following letter, which was written to Professor Postgate, one of the leading Latinists of our day, is an apposite illustration of his views as summarised above:

"December 8, 1902.

"DEAR POSTGATE,—. . . In my opinion there is a very great deal to be said on Æschylus; but what is important for significance depends on study of ideas: once upon that track, one finds most fascinating revelations; but it seems to me that the Editors have only scratched the surface. The *Agamemnon*, which is the most elaborated of his plays, I consider the most wonderful *composition* in all literature, to be compared with nothing but a symphony of Beethoven: but it is only a short time comparatively that the dominating conception of the whole play has come out clear, and that only by aid of these much-trumpeted 'Ideas.'

"Your use of Aganippidos Hippocrenes* is new to

* Ovid, *Fasti*, 5, 7. See Dr. Postgate's article in *Proceedings of the British Academy*, 1909.

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me; at present I can't recall that anything like it has ever struck me. Transference of epithet is *preferred* by an ornate pictorial manner such as Pindar's—something might be gained by studying all his examples—and could be illustrated endlessly from modern poetry and the prose of τῶν περὶ Meredith. But for the psychology of it, the muscles of my brain are too rudimentary—if they exist; and it beats me to define limits to the use. My method, I suppose, is the 'empiric'; what you call 'instinct' I should call rather 'observation,' or 'inferences drawn from recorded or remembered observation.' I fancy it is the method native to Dutch minds, and to many English, therefore, too: and it seems to me the natural way for discovering what really happens. It was the way, for instance, that led Bentley to discover a certain practice in Greek anapæsts, and Porson certain other practices in Greek iambics. Could *Psychology* have discovered those things? I talk as a child, but it seems to me that the time or place of psychology is after this inferring observation of fact, and may make the inferences more easy to receive; but I am puzzled to see how Psychology could ever for this purpose 'supply the place' of observation. It is an important matter unquestionably to discuss, and I wish I could *understand* your point of view. What I am afraid of is the tendency in Germany (as I gather from Ellis' preface to the *Ætna*), and now in England too, to assume everything to be correct tradition . . . in language, and to sneer at corrections as 'conjectures'; as though it were not 'conjecture'

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to combine or repudiate historical traditions . . . and then to invent some pseudo-philosophical explanation to account for . . . *τύπτω σοι* for instance!

“I don’t know when this school became important; [—] was one of them in 1840; this sort of thing: *ἢ θάλαπτος εὔτε πόντος ἐν μεσημβριναῖς κολταις* . . . *εὔδοι πεσών*, ‘as when the sea might be slumbering, &c., i.e. such as it was, say, when the sea, in British seamen’s phrase, had turned in for his meridian nap—a definite and recurring period, to which, as the above translation is intended to convey, is fixed on in the prosecution of the supposition *εἰ λέγοι τις*, and therefore introduced in the optative (or rather potential) mood. . . .’ And so on.

“Now *εὔτ’ ἂν εὔδῃ* is the normal Greek for ‘when it sleeps’; *εὔτε εὔδοι* equally is the normal Greek for ‘when it slept.’ And all this stuff of [—’s] is nothing but pretentious ignorance. This is the school that I consider a great danger. To put it bluntly, they do not know Greek; but in their desire to be original they pour out streams of this pretentious sciolism, which imposes on the uninstructed. Myself, I am content with knowing that *εὔτε εὔδοι* is *cum dormiret*; how it came to mean that is no more to me than the chemical components of a colour in a picture; the thing I want to know is, what effect of sense was conveyed by *ὅποτε τοῦτο ποιήσῃ*; and how can you know that except by observation? Psychology taking the place of observed phenomena might easily, as it seems to me, produce just such results as this of [—’s].”

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His own marvellous knowledge of tragic diction was not obtained merely by studying the Tragedians. That would not have taken him much further than it takes the ordinary *a priori* scholar. Knowledge of the latest and worst authors, he used to declare,* was essential to any real grasp and power in dealing with the best authors. It was for this reason that he set himself to cover the whole range of Greek literature, including even the later Rhetoricians, the Grammarians, and the Medical Writers.

Such was the spirit in which he addressed himself to the learning of Greek. And if a new edition of Æschylus was to exhibit any real advance upon previous commentaries, he held that the editor should approach all sides of his subject, and deal, not only with the questions of textual criticism and of metrical construction, but also with the *Realien*. He must have, for instance, a knowledge of anthropology, and, since Æschylus in the *Persæ* writes an Eastern play, he must have some acquaintance with the ideas of the East. He must know and apply Burton's "Arabian Nights" as well as Frazer's "Golden Bough."

A notable example of his method, and of the reason and the result of spreading the net of his study so wide, may be found in an article which he published in the *Classical Review*, 1902, p. 52.

There the whole subject of ghost-raising and magic in Greece and the East is lucidly set forth as the outcome of a prolonged investigation of innumerable authorities in many languages and of all time, and is

* Cf. "On Editing Æschylus," pp. 1, 2.

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then applied, with an effect as convincing as it is startling, to the elucidation and confirmation of the text of the *Persæ* and the *Agamemnon*.

In reference to this paper, which, in truth, reveals a very wide knowledge of anthropology, he wrote to me, in answer to a suggestion of mine about an article upon Witchcraft in the *Classics* (July 18, 1902):

“What you said about my ghost-raising paper was very kind and welcome, but . . . I only put together a few things to explain passages of literature. . . . I couldn’t pose as a professional authority on witchcraft. Though I think I know most of their little games. Except the witches’ broomstick, you may say there is no detail that is not mentioned in classical Greek and Latin writers.”

These phrases illustrate at once his genuine modesty as to his own learning, and also his attitude of mind towards his work.

The following letter to Miss Jessie Crum, a student at Newnham, besides being of interest in itself, is another instance of the same thoroughness, the same breadth of research, the same freshness of outlook in dealing with material laboriously acquired, and the same modesty:

“KING’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“Monday [May 1901].

“Litteras tuas libentissime accepi, lepidas sane ac benignas.

“Literature about Pythagoras, I don’t know what

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there is satisfactory; the historians of philosophy probably don't dwell except on certain theories. I haven't seen Burnet's, which I should expect to find good as far as it goes. The main bulk of information about him is contained in the lives by Diogenes Laertius, by Iamblicus, by Porphyrius, and an anonymous writer: which I could lend you in Kiessling's edition with Latin translation. But there are besides a multitude of references to him in various authors, as Plutarch, Clement of Alexandria.

"There must be much about him in Lobeck's *Aglaophamus* (written in Latin), which is the supreme comprehensive work on the mystical religious doctrines—one of the great books.

"The chief point about Pythagoras is that he had an insatiable appetite for mystic practices and doctrines, and borrowed them from every Eastern source. Iamblicus rightly says his philosophy was a composite from the Orphica, Egyptian priests, Chaldæans, Magi, Eleusinian Mysteries, &c. As one learns the special ideas of various peoples, one begins to see whence he derived this and that detail in his extraordinary *cento*. Thus the numerical symbolism (if that's the correct term) which plays so large a part in his system, is characteristic of the Egyptians; so is the abstinence from beans and fish—abstinence from fish was notoriously *Syrian* too, of course. Then here is something I only learnt the other day. You remember in *Chocph.* 318 σκότῳ φάος ἀντίμοιρον, 'light the counterpart of darkness.' Diog. Laert. says it was a Pythagorean doctrine εἶναι καὶ ἀντίποδας καὶ ἡμῖν κάτω

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ἐκείνοις ἄνω ἰσόμοιρά τ' εἶναι ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ φῶς καὶ σκότος.

“They drew out ten pairs of opposites, which they termed the elements of the universe. Now that is the principle that goes through the whole of *Zoroastrianism*. And there are other points characteristic of Iranian or Persian; as the importance of *fire* in the universe; and the influence of *angels* good and bad,—for that I have now learnt is *Iranian*, that is where they come from.

“The article on Pythagoras in the Dict. Biogr. does not mention any of these Oriental tenets.

“Moulton, whom I had my talk with, is a philologist and a student of Iranian, and has written the article on Persian religion to appear in the next number of the Hastings ‘Dictionary of the Bible.’ All my Greek is new to him, and all his Oriental new to me. Our conversation arose out of something I had written on the marriage question in the *Supplices*; he having just published a paper on ‘The Iranian Background to Tobit,’ unfortunately before we could combine. He expressed the greatest surprise one should get anything of the kind in Æschylus! . . .

“I hope this won’t take so long to read as it does to write with a broken pen.

“I would so much prefer you could be here, and I could show you the books: I couldn’t do much more, because I don’t *know* these subjects, but only think I see some lines that should be followed out.”

Headlam’s ideal, then, was to invade every province

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of knowledge, and apply what he found there to illustrate the masterpieces of Greek literature. All learning was to be made to pass beneath the yoke of his forceful intellect, and subjected as a hand-maiden to his hero Æschylus and the other Great Ones.

With this method of work as his ideal, it was the natural result that he applied himself to reading very little what modern critics said about Greek writers, but Greek writers themselves of all periods.

In the same way, since he read Latin authors chiefly to obtain facts and reflected ideas, but not (save, of course, with the obvious exceptions that will occur to scholars) from the point of view of style and language, it was his custom to read them—devour them—in *cribs*, in order to save time. I think it is of interest to record this fact, for it shows how even the inferior performance of a bad translation may prove helpful to a great scholar, and how the lesser stars of literature may help to lighten the paths of the more brilliant.

“I had long been convinced,” he wrote in a pamphlet which he prepared, but did not publish, in reply to a critic who had accused him of “zoilism and detraction,” and had declared Walter Headlam of all people incapable of making a fair statement!—“I had long been convinced it was not likely we should get much forwarder with Æschylus—or with Greek Literature generally—except by wider reading and more study of ideas.” And he now came forward with a wholly new and original interpretation of the attitude of Greek artists towards ideas.

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He pointed out* that the critics of Greek lyric poetry were all at fault, because they started from a wrong point of view. "They look with modern eyes for originality of idea; what a Greek audience looked for was the established permanent ideas, with perfection—which gave scope for originality—in the treatment. The motto of Greek lyrics would have been τὰ κοινὰ καὶ καλῶς, and what correspond to them are *variations on a theme* in modern music. So that what we have to do, is to become familiar with the themes."

Part of the task which he set himself was, then, first to discover and then to reveal to the reader of Greek poetry what were the familiar ideas, the commonplaces of myth and morality, which Greek poet and audience alike took for granted; to show how these were treated in various places, and how the knowledge of them renders passages, hitherto deemed obscure, perfectly plain and comprehensible, and exhibits them as works of art from the Greek point of view.

He showed that the attitude of the Greeks towards Literature and their treatment of Ideas was to take from their Bible story of Homer the stock ideas and sentiments which appeared to them to be true, and to use them as material for literary treatment. A passage occurs,† for instance, in Sophocles, based upon some lines in Theognis. In the same play, only a few lines later, a sentiment from Hesiod is reproduced

* *Classical Review*, 1900, p. 126, and 1902, p. 442.

† *Antigone*, 710.

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in iambic verse, the ideas being given precisely as in the original lines, the variation being only in the polished, artistic diction. The Commentators used to quote these and similar cases apologetically, with a suspicion that their author might be deemed something of a plagiarist, a horrid thing, since the demand of the modern world is for originality of idea. But Walter Headlam showed that the Greek theory of literary art was exactly the opposite of the modern. Their principle was to take a crude, accepted idea, baldly expressed by one of the Gnostic poets, and to represent it to their audience in the utmost perfection of form; just as, in their Art (what has long been recognised), their object was to exhibit originality, not by inventing new ornaments and styles, but by applying the greatest possible perfection of proportion and form and execution to the accepted ones. He showed, too, that many ideas and commonplaces found in the early classical authors underlie and are assumed by later writers. Therefore a later Rhetorician may be *assuming*, in this or that passage, this or that idea, and amplifying it, and may thereby throw light upon some obscure passage in the greater, earlier writers. A good instance of the application of this principle of criticism is to be found in his elucidation of a passage in the *Chocphoroe* by what he found to be a paraphrase in Plutarch's essay.*

* *Chocphoroe*, 59-63; Plutarch, *De Sera Numinis Vindicta*, 564: τοὺς μὲν εὐθὺς ἐν σώματι μεταχειρίζεται Ποινὴ ταχεία· ὧν δὲ μείζον ἔστιν ἔργον, τοὺτους Δίκη μετὰ τὴν τελευτὴν ὁ δαίμων παραδίδωσι· τοὺς δὲ πάμπαν ἀνιάτους . . . Ἐρινὺς, μεταθέουσα πλανωμένους καὶ περιφεύγοντας ἄλλως, οἰκτρῶς ἠφάνισε καὶ κατέδυσεν εἰς τὸ ἄρρητον καὶ ἀόρατον.

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Walter Headlam was devoid of theological prepossessions; he was inspired by a pure, untainted love of truth. And, in his investigations, he was as little inclined to lose sight of that goal of truth, through a desire of exhibiting his own personal cleverness, as he was tempted to pervert or disguise a meaning, or to shirk a conclusion, when he saw it to be clearly true, for the sake of some preconceived theory of life and its import.

He was the first to perceive and to assert that the whole Biblical story of the "Flight into Egypt" is expressed and implied in the *Supplices* of Æschylus, and his translation of that play brings out for the first time the use of the esoteric terms of the priests, the laying on of hands, ἐπαφή, and so forth, which is to be found there.

He was able, therefore, again, to see and to show, in that fascinating lecture which he gave in Cambridge, entitled "Prometheus and the Garden of Eden," that there exists a very close analogy between the Biblical story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and the classical myths of Prometheus and Tantalus, the sin of Adam being not merely the disobedience, upon which Paul and Milton insist, but theft, in that he stole the knowledge of Good and Evil from Heaven. For which all mankind was damned, just as Prometheus, having stolen Fire, the symbol of Civilisation, from Heaven, was, for this sin, fettered in the Caucasus and a vulture gnawed his liver. For this sin he was crucified upon the rocks and tortured with the desires and passions that

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conflict with reason. Civilisation brings its revenges; and man, having, by the exercise of his mental powers, learnt the use of *clothes* and *houses*, suffers as other creatures do not, both in body and spirit. The poet, having pondered these things in his heart, explained this suffering as a judgment of God, because man had obtained what He never intended him to possess. "The Tree of forbidden knowledge and the Fire that Prometheus stole are two figures meaning the same thing—Reason and its fruits." The two stories, Headlam showed, are but different versions of the same great poem, born of man's sufferings, and intended to justify the ways of God to man.

And so he passes to consider other problems in the story, the share of Woman in it, the Punishment, the Redemption, the difficult Moral of it all, and the part played by the Serpent. As to which last, I quote a characteristic paragraph :

"The wisdom of the serpent was proverbial in the East, and that is why he is the agent here. There was a large class of fables in ancient times, in which the characters are beasts. They appear in Greek as early as Archilochus, derived from foreign sources, Persia or Africa, as the Greeks acknowledge when they call them the fables of Æsop, the barbarian slave—the Uncle Remus of those days—or when Æschylus relates one as among the 'Libyan myths.' Such stories, prefaced by the phrase 'in the days when all the beasts talked,' are still current among the Arabs"—and, of course, he might have added in India, whence

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Rudyard Kipling has drawn from the ayah-folk the material for his Jungle-tales.

He made a very important and far-reaching contribution to the understanding of Greek prose and poetry alike, when he pointed out, what had hitherto never been suspected, that the order of emphasis in a Greek sentence is the exact opposite of the English.*

Last, and most remarkable, of his discoveries must be mentioned that concerning Greek Lyric Metre.† For his delicate ear and true poetical sympathy led him to establish new principles which must form the starting-point of all future investigations in that branch of the study of Greek poetry. He, for the first time, showed what importance the Greek poets attached to the employment of particular metres to particular subjects or moods. They did not use their metres and rhythms indiscriminately, and would not write a tender passage in a metre which was reserved for a warlike theme. He showed how, by metrical devices, they passed, in writing a chorus, from one rhythm to another, as the emotion changed, and instanced the first great chorus of the *Agamemnon*. A "link" syllable, forming equally the last of the old and the first of the new metre, was used, so he demonstrated, for the transition.

Nobody, who ever heard him talk about this discovery of his as to the use of *leit-motifs* in Greek metre, can forget the infectious enthusiasm with which he would demonstrate and expound it, showing how

* See *Classical Review*, 1900, p. 106.

† *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, 1902.

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a fragment of Sapphic metre, for instance, would be introduced by the composer into a passage of another metre, just to suit the theme, only, perhaps, to be "emended" out of existence by one of our *a priori* scholars. "Why, if you once grasp this clue," he used to exclaim in his vivid way, "you needn't *read* the Greek at all;—you can make out the meaning of a chorus from the pattern on the page!"

From those early days, twenty years ago, when he and I began our Wagner operas together in Berlin, down to the end of his life, when Brahms, Wagner, Beethoven, in concert-room, or opera-house, or upon his beloved pianola (for he never learnt to play himself with more than one finger, though he played with unceasing enthusiasm), were his joy and recreation, his love of music was a constant, innate passion, which he had to control rather than allow himself to develop.

"Life is not long enough for one subject, let alone many," he used to say to me. "I want three lives, one for music, one for literature, and one for art." And Mrs. Eaden recalls how, after playing to her some melody which he had composed, he used to say: "This is what I really love. I ought to have given my life to music." There was, of course, a touch of exaggeration in this, as in so many of his sayings, and, I may add, of his laments. His real love was his classical work; he chose, quite deliberately, to devote his life to it, and, if he had lived, his choice would have been justified, not only in the world of letters by his contributions to knowledge and the highest forms of

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literature, but also by the material reward of recognised position and achieved success—all the rewards, in fact, which his career did actually so tragically lack.

Upon this, the musical side of his work, I am able to quote an appreciation by an old friend and pupil of his, Mr. Lawrence Haward, who, besides being a scholar, has the necessary qualification as a musical critic:

“Walter Headlam had this supreme advantage over most men, that he was a musician as well as a poet and a scholar. A man may have read all Greek literature, as he had, a man may be acquainted with all the manuscripts and the scholia, as he was, but if he have no ear, how shall he interpret the poetry that was written to be sung? Headlam was essentially a musician; not a musician in the narrow and technical sense of the term, though he often spoke of the childish delight he had in scattering technical words such as ‘contrapuntal’ or ‘leit-motiv’ down the columns of a paper on Greek, but a musician in the broad sense of one who understands the fundamental principles of music, the principles which interpret not music alone, but all poetry and all great literature. ‘The technical work of a poet appeals to the ear,’ writes Swinburne in his ‘Study of Shakespeare,’ and this simple and elementary proposition remains true whether the poetry is Greek or English. Simple and elementary as this truth is, its importance has hardly as yet been recognised, at any rate in the domain of

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Greek scholarship. Many men who read Greek are deaf to the vagaries of metre; even amongst scholars, where fine taste and understanding of the usages of language are combined with wide reading and erudition, the sense of music is often wanting. The result is that that portion of Headlam's work, which requires musicianship as well as a knowledge of Greek to appreciate, was often neglected or misunderstood by the very men who were most in need of understanding it. Musicians in all cases understood his points whether they knew Greek or not, because to a musician his theories contained fundamental musical truths which were perfectly familiar and required no elaborate demonstration. The difficulty is that, if you have an ear, and are talking to a man that has none, many of the simple propositions which you regard as self-evident may appear to him questionable, or even unintelligible. When an apparently simple point is misunderstood, you may write, as Headlam wrote: 'Greek lyric metre cannot be learnt without an ear to start from, and an ear for metre is a gift from God.' The penalty for writing this in his case was that objection was taken to his 'archididascalian tone.' He did not mean to be rude; he was far too kind and far too sorry for those who could not understand and enjoy music; it is just this that makes the difference between what he said about the people who read poetry without ears, and what Swinburne said about them. Apart from the language, everything which Swinburne says in the first ten pages of his essay about Shakespeare and the way in which the critics

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have handled him might have been written by Headlam about Æschylus. The similarity in point of view between the two men may be noticed again, if we compare Swinburne's choral lyrics and translations from the Greek with Headlam's. Swinburne's theory of metre we may deduce partly by analysing the examples which he has left us, partly by examining stray passages in his prefaces and critical essays; Headlam propounded his in the paper on 'Greek Lyric Metre' which he contributed to the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*. By the same method Swinburne's theory of translation may be inferred; Headlam formulated his in the Preface to the 'Book of Greek Verse'—that 'handful of pleasant delights' which he had time to gather just before his death. In both cases the theories were the same, because both men were poets and musicians. Headlam once said that the methods of Greek lyric metre, which he was the first to establish, and which it took him years of patient study to discover, had been understood intuitively by Swinburne and put into practice by him.* Swinburne's

[* He noted that it was an extraordinary thing that Swinburne had, in certain of his metrical effects, obtained the same result as that produced by the Pæonic rhythms of the Greeks. He was anxious to find out from Swinburne himself whether the Pæonic nature of some of his original metres was the result of conscious imitation, or arrived at independently. He took the opportunity of inquiring from the poet, at the same time as he asked his permission to dedicate to him the edition of the *Agamemnon*, which he was not destined to complete. The following is Mr. Swinburne's reply :

"THE PINES,

"October 2, 1900.

"I am honoured and gratified by your proposal to dedicate to

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unerring instinct for the right metre Headlam recognised in a practical manner by translating Ibycus' poem about the spring and the second chorus of the *Antigone* into the metres which have been 'developed and perfected by Mr. Swinburne, and made at once as native and familiar in every ear as though they had been from the beginning. There are marvellous wonders many; but when I consider this achievement in our language at so late a stage of it, there is no greater marvel that I know of than this.'* Yes, but no one but a poet and a musician could have seen this or could have carried out the principles so triumphantly.

"This is not the place to discuss Headlam's theory of Greek lyric metre in detail. The musician will understand it when he is told that to the Greek there were a certain number of definite rhythms, each with a more or less marked character, and each carrying with it a train of associated ideas. When the ideas or characters connected with those ideas were mentioned by the dramatist the rhythm associated with them was heard and recognised by the audience.

me your version of the *Agamemnon*. I regard the *Oresteia* as probably on the whole the greatest spiritual work of man.

"Of course I meant such lines as

'The blast of his trumpet upon Rhodope'

to represent the effect of Greek metre, but I did not think of its being pæonic.

"Yours sincerely,

"A. C. SWINBURNE."

—C. H.]

* Preface to "A Book of Greek Verse."

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When we are speaking of Wagner we call it 'leit-motiv.' All this is quite simple. Like all Greek ideas, the principle was simple, and every one was thoroughly familiar with it. The result was that a dramatist could play on his audience's familiarity with the principles, and could make a highly complex development of what was in origin a simple rhythmical scheme perfectly intelligible, just as Beethoven could play on his audience by leading them to expect a familiar solution of a discord, or the regular repetition of a marked rhythm, and then suddenly cheat them by giving them something entirely unexpected.

"Rhythms in Greek lyrics were developed and combined with various devices, one of which was to make two of them overlap (just as in music two rhythms, as well as two tunes, may combine and overlap), so that you began with one and before you had come to an end of it found that you had shifted into another. The theory is quite simple, and is perfectly intelligible and convincing to a musician, as was pointed out by Mr. E. J. Dent in the number of the *Hellenic Journal* following that in which Headlam's theory was propounded (see vols. xxii. and xxiii.). It looked a little difficult on paper here and there, but it was transparently clear when you heard him read a chorus out loud. He would fix the chief rhythms in his listeners' heads by fitting them to simple and familiar English rhymes or tunes. 'As me and my companions were setting of a snare,' 'I have house and land in Kent,' and 'Lay in the house that Jack built'

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were all familiar rhythms in Greek, and when you had grasped these and a few others that he would enumerate, it was possible to listen to a chorus from the *Agamemnon* with the same sort of musical enjoyment as is obtained by listening to a symphony, and since each rhythm brought with it an associated idea, it follows that in mastering the musical structure you also mastered the sequence of ideas; so that here, for the first time, the music and the poetry of the lyric choruses were made clear and intelligible, not by any elaborate, mechanical scheme of fitting longs and shorts ('hearing with the fingers,' as Swinburne calls it), but by simply listening to the verse with the ears of a musician. The poetry and the music to the Greeks were the same; they could no more be thought of apart than the two sides of a Greek coin. To understand and interpret Greek poetry, therefore, you must bring not only a literary taste, nor merely a literary taste combined with learning, but a combination of taste, learning, and an ear for music. Headlam, by being a poet, a scholar, and a musician, was able to understand Greek poetry, and to tell us what it means; how well he did it is already known to scholars. Those who are not professional scholars, but come to Greek literature because they care for whatever is beautiful and lovely—and it was to these that Headlam was by intellect and sympathy most nearly akin—may see best what he was doing for them by looking at three things: the paper on Greek lyric metre, his forthcoming edition of the *Agamemnon* and that perfect garland

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containing the very flower of his genius—‘A Book of Greek Verse.’ ”

The following letters addressed to Mr. Gilbert Murray, now Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, elucidate the writer’s views on Greek metre:

“ KING’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“ June 2, 1900.

“ DEAR SIR,—I am delighted to see you are making a text of Euripides ; it will be very interesting to see how it comes from the hands of so good a Euripidean. Your *Ionic a minore* choruses in the Oxford Anthologia gave me the greatest pleasure, and I wish there had been more of your translations. Many people can translate a thing into Greek or Latin as well as you want it done, but yours has the great merit that the originals are what might have been written by a Greek, and illustrate a literary kinship. That, being an artistic matter, is not so often felt, and seems to me the only literary value in what they call Composition. I don’t know your views, but should expect you to agree. . . . One of the difficulties of Euripides is his use of choric metres—so free in resolutions, for example. I should imagine you were interested in them and have studied them—at any rate every line of Greek you write shows that you feel metre with the ear. . . . ”

“ KING’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“ September 10, 1900.

“ DEAR MR. MURRAY,—Your answer to my letter was a great pleasure to get ; three months ago, I see,

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but I have been too busy to put these lucubrations together sooner. They come to more now than I thought for, because I have taken the occasion to go through most of the plays entirely and the lyric parts of all: it's there I have found most to do or to fail in doing.

"Since Bacchylides appeared (whose metres, however, are mostly very simple) I have been through all the lyric that we have, including Comedy, analysing all: so I feel able often (to myself at any rate) to have a definite opinion in a case of metre: which I have expressed in several cases here. . . . If I hadn't read your translations in Greek, you wouldn't have had the little dissertation on metre that now follows, but as it is I believe you won't be bored by it, and will understand. I never could understand lyric metres cut up into feet; the key to understanding them appears to me to be (I had better say 'is,' to be shorter, meaning 'my view is') to regard them as built up from *phrases*, or as you would say in music, 'figures.' From this point of view it is astonishing how intelligible they become. They admit, of course, of barring into feet, as music does; but no one writes from bars in music, or in any other metre, as hexameters or iambic trimeters, but to a rhythm in the mind, or ear. It is the ear which dictates them and is sole arbiter, and it is by the ear alone they can be understood. Barring would not have discovered the rule about the final cretic in tragic iambs; and lyric metres are equally to be elucidated by empiric methods.

"The Greeks had a certain number of rhythmical

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figures which you could name and count; these also had commonly significant associations; the dactylo-epitrite, for instance, was Dorian and used for Heracles; Ionian glyconic and *Ionicum a minore* for Dionysus; Pæonic, of course, for Apollo and Artemis, and kindred subjects. They could be used thus as *leit-motivs*, and were. You might write a lyric piece entirely in one rhythm, like the fourth Pythian, or combine it out of several, shifting from one figure to another; in which case the skill was shown in the transition. Here is a good example: *Agam.* 686 begins with

— U — U — U ÷ — U — U — U — |
— U — U — U ÷ — U ÷ — U — U — U — |
— U — U — U —

and then shifts by the syllable $\tau\acute{\alpha}\nu$, connecting, to the Ionic

δορίγαμβρον ἀμφινεικῇ θ'
Ἑλέναν ἐπεὶ πρεπόντως
ἐλένας ἔλανδρος,

and you expect it to continue *ἐλένας ἑλανδρος οἶκων*, or so; instead of which it lapses into another Ionic rhythm, the glyconic,

—ναῦς ἑλάνδρος ἐλέπτολις
ἐκ τῶν ἀβροτίμων

(the point of which will appear in the antistrophe). There —*ναυς ἐλανδροος* are common to the two rhythms

ἑλέναυς ἑλανδρος ἑλεπολις,

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Then ἀβροτίμων enables you to return by echo to προκαλυμμάτων ἔπλευσεν, again the soft Anacreontic for Helen going East with Paris. In the antistrophe you have

ἀτίμωσιν ὑστέρω χρόνῳ
 πρασσομένα τὸ νυμφότιμον
 μέλος ἐκφάτως τίοντας,
 ὑμέλαιον ὅς τοτ' ἐπέρρεπεν
 γάμβροισιν αἰείδειν

shifting to the *hymeneus* metre, ὑμῖν, ὑμέναι' ᾧ (as in Eur. *I. A.* 1056 γάμον ἐχόρευσεν = 1077 Πηλέως θ' ὑμεναίους. The effect would be enhanced by music doubtless. Greek lyrics were constructed very much on the same principle as modern music, by repeating and developing and combining themes. For example, if you find a rhythmical phrase once stated in a chorus, you know it will recur again; it seems meaningless without. Again, the epodes (which by Pindar and Bacchylides are hardly ever used except in Dorian rhythms; I had supposed this was τὰ τρία Στησιχόρου, but I see you consider that exploded—only what are τὰ τρία?), the epodes use the same material as the strophes, mixing them up in other ways, commonly with effects like that of *stretto* in a fugue.

“The metres I have found out most about are what I shall call the ‘Poacher,’ and Pæonic. The first, which is used by Pindar, is an especial favourite with Euripides: I call it the Poacher because it goes to

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the tune of that excellent song, which I hope you know: ‘As me and my companion were setting of a snare’—



For instance, in the *φαέθων*, fr. 773, μέλπει δ' ἐν δένδρεσι λεπτᾶν ἀηδῶν ἁρμονίαν. The last syllable of the first line is necessarily long, as in λεπτᾶν; hence alter *H. F.* 662, and *Hel.* 1496. Otherwise it's very easy, and occurs often in passages I have dealt with, as *Cycl.* 75, *Helena*, 1475, *H. F.* 785, *I. A.* 581.

“The other is a far more important thing, because it includes so much that is pæonic. It includes in its *tempo* dochmiacs and spondees and pure dactyls—the pure dactyls in Tragic choruses are in pæonic *tempo*: but occasion doesn't arise to speak of those. The passages in which I deal with it are *Hel.* 1136, 1485, *Ion*, 1078, *El.* 460, *Or.* 802, *Supp.* 366, 377, *Tro.* 1074. The phrases to carry in the head are ÷ ∪ ∪ ∪, as *ordinary*, or ∪ ∪ ∪ ∪, as *military*; these are commonly used as equivalents. Then you get simple developments from that, as ∪ ∪ ∪ ∪ —, *military man*, ∪ ∪ ∪ ∪ — —, *ordinary seaman*, *general election*. Then there is ∪ ∪ ∪ ÷ —, *Oliver Cromwell*; see my treatment of *Tro.* 1092. This has many equivalents, as — ∪ — —, *ask a p'liceman* (forgive the illustration, but I can't think of a better at the moment): here, for example,

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Æsch. *Pers.* 638, βάρβαρα σαφηνή,* 641, παντάλαν' ἄχη
δι᾽αβοάσω = 648, οἶον οὔπω.

"Some of the phrases are most fascinating to the ear, as Ar. *Thesm.* 118, Ἀρτεμιν ἀπειρολεχῆ. Eur. *El.* 521, ἀλλ' ἔτι κατ' οἶδμ' ἄλιον τρυχόμενος οὔπω λιμένων. O. T. 866, ὑψίποδες οὐρανία γ' (*Housman*) αἴθερι τέκνω-
θέντες ὦν Ὀλυμπος = ἀκρότατα γείσ' ἀναβᾶσ' ἄπότημον
ῥουσεν εἰς ἀνάγκαν.

"I think you will agree that is the right way to scan these verses, and not as J. H. H. Schmidt :

δι / αἰθεῖρα / τέκνω | θέντες / ὦν ο / λῦμ / πῶσ
ἀ / ποτμοτατ / αν ῶρ / | ουσεν / εις αν / αγκ / αν,

but I remember the time I knew no better, and I daresay no better than this: Soph. *El.* 1246,

α / νεφέλον / ἐνέβαλ / εσ
τασ / παροσ ε / τι χαριτ / οσ, &c.

(J. H. H. Schmidt), which is a simple pæonic consecution :

ἀνέφελον ἐνέβαλῃς
οὔποτε καταλύσιμόν
οὐδέ ποτε λησόμενόν
ἀμέτερον οἶον ἔφνυ κακόν.

In English with our short syllables these rhythms are very natural, and are much used by the Translators—

* This passage was afterwards brilliantly emended by Walter Headlam, who proposed the reading βάρβαρ' ἀσαφηνή. Cf. Lucian, 140.—C. H.

not the Revisers!—of the Bible, with their splendid sense of rhythm, ‘he laugheth at the shaking of a spear,’ ‘for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord.’ But Swinburne in the *Erectheus* has a line which is pure Greek metre (except it has an anacrusis), ‘The blast of his trumpet, upon Rhodope,’ ending $\text{— } \cup \cup \cup \cup \cup \cup \text{—}$, just like *Ion* 774 and *Tro.* 1061, which I have noticed.

“I have put dots under syllables on which stress of metre falls, and I wish you would do the same in the lyrics, where it’s clear to you: it would be a help to many readers, and it’s such a pity, as you said, that to most of them these lovely things should be quite dumb. Gildersleeve does it in his Pindar.

“In restoring metre you will see I have made much use of transposition; which requires a word or two. It is from my own study of texts that I have learnt this to be the most frequent of all errors; but I will quote Porson and Cobet. Porson, preface to *Eur.* p. 7: ‘Hoc semel observandum est, nihil tam frequenter in librariorum cadere, quam verborum ordinem immutare. . . . Tutissima proinde corrigendi ratio est vocabulorum, si opus est, transpositio.’ Cobet, ‘Coll. Crit.’ p. 188: ‘Non est aliud vitiosum genus in poetarum locis frequentius quam ut verba suo loco mota et disiecta sint, neque ulla emendandi ratio est certior et evidentior quam transpositio. Insigne huius rei exemplum præbet locus incerti Tragici apud Nauckium, p. 861, fragm. 110. Clemens Alexandrinus hæc servavit: μέλλων ἑαυτὸν ἀποσφάττειν ὁ Αἴας κέκραγεν· οὐδὲν οὖν ἦν πράγμα ἐλευθέρου ψυχῇν δάκνον οὕτως ὥς

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ἀνδρὸς ἀτιμία. Poetæ manus superest in Chrysippi libello περὶ ἀποφατικῶν : ‘οὐκ ἦν ἄρ’ οὐδὲν πῆμ’ ἐλευθέρου δάκνον, ψυχὴν ὁμοίως ἀνδρὸς ὡς ἀτιμία.

“If they had also pointed out the reason, there would not have been the reluctance of modern editors to make use of this expedient. It is justifiable so long as ‘the order of words in the MS. is not accounted for’; but this is what accounts for it. The error which the copyist commits in such a case does not consist in writing the words in any order at haphazard, but in arranging them according to the order they would have in prose, according to their grammatical construction. This is sometimes done deliberately—the commonest explanatory note is τὸ ἐξῆς ‘the consecution’ οὕτως ‘is as follows’ :—but more often it is merely the result of inadvertence. Words in verse especially are apt to be displaced out of the natural order; the copyist looks to see what is the construction of the sentence; and the next step, unconscious or deliberate, is to write the words in that construction.

“Examples are as the sand of the sea-shore. Various results of this one tendency is that adjective and substantive are put together, as *Bacch.* 1367, ἀγέρατον ὄνομ’ ἔχων ἐν Θήβαις; particles postponed are put at the beginning, δέ, γάρ, γε most commonly, and μέν and ἄρα; interrogatives are put first, as *Andr.* 862, ἄταρ δὴ τίς ὦν πυνθάνη τάδε; for πυνθάνη τίς ὦν τάδε; and relatives as *El.* 1156 (note), *H. F.* 799 (note), *Hipp.* 558, *Hel.* 1157 (note).

“The condition is, that when metre is restored by transposition, the words ought *not* any longer to be in

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the normal order of construction; and conversely, if unmetrical words are at the same time in unusual order, then transposition is not a likely remedy. You will see that the condition is fulfilled in all the places I have applied this remedy, as *Hcl.* 1136 ff., 1498, *Med.* 1245, *Cycl.* 78.

“Do you think this is a good dactylo-epitrite in *Bacchylides*, i. 42:

ὅσσον ἂν ζώῃ χρόνον, τόνδ'
ἔλαχεν τιμάν, ἀρετὰ δ' ἐπίμοχθος,

or is it better as Housman and I write it:

ὅσσον ἂν ζώῃ λάχε τόνδε
χρόνον τιμάν . . . ?

The MS. is in the explanatory order.”

“KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“December 20, 1901.

“DEAR MR. MURRAY,—I always imagine you to be busy writing plays for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and am very loth to disturb you in such a delightful pursuit, but I have just hit on a small correction in the *Bacchæ* I feel certain of (193, οὐδ' ἐνσοφίζόμεσθα τοῖσι δαίμοσι), and send with that a few words on my previous suggestions. I managed to get them written up for the *Classical Review*, and thought you would be sure to see them there, as there was one of your delightful translations in the same number: since then I have enjoyed ‘Worlds on worlds are rolling ever,’

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“It was very good of you to find time to answer my treatise on metre, and I think you are right in what you pointed out—the way they conceived the scansion of lines like ἐπέι δ’ ἀνάγκας ἔδν λέπαδνον. You remember what I called the ‘Poacher’: it appears to have been called the ἐπιωνικόν, and the reason it has been so little recognised is that it is not used continuously for any length, but lapses into other metres—the glyconic chiefly. My favourite place for it is Pindar, *Nem.* 4, which lapses into it and keeps suggesting it:

ἄριστον εὐφροσύνα πόνων κεκριμένων
 ἱατρός, αἱ δὲ σοφαὶ
 Μοισᾶν θύγατρες αἰοῖδαι
 θέλξαν νιν ἀπτομέναι.

Lately, by a lucky accident I have made a discovery—that it is *Persian*, scanning as I thought. This and the *Ionic a minore* are the two metres by far the most common in Persian verse, Hafiz for example. Not only that, but Persian has numbers of Greek metres, *epitrites* of all sorts among them; and one curious variation in *Anacreon* I find in Persian too. This leads far. Now the thing will be to find out how they sing them; probably E. G. Browne will know, but I haven’t asked him yet. . . .”

“November 30, 1902.

“I have been wishing so long to have another talk with you—not so much *to* you the next time. . . . So have I been thinking of your views ever since you told me of them; and my notion is that we are both

right: habitually you have two or more rhythms or rhythmical figures going simultaneously; in a printed book you can hardly exhibit more than one consecution; and I find no fault with yours. Ideally it would be best to print the whole period in one continuous line; but as it is, one must choose, and so long as the breaks are made at the end of true rhythmical phrases, I see no objection. I myself, since breath would naturally be taken between words, would consider the phrases marked off thus to be stronger, and the counterpoint to be subordinate, but so long as one part in the counterpoint is correctly indicated, I make no complaint. So I hope you won't be troubled. By 'the Tragedians' I wasn't thinking of your Euripides, but of Sophocles and Æschylus; and the only examples of wrong divisions are on p. 214 (*see* J. H. Schmidt's in Jebb, *Trach.* p. lx-lxi—it is too hideous to transcribe); those are actually wrong, and it is equally wrong to divide Soph. *Aj.* thus, *v.* 221,

$$\begin{array}{l} \bar{o}i / \bar{a}n \ \bar{\epsilon} / \delta\eta\lambda / \bar{\omega}\sigma\alpha\varsigma / \bar{a}\nu\epsilon\rho\omicron\varsigma / \bar{a}i\theta\omicron\nu / \bar{o}\varsigma \ \Lambda \\ \bar{a}\gamma\gamma\epsilon\lambda\iota / \bar{a}n \ \bar{\alpha} / \tau\lambda\alpha\tau\omicron\nu / \bar{o}\nu\delta\epsilon / \bar{\phi}\epsilon\nu\kappa\tau / \bar{a}n \end{array}$$

but you are not likely to do that sort of thing. My tongue shall not utter the words that arise in me when I behold such—*ἐνφαμίαις Ἀπόλλων χαίρει*. What you tell me about Manilius is surprising, and I will look it up. Whenever Latin poets used a Greek word, as *hymenæos*, or a Greek name, they felt at liberty to use a Greek rhythm, and commonly preferred it; but if this enhoplion ending for Scylla should appear to be

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intentional and meaning, Robinson Ellis deserves credit for observing it; it would never have occurred to me. Will you let the rest be word of mouth? I shall keep your letter, which was a great pleasure to get, and it would be so much easier for me to be intelligible in a talk. . . . The result seems likely to be what I hoped, *σύγκολλα τὰμφοῖν ἐς μέσον*."

"November 18, 1904.

"Congratulations on Vol. II.,* and thanks for sending it to me. I am very full of work and have no time to read it yet, only in glancing through one correction of Verrall's caught my eye—*ἐκτάδην* for *ἐκάδην*, very pretty. . . ."

Such were the aims and such the scope of Walter Headlam's studies as he judged them to be necessary for the task of editing Æschylus. He could not but be soon aware that the standard which he set himself was far from being that adopted by many other scholars, and this led him to assert the principles he so strongly held in occasional combative criticisms of them and their work. As an example one may mention the pamphlet† in which he criticised Dr. Verrall's methods in a recent edition of the *Seven against Thebes*, and incidentally elucidated, with great wealth of illustration, many passages and single points.

* Professor Murray's edition of Euripides.

† "On Editing Æschylus" (Nutt, 1891).

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It was a young man's work, and in later years no one was more ready than himself to express regret for the tone in which it was written. At the same time it is necessary to say that, throughout his life, he never wavered from the view that the task, which he then felt it his duty to perform, was one which it was essential should be performed for the sake of the cause of the classical scholarship which he held so dear. It must be admitted, moreover, that to take the line he did, when he did, was an act of extraordinary courage. For it was evident that his Quixotic championship of the ideal he had at heart must jeopardise his career at Cambridge, and that before he had had time to establish his own position in the world as scholar and critic. He deliberately counted the cost; and the cost he paid in much subsequent suffering from misunderstanding of his outspoken criticism. His polemical writings sprang from the necessity which burned within him of asserting Truth as he saw it. The moral instinct, which he had inherited through his Headlam ancestry, compelled him to go forth into the wilderness and to preach a gospel of literary criticism. He stood for the highest ideal of Greek scholarship; and that ideal, he thought, was sometimes best served by personal criticism.

Although his writings in this kind revealed him at once to independent observers as a scholar of extraordinary brilliancy and learning, they did not, as works of art, quite "come off." He had not yet learned to write English prose with ease as well as

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point, nor had he mastered the still more difficult art of presenting his material in such a manner as to produce the utmost effect. He schooled himself in this art as in others, with the result that the preface to the "Book of Greek Verse" is an admirable example of clear thinking adequately expressed. Such a pamphlet as "On Editing Æschylus" had failed in its effect as a piece of controversial writing. It provoked a suspicion of pedantry. He was aware of his own defects and of the excessive terseness and bareness of his earlier style, and managed gradually to free himself of these and other faults, not without dust and heat, and the application of careful analysis to this side of the literary art.

"Your Greek studies impress me," he wrote in 1894 to Mrs. Wherry, "and I only hope you haven't found them dull. . . . I hope you have gone on to the *Eumenides*; the *Choephoroc* corresponds to a second volume in which the plot is developed, but the action does not proceed much. You will understand now, I think, why I don't lay much stress on Meleager. Of his class he is a very good specimen, and in the original is very pretty, but *pretty*. My introduction was written when I didn't know how to write prose, and is stiff and affected."

"To think clearly," he wrote to the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Pelham, in 1893, "is the first rule in writing, in my opinion; the second, to express as clearly as one can; and the third, to arrange well. The last

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is very important if writing is to tell; but there is nothing harder. I always, when I have anything to write, make a skeleton of the whole beforehand, showing how each part is to follow on the preceding, or be developed from it. The *juncturæ*, connexions, I am sure, are the most difficult things to manage well. With practice, no doubt, good arrangement comes to be instinctive; that is, one will recognise much quicker what is the right way. What a lecture! But I have thought much about the art, and there is no doubt that in general, as Sheridan said to—no, it's some one in Sheridan's *Critic*, I think—'your easy writing makes damned hard reading.' ”

Walter Headlam was undoubtedly a severe and pungent critic of stupid, insincere, dishonest, or useless work—work, that is, which merely adds to the pile of books upon a subject without adding anything to the real understanding of it. And in dealing with such work he had a way of making fun of the authors which the smaller men could neither forget nor forgive.

But, curiously contrasting with a certain asperity and quickness of temper in dealing with minds cast in a different mould, or moving ponderously, or incapable of moving at all in response to his own quick changes and flashing wit, or superb indifference to the actualities of life, the minds of those whom he bluntly called fools—pretentious, tasteless, or platitudinous people,—contrasting with his considerable impatience with those who did not or would not see

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the truth as he saw it, there was combined in him a rare tenderness of nature, an almost feminine capacity for inspiring and reciprocating affection, in conjunction with an acute and self-conscious, self-criticising sensitiveness. Nobody was ever more generously appreciative of good work, and good work in the most catholic sense. On the other hand, he was himself intensely eager for appreciation. He had just ground for disappointment in that for many years, and at a time when his work on Herodas and Æschylus, published in the *Academy*, the *Classical Review*, and the *Journal of Philology*, was receiving the most generous recognition and appreciation from the greatest scholars of the Continent, it was received by the scholars of his own University with chilling silence. Nor was he given any opportunity of expounding to his fellow scholars his contributions to the knowledge and ideas of men; he was not even placed upon the Greek Play Committee at Cambridge, in spite of his supreme qualifications for the task of helping to "produce" a play by Æschylus.

Like another of the greatest of Cambridge scholars who also made his home in King's, Henry Bradshaw, Walter Headlam's tendency as an author was to defer the publication of a formal volume. The reasons for this were threefold. In the first place, the ideal of perfection and thoroughness, after which he strove, involved a standard of preliminary work, which could only be accomplished after many years of unremitting and ungrudging toil; in the second place, he felt that where there was so much to be done and so little time

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to do it, he could best serve his authors by preparing material, which should some day be used for the final edition of them, even if he were unable to edit them himself; and, in the last place, his time was not all his own. In the absence of any University professorship or post which might have enabled him to devote all his energies to original work and research, it was doubly unfortunate for him that, thanks to the sadly impoverished state of the College, the stipend of a Fellow of King's was, during his lifetime, pitifully meagre. This fact, with all that it implies, seriously handicapped his energies. The College, indeed, did what it could, and during the last few years of his life an arrangement was made by which he was relieved of the necessity of formal lecturing upon set books, a form of teaching against which he had always rebelled as an intolerable waste of time both for lecturer and student. But, in view of the extreme depression of the College finances, it was difficult to do more. At least it may be said that Walter Headlam gave more than he received, and that he realised by his career the idea of what Prize Fellowships, properly endowed, were intended to render possible in what should be Homes of Learning as well as of Teaching. Indeed, what is astonishing is, not that he published so little, but that, in spite of circumstances, he achieved so much. This fact will be more clearly realised when the various volumes of his classical work, now in course of preparation, are published; or, indeed, by looking at the Bibliography at the end of this volume, a single entry in which often implies

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research covering the whole range of Greek Literature. None the less, whilst it is regrettable that his talents for original work could not be utilised to the full, he would have been the last to wish to appear ungrateful to the University and the College which gave him a home and a position, which made his studies possible, and which provided him with priceless opportunities of recreation, of music, and of friendship.

III

VACATION

MOST young men gifted with the artistic temperament endure, between the ages of twenty and thirty, a thousand bitters, "when," as Keats wrote in his preface to "Endymion," "the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, and the way of life uncertain." This period for Walter Headlam was prolonged and accentuated by the fact that he had taken upon himself a task which required a period of preparation of which Keats had no conception. For with the temperament, the fervour, and the exhausting toil of the poet he combined the industry, the application, the endurance of the scholar. It was necessary, even under the most auspicious circumstances, that the cheering consciousness of accomplished labour and achieved success should in such a rare case, a case as rare as admirable, be long delayed. With him the hard and slow work, implied by his ideal of study, conflicted with a gift of rapid insight and vital, poetic imagination. The exhaustion, which resulted naturally from such a physical strain, found expression, but too naturally also, in fits of melancholy and depression. That he was aware of this dualism in his nature is evident from his poems—*e.g.*, No. 30—and from the

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following passages in a letter to Mrs. Leslie Stephen, written in 1893 :

“Just now, when I am close on twenty-seven, I feel as if I were going to expand and begin to live. It is long enough to have put off doing that. I wish I could be sure it would be in the right direction. Those people have an easier time who are harmonious in themselves and of a piece. Life is not so simple for those who are ill-blended, and have constantly to choose between conflicting tendencies. If only I could split myself up, I should be quite content for half of me to go to the devil, and half to be the friend of you.”

Again, in 1897, he wrote to Mrs. Lancelot Sanderson :

“. . . I shall remember your dance: how pretty it was. Little girls I always think are the only naturally graceful things that we produce—little girls and mothers with babies. Is that right? . . .

“After the dance I sat up with —, and was much impressed by him as always. He is a very fine fellow. There are two qualities I share with him: the scientific temperament and the religious. They are troublesome when combined. I mean religious in the sense of feeling things deeply and taking them seriously to heart: the scientific bent has quite altered the views, but those are held with the same fervour as your own. The temperament is the same. I have

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no share at all in his unselfishness. You don't quarrel with him, I hope, about his views ; you are not likely in the least to shake them. If he were selfish you might be disappointed with him ; but he is a fine character. . . ."

From the nature of his work and from the two different temperaments, which he seems to have inherited in almost equal proportions from the two strains which I have indicated, this period of ferment and indecision of the soul was, then, with him unusually prolonged. It was only towards the end of his life that the conflicting elements began noticeably to blend, and, under happier influences, to combine into one harmonious whole. So that, when he died, it seemed as if he had only just stepped upon the threshold of complete being, and his friends knew that, if he had but lived, a personality of a quite extraordinary force and character had been evolved, capable of the most unusual achievements in the world of Literature. For, in spite of over twenty years of intense study, his imagination had survived an ordeal which would have crushed it, had it been less strong. His poetical fire was, at the end of this period, burning more brightly than at the beginning. But in the intervening years, the reaction of an artistic temperament, strained and irritated by overwork and the other causes at which I have hinted, led him occasionally into morbid fancies and little hypochondriacisms, also very characteristic of him.

With his intense appreciation of beauty he combined

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an abnormal capacity for suffering, none the less real, as Mrs. Wherry writes, because the cause of it existed frequently in his own imagination. Dread of blindness, which he had no reason at all in the nature of things to trouble about, coming upon him with his work unfinished, and death without recognition, these were dreadful possibilities, which weighed heavily upon him. As some people enjoy bad health, I think he used to enjoy imagining that he was doomed to endure terrible tragedies, and having exaggerated some tiny ailment into a fatal disease, it amused him to observe the consternation of his friends when he gravely announced his approaching decease. Also, no doubt, he enjoyed their sympathy. He delighted in reading Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine," and then, having appropriated to his own temporary symptoms, arising from a spell of overwork, some obscure and deadly disease, he would pass from friends to doctors, and from doctors to specialists, with his tale of woe. It must not be supposed, however, that he wholly believed in his deadly ailments himself. The pose amused him, and he occasionally made use of it for the setting of some humorous saying, as when he went to bid a solemn farewell to his friends, having first persuaded some London specialist to interpret what were really the slight disorders of a system suffering from too prolonged a period of hard sedentary work as the indications of some more than ordinarily rapid and deadly complaint. He explained that he must put aside the Classics now, and read Shakespeare while there was

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yet time. "Shakespeare," he added, "was one of the things they were likely to set." Fortunately he had many friends who took these little idiosyncrasies, these tiny morbidities, for what they were worth, and, judging by his healthy appearance and the vigour with which he worked, realised that all he needed was change and rest, and used to welcome him to their country homes. There he would quickly revive, discard his morbidities, and, throwing himself with utmost zest into whatever was being done, lend a quaint and individual touch to every conversation, and earn the reputation of being the most companionable of persons. Then he would even forget the haunting fear lest some day he should return to his rooms and find that his interleaved copy of Wecklein's "*Æschylus*," into which he was accustomed to enter all the conclusions which he considered certain and final, had been stolen by a burglar.

Letter to his sister:

"KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"July 29, 1902.

"IDA DEAR,—It was rather absurd not to see you when we were staying in the same little town; but you would have found me in low spirits, because I didn't know what I had got and was imagining worse than the truth. Never read Quain's '*Dictionary of Medicine*'! I suppose there must be unhappy bodies that suffer from *Leucocythæmia* and such fearful plagues, (I thought my symptoms indicated this; the spleen grows larger and larger and the red corpuscles of the

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blood change gradually to white; there is no cure, and the end comes in seven to twenty-four months), but the lay student appropriates them too readily. . . .”

Nor did he ever lose, even during a period of some years when he was obliged to give up altogether the social life he naturally enjoyed, the capacity of responding to the appeal of those whom he loved. He would cast aside his books and throw off his depression whenever an intimate friend came to “dig him out” of his rooms. And of such intimate and kindly friends, young and old, men and women, undergraduates and contemporaries, Cambridge and his own lovable nature blessed him with a rare abundance.

From the window of his rooms in Gibbs’ Buildings, clad in radiant white flannel, he would leap onto the great lawn beneath, whenever his little friend Bee Wherry made her almost daily appearance, barefooted there. For he loved children, and had something of the Lewis Carroll cult for girl-children. He used to delight in giving children’s tea-parties, aided by some College friends, insisting, if possible, that no mother or nurse should be present. Mrs. Wherry recalls how once, arriving unexpectedly, she found these bachelor hosts in some consternation. Her small girl had pinched her finger in the heavy window, and was refusing to be comforted. The soothing application of warm lips to the injured member soon proved efficacious, to the amazement of Walter, who expressed his naïve astonishment that “mothers are of some use after all!”

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This natural pleasure that he took in the companionship of children, in the relaxation and the charm of their childish ways, he expresses in a little poem which one likes to remember :

AFTER ALL

Ah, still for my part it were worth
A lifetime on this treacherous earth
To have seen but some things, which atone
In spite of all despair—
Spring mornings, and the ocean's face,
To have known sweet music, and the grace
Of girl-children,—to have known
And cried, "How sweet and fair !"

But perhaps he was happiest on horseback, when, with a few chosen friends, he would go for long gallops over the Cambridgeshire fields. Mr. Marcus Dimsdale, a friend and colleague at King's, tells the story of one of his first rides, when his horse went into the pool at Newnham, and Headlam solemnly ejaculated : "Ought I to get off?"

But (according to the same informant) he was a fearless rider to hounds, and had an excellent seat; though he was perhaps more successful in exciting than in soothing the ardour of his mount. On more than one occasion when his companions took a turn to left or right, Headlam, lost in the delight of swift motion, would hold on his way like an arrow from a bow, be seen in the distance still going hard, and seen no more that day.

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“Our May morning rides were some of the most perfect things to remember,” Mrs. Marcus Dimsdale writes, “and were rendered doubly memorable by his wild delight in the narrow grass lanes with the white blossom brushing the horses’ heads. One morning, when a ride fell through, I remember finding a copy of the first verse of ‘Corinna’s going a-maying’ on the breakfast-table, and a line to say that he had left it on the doorstep himself at 7 A.M. His answer to Marcus’ invitation to ride one day was the poem* ‘June with her glancing grasses.’”

“. . . You remember,” he wrote to his sister, “You remember my little brown horse—and I wish you wanted to buy him! because he’s to be sold by reason of hard times; but it’s easier to buy than to sell, especially in the country I live in. They all praise him, but say they haven’t any money, which is my case. I love him too, and it’s a hard thing to part from one’s only friend of that race. . . .”

To Mrs. Lancelot Sanderson:

“KING’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“March 24, 1897.

“. . . I did know the piece of Browning you sent me, but was none the less glad to be reminded of it. I did not know until the other day the ‘Flight of the Duchess,’ when it was read out to me: that is the right way to make any one appreciate him: and much

* No. 7, *infra*.

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of it is difficult unless read. There is a wonderful large landscape at the beginning of it, done in strokes like Rembrandt's. . . .

“Whilst I sit and ink my fingers, the rooks outside have endless things to say, and remind me that after all other creatures are enjoying the Spring: and I am thoroughly glad they are. Now a really black heart would feel jealous.”

After prolonged periods of concentrated work, when for weeks and months he had devoured his books, turning night into day, pausing only in the pursuit of some idea, or of some one word through the whole realm of Greek Literature, to load yet another pipe, to eat when he could smoke no longer, to sleep when he could no longer keep awake, after such spells of exhausting and ungrudging toil, Walter Headlam would leave Cambridge for a while, and give himself up to the recreation of travel, or pay a few visits in the country, or go down to hunt at Minehead or the New Forest. Sometimes he would visit his relatives in the North, sometimes spend a few weeks in London—“loveliest London,” as he used to call it—watching cricket at Lord’s, going the round of the galleries and studying painting as an enthusiastic amateur, “discovering” for himself Piero della Francesca at the National Gallery, worshipping Henry Bates’ *Pandora* in the Tate Gallery, or delighting, in his catholic, enthusiastic way, in the exhibitions of the Barbizon School at Maclean’s, or of Rembrandts at Burlington House, and, if he could, passing the evening at the

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Opera or at a concert where Brahms filled the programme.

To Lawrence Haward:

"4 ST. JAMES'S PLACE.

"April 19, 1900.

"DEAR HAWARD,—Many thanks for your letter, which did me good to get, as I was very sorry for myself when it came, with a bout of influenza, which has more or less made me incapable of doing anything, including an answer to you, as I should have liked: now I see I'm to send this to you at Cambridge, that ψυχρὸς Αἶδης, that I have to come back to myself in a day or two. It's so lovely here to-day and yesterday, I'm especially loth to leave these joys, though I haven't been able to see as much as I hoped. But pictures I have been studying hard, and owing to you made a long trek to the Tate Gallery, founded 'to encourage a love of art in the people, and as a thank-offering for a prosperous business career.' . . . I didn't think that was very encouraging to me, but it is surprising how little there is bad. Only it is difficult to feel that a real artistic soul could be large enough to include Frith's *Derby Day* and Rossetti's *Beata Beatrix*. I'll talk about the thing when I see you; the one I worshipped was the *Pandora* of Harry Bates: I never saw anything more lovely. Also I have discovered an Italian painter in the National Gallery, who I suppose is known to everybody else, but I had never seen him—Piero della Francesca: if I hadn't known I should have thought it belonged to

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the last twenty years. I am very glad you have been in Devonshire between earth and heaven, and hope that will keep you fit through this next term. I don't think I have ever seen Okehampton, though I know of it in connection with Artillery training.

"I have never attempted Marie Corelli: but Guy Boothby, whom I look forward to in the train, is more in my line, I expect. I have just begun again the masterpiece of another of my favourite authors—'A Delilah of Haarlem,' by Colonel Henry Savage, genuine enjoyment."

Here is a little picture of a scene in the Town he loved so well:

"April 19, 1900.

"It's so lovely here to-day and yesterday that I feel very loth to go back to *ψυχρὸς Ἀϊθῆς* [*Cambridge*], except that it will be possible to get a quiet ride or two I hope, and a drop of rain wouldn't do any harm, though I pray for that silently, as the farmers before Free Trade used to pray for a bad harvest and a bloody war.

"The little blossom, which even now hasn't the complexion it once had, to you I suppose will be only a simple primrose; and nothing more, if so much: but to me it expresses vague and speechless sentiments which I feel like the rest of the population among whom I stood and gaped at Dizzy's statue at Westminster this morning, having made a sentimental

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journey on purpose, never having been in London on this Saint's day before."*

"July 22, 1902.

"... I passed an orchid in the street yesterday and sent it to you, just to show there was no ill-feeling, but you mustn't wear it in your buttonhole. I have seen Cecil, and feel as proud as if he were my son."†

"KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"July 5, 1904.

"... I have been taken to the Opera here—*Faust*, of all things, which, however, I had never heard, and it was one of the things I wanted to do; it seemed so absurd to quit this scene without having heard *Faust*! Another thing was Tangier, and another Dan Leno; all these are now achieved, so I am getting dangerously ready to depart. But somehow the last few months I have been getting strangely better, and this coincides with giving up my strict *régime*, and drinking beer as I used to, and lately (at Lord's, for instance) gin and ginger-beer—a still more elegant drink is gin and lemonade; ask for a John Collins; it's just lemonade spiritualised. So I have been paying four guineas to explain to Dr. — that the more I break the rules the better I am, and proposing to go on doing so; which I have got leave to do; and he thinks that what may be the matter with me is not such as to do harm. So let us all determine to regard ourselves as sound—which is the principle of Christian Science. I

* From a letter to Miss Crum (Mrs. Stewart).

† Extract from letter to his sister, Miss Ida Headlam.

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have seen Sarah Bernhardt, had a swim at the Bath Club, watched a good deal of cricket, some with Cecil in it, and, most astonishing of all, been to a reception at the Grafton Gallery—quite a whirl for me. . . .*

“KING’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“July 8, 1905.

“. . . I succeeded in seeing both John † at the War Office and May in Morpeth Terrace. . . . An unpromising exterior, the flat, but nice enough inside, and a look-out that reminded me of Siena,—a striped cathedral side in sunshine. You remember old Pasquale Pasquini, with his squint-eyed daughter, where we used to sit out on the brick roof? He grew his own vines, and most excellent wine we had, and once a week he gave us *δωρεάν*, a glass of Malvasia (*γλυκὸν Μονεμβασιανόν*), otherwise Malmsey. At Morpeth Terrace they gave me first whiskey and then port—for lunch—I do look, I know, as if I couldn’t be happy without it—old Gilmonby port, May said she thought it was,—but it might be something quite other: I tasted as though all my reputation as a critic depended on it, and pronounced for the other! But I haven’t yet found out from John whether I was wrong. . . . Well, you will see that after all we have won the match by 40 runs, I hear by telegram just now. . . . My coaching engagement prevented me seeing anything of the game; but I am not altogether sorry; these very exciting matches where one’s interests are

* Extract from letter to his sister, Miss Ida Headlam.

† Lieut.-Colonel Headlam, R.A., D.S.O., D.A.A.G.

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concerned I find too anxious and life-shortening. Young, who got 50, and Colbeck, who got 107, are both Kingsmen, and Colbeck one of my pupils, though I can't claim to have taught him anything of what he chiefly knows, which is how to hit bowling without respect for persons."*

"OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB,
"PALL MALL, S.W.

"April 7, 1906.

". . . I am in town to-day, not for the race, but to see Charlie Furse's pictures the last day at the Burlington Fine Arts, and shall try to-night to see the *Cinderella* ballet at the Empire, which is said to be perfectly beautiful—all Watteau. . . ."

Or he would go down into the West Country, to those soft, Ionian climes, where he always found a welcome at Moorcroft, looking over the Wye Valley.† "He would come to us quite tired out," the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Pelham writes, "and used to enjoy cooking, gathering mushrooms and blackberries, picnics or country walks." For he was an amateur of cooking as well as of painting, and was never so happy as when playing with macaroni or girdle cakes in the kitchen, to an appreciative audience. A letter, written from Mirehouse in September 1896, to Mrs. Pelham, after a visit to Moorcroft, gives expression to his keen enjoyment of the West Country:‡

* Extracts from letters to his sister, Miss Ida Headlam.

† The residence of the Hon. Arthur Pelham.

‡ See Poem No. 36.

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“This place seems out of earshot of the world; the mountains block one out. I have never lived among them long enough to get over a certain sense of oppression and longing not to be overwhelmed. . . . My taste is rather for the more Ionian climes of Devonshire or Hereford or Monmouth. I was glad to have been advised Ledbury. I have never in England felt so entirely in the sixteenth century—perhaps it was earlier still—the same kind of sensation one has in many Italian towns: everything in harmony and everything beautiful, or at any rate not offending: vegetation of the most verdurous, and an old red-brick park wall, ample and curving, that I felt content to live outside: a beautiful church, with a spire on a detached tower, the spire like that of Monmouth. . . . Ledbury has my heart, which is becoming as plural as any saintly relic, which also does not suffer from being multiplied.”

Two years before, after an earlier visit, he had written to the same hostess, in characteristic vein, the following letter, a letter which shows that his holidays in the country were far from being idle, and that the time which he saved from the Greek he devoted to the wooing of the English Muse. This, indeed, was his practice all through life. He took incredible pains in working up and polishing poems, some of which date back in their earliest form or idea to his first youth. He welcomed every opportunity of reading them to sympathetic friends, and eagerly invited and carefully considered every criticism or suggestion

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that was made upon them. He lavished upon them that unceasing care by which so many of the great poets have succeeded, as Vergil, the supreme literary artist, declared of himself, in "licking their cubs into shape." And the poems which he has left, so polished, though they may be few, and their scope limited, yet belong to the very highest class of lyrical poetry.

"Ever since I left you I have been enjoying myself. I don't mean that I don't enjoy myself at the time, but I believe I enjoy going over things afterwards as much, if not more. One can eliminate everything that didn't harmonise and make an artistic perfection. To enjoy chewing the cud so much suggests a bovine temperament; but I don't think it is exactly that, rather I should say, idealistic. Perhaps a really sane person takes in things and selects and appreciates at the moment; I can't till afterwards, when I can lie still and somewhat torpidly digest. It may not be the healthiest form of feeding, but it goes farthest. I send you the latter part of a set of verses, more or less on the subject.* In the third verse I had, of course, to lead up to a lady as one of my typical remembered moments: but the lives of poets are not always as interesting as they might seem to be . . . also no doubt sometimes they are. . . . I should like to have seen your brother who likes the Hungarian songs. Let him sing 'O the earth is wide and spacious,' which works up in an extraordinary way: Marishka, 'O'er

* The first draft of the poem No. 36.

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the lithe lily' and 'Mid the cornfields sings the sweet lark.' 'Far and high the cranes give cry' is almost the same melody as 'Shepherd, see thy horse's foaming mane,' with a different rhythm. You will notice in both a characteristic of these songs, that the first phrase is immediately repeated a fifth (or a third?) above. . . .

"I am just off, being so near to Marlborough, to ride in Savernake Forest. A few years ago I took a form at Marlborough for a week, but was too busy to see the forest I love, and hope to finish some verses in the solitude. A year and a half ago I went to the New Forest for that purpose and completed most of those you have seen. After that I am thinking of going to look at Jersey or Guernsey for inspiration, having seen an advertisement of routes at Troy Station."

Of his earlier poems he wrote to Mrs. Wherry :

"KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"August 29.

". . . You mention our thunderstorm, for instance, which seems months ago now. It was effective at the time, though. I was slumbering happily in my particular armchair, when it succeeded in waking me at four o'clock. I shut my windows and surveyed the scene, and then went to bed and to sleep by it, which proves that I can and do go to sleep, when I ought most of all to keep awake—doesn't it? There were no people killed in Cambridge, except a horse; a policeman was knocked down. A poet wouldn't have

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gone to bed at all, I suppose. I have shown my verses to Mrs. Eaden, but she has made the same criticism on them that I gather from others. They want colour, passion, heart. I suspect it is true. Colour, however, I have been acquiring, thro' taking my horse for a walk in the afternoon sun, which has been all that could be wished these last days. Yesterday the corn in the fields was a lovely pale bluish colour in the sunlight, and I never saw things so clearly in Cambridge. . . .

“. . . Oh how I wish I was married, and had some one to pack for me. Do you know any lady fair, beautiful, amusing, sweet—that can pack—and would for me? If so, wherever she be, there am I at the feet of her.”

And later, to Mrs. Lancelot Sanderson :

“ KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“ *Friday.*

“. . . I am astonished (and a little apprehensive) at my own domesticity; I take it to be middle age, which may be begun at any time, and for me begun with my last birthday. Be that as it may, it is pleasant to hear people like my verses. It surprises me: because, although I should expect professionals to like some qualities in them, I have never thought they would be popular: I don't now. They don't let themselves go enough, and I suspect are monotonous. For that reason I am gratified to hear men like them—tho'

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they couldn't help saying so, if challenged by you, could they?"

One Christmas Vacation, not long before his death, he was invited by Violet, Lady Melville, to give a lecture upon Æschylus, illustrated by his own verse translations, at Melville Castle. The lecture made a great impression upon all who heard it, and afforded a striking example of his power of communicating his own enthusiasm for Greek poetry to an audience not primarily of specialists or even Grecians. He playfully attributed the cordial reception of his recitations to the long-suffering kindness of a Scottish audience, trained for generations to sit beneath a pulpit; who have by nature and education, he might have added more seriously, a love of beautiful language and good learning.

To his sister:

"MELVILLE CASTLE,
LASSWADE, MIDLOTHIAN.

"January 6, 1907.

"... The costume arrived, in time for me to perform in it yesterday: and fortunately the recitation came off without any *contretemps*. It amused *me* considerably, however it may have affected the audience: at any rate they came, to the number of some 100, and sat still, as they are trained to do under the pulpits in this country. £28 clear were the takings. If the report is amusing, I will send it on to you. There was one conversation,

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however, which won't appear in it. After the lecture in the Hall,—at tea: first lady (a three-decker) to my hostess' cousin (staying here), looking at the two little girls:

“‘What beautiful hair those children have! Is anything *done to it*?’

“‘Oh no, nothing; they get it from their mother.’

“‘But is nothing done to hers?’

“‘Nothing whatever.’

“‘Well, a great quantity of hair always goes with a weak constitution; my family are as strong as horses, and have hardly got a hair to their heads!’”

“Everything combined,” he wrote to his hostess, “to make my visit happy, and it has done me much good, mind and body. One of the things I was most glad of was to meet that most lovable of old men with the undimmed eye, Professor A. Campbell Fraser. . . .”

Professor Campbell Fraser to Violet, Lady Melville:

“It was indeed a great pleasure you gave us on Saturday. It has left a picture which cannot pass out of our memory.”

Perhaps the form of holiday which suited his temperament best, and which he always took as often as he possibly could, was foreign travel. The pictures, the people, the colour, the sunshine of foreign lands,

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especially of Italy, the music of Germany, appealed to him in a peculiar degree. Many were the delightful vacations he spent in this fashion, at Davos, where he was the guest of John Addington Symonds, in Florence, in Berlin, in Morocco, in Spain. And in 1895 he joined the Pelhams on a visit to Athens. There, as might be supposed, he refused to sight-see after tourist fashion, and, so refusing, was much disconcerted to discover that the most intimate knowledge of the Greek Dramatists was not, on the spot, so serviceable as an acquaintance with Baedeker.

On this occasion he wrote some thumb-nail sketches of his fellow travellers on board ship to Mrs. Stephen, describing one lady "who chose to sit amidst a coil of rope on deck, like Cleopatra in her barge; so we gave her that name; at other times she would pace the deck with stealthy, sloppy feet, that seemed to smear one's brain." And he added characteristically: "I have been looking at things from the artistic point of view, not from the antiquarian; which has its place, but never the first. It distresses me to find how few the people are with whom the archæological taste doesn't come before the perception of beauty. It made all the difference to me to have seen something of the actual country and the sites of buildings, and what remains of the buildings themselves; here one can understand at once how natural it was that beauty should have ruled everything, and in the characteristic Attic direction of perfection of line." After Greece, he used to say—"that lovely land

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of amethystine haze and twilight coffee"*—the colouring of Italy seemed almost vulgar.

"POSTE RESTANTE, VERONA.

"*March 25, 1901.*

"MY DEAR IDA,—Until I get away from Cambridge I am paralysed from writing, and live like a chrysalis, but this revives. We had a crossing that caused considerable loss ; it was like a battlefield after the battle : the Frenchmen suffered more than the English I was proud to feel, and thanks to pride and experience I came safe through. Four in a sleeping-car—Paris to Modane—is twice too much. . . .

"Cook's offered to ensure my luggage, which I told them was extremely rash, but since they were so obliging I suggested they might ensure me against loss at Monte Carlo, but as they couldn't see their way, I had to avoid it."

To Mrs. Douglas Hoare :

"POSTE RESTANTE, VERONA.

"*March 1901.*

"DEAR FLORA,—We had a nasty crossing, very cold and disagreeable, but I wore Eileen's lock of hair immediately over my heart and came through safely. If you had heard them sobbing you would have thought it was the Styx they were being ferried over. The rains are over and gone I hope ; they have left a deal

* This phrase occurs in a letter to Miss Crum (Mrs. H. Stewart), March 15, 1901.

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of flood, but I am looking for the flowers appearing on the earth and the voice of the turtle. We came through considerable snow this morning on the way to Turin; which I am now leaving as you see by a very waggly train, having lost, I believe, two coats and my handbag and never having said a single dam. . . . Instead of eating at Turin as I find wiser people have done ('We got an excellent lunch'), I spent my time in seeing pictures, and now because the train is late we can't stop at any station long enough to get a cup of coffee. . . . However, we are coming into Genoa, where I am allowed to get down. Don't think it necessary to write a letter to answer this; it's the getting of a letter one likes most; I would rather have two short ones any day than one long one. Two words, or any unused writing you happen to have by you. . . . *ὁμέτερος φίλος.*

WALTER."

The following are extracts from letters written to his sister:

"ST. JAMES'S PLACE.

"May 6, 1901.

"MY DEAR IDA,—Thro' carrying your dates in my head I got them wrong and found myself on the 27th too late to write for Athens—couldn't stay in town to write, and when I got to Cambridge it would be a day behind, so I sent just a few words by telegram,* and hope you succeeded in seeing

* The telegram was, "Look out for kestrels over the Acropolis."

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the kestrels doing rocking turns first on one wing and then on the other, continuing the same curve. The Acropolis is only 200 feet high, but don't you think the view from it is one of the finest things in the world? And how splendid it must have been originally when the Propylea—the Fore Gates, were unruined. Thanks for your card from Monreale a couple of days ago; picture cards are a great invention; you never see anything else in Italy, and they are often very pretty, though not always discreet. So are picture hats. You warned me not to be extravagant: and I haven't been with the exception of one or two hats from Mrs. Harris in Bond Street that I couldn't resist buying (regardless of what the servants choose to think who read my bills) for wedding presents. I really think that is a brilliant invention: I find they are readily accepted whether the wedding is some time past or still a little in the future, and now when I can't think of anything else you would care for I shall know what will be useful and ornamental. . . . I wish the weather would be warmer, but I don't know when you consider it to be warm enough; but the Mediterranean is no use unless it's blue and flat at the same time; I have been twice from Marseilles to Athens and back and been lucky every time . . . able to loaf and bask and long for the next meal. In Cambridge the sky is always grey and wrinkled and all the winds are East North East, and my rooms are so constructed that no sun could enter them if there were any, so I have been glad to escape as much as possible and see the picture-shows in

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London and listen to the Band-concerts at Queen's Hall: I have to rush backwards and forwards for my duties, but it is worth it. . . ."

From a letter to Mrs. Stewart:

"*March 15, 1901.*

"My favourite shop is 169 Bond Street—Mrs. Harris. There were some lovely things to-day in black and white—not white, but creamy-white. You have to think the heads in, of course, but with a little practice that comes easy. Your

"This is after my second interruption this evening. . . ."

"HOTEL GRAN BRETAGNA,
"PISA.

"*April 3, 1888.*

"MY DEAR IDA,—I wrote in haste from Genoa to let you know my address, and to say that I was sending you a little parcel, which I hope you may get, though one has not the same confidence in the post abroad that one has in England. You will know best what use to make of the shawl, if it is a shawl; the fisherman's cap may be used as a work-bag, and I will tell you how; you had better put a lining in it and run it through at the top, if you can without my help. I was rather amused at myself buying the things: I asked, 'Mais pourrai-je le laver?' and they said, 'Comme une serviette'; then 'Pas de coton?' and they assured me it was all silk. Wasn't that professional, besides the French?"

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“HOTEL ROYAL, BONN.

“*Sunday.*

“. . . I have been for a week in Frankfurt, which means Finance, Rothschild, Jews: but Jews have music wherever they go, and it wasn't far to get to. Bonn is in the same region, and I came to see it, meaning to stay longer in the summer, when I am sure it will be beautiful. I have never seen the Rhine in the vineyard-time yet, but every one sings about it that has.”

“C/O J. A. SYMONDS,

“AM HOF, DAVOS PLATZ, SWITZERLAND.

“DEAR MRS. WHERRY,—I must write to tell you how valuable your advice was about my equipment. The knitted cap is very useful—and beautiful too I am told. Before I go, no doubt I shall find all the other things equally useful, but at present I have only tobogganed, which is indeed a divine sport. I shall expect to find an infinite toboggan-run in Heaven among other things.”

To his sister:

“ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE.

“*Monday, January 3, 1898.*

“. . . I came out here for a little spell till the 12th, with a friend of mine, Gerald Duckworth. . . .

“Some of the people have lungs—or the lack of them—in various degrees, and besides these there are a good many men who come merely for the skating and tobogganing, both of which are the best to be

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had anywhere. Tobogganing is great fun, a real big sport on a good run: the runs are made with turns and curves banked up artificially, and the surface smoothed and iced by turning water on them every evening. The longest and hardest is being made now, since the snow they have been waiting for has fallen: that is the Cresta, which goes right away down the hill, crossing the road; they have the championship race (time-race of course) on it, but not till February, practising on it before then. They talk of the pace as 60 miles an hour. But that's not for novices. There are snow-runs for beginners to learn upon, and an ice-run (the village run), which I hope to go down soon, but have not ventured yet. You have to wear great gaiters going over your knees, gloves of the same nature, and pads for your elbows, which are apt to get badly knocked if you are spilt. I suspect you would enjoy it tremendously, and have to be looked after for fear you should be too rash. Are you quite sound again, I wonder? I do hope you are. I have been very lucky this season hunting; no frost till I left England and several very good days: two (a Monday and Friday) with the Cambridgeshire at the beginning, one with the Newmarket and Thurloe, and several after that with the FitzWilliam: which I mean to go with when I can. It means training to Huntingdon at least, or further, but one gets into an excellent country with a fine pack. That has kept me alive; but otherwise I have been too assiduous at my books the last few years, doing a deal of successful work, but at the price of nerves impaired

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and myself become inhuman. You see it is only when I have none of my books with me that I can persuade myself to put pen to paper. But how good it is to be writing to you once again. . . .”

“ KING’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“ *August 31, 1896.*

“MY DEAR MRS. SANDERSON,—You think no doubt I don’t care much for your letters, since I take so little trouble to get them. No doubt you do; but not rightly altogether. At the back of my head they are like the rose-leaves I keep here in a jar—all the front part is seething with Greek; but every now and then they make their way through and I see you in your garden or observing the inhabitants and puzzling them not a little. . . .

“I have only just left my books, which had accumulated knee-deep on the floor; and for some things I am thankful that I have. Work of that kind takes possession of one and demands all one’s attention; which means that it tends to make one selfish, absorbed in one’s own thoughts. I have long been conscious of it; it is something to be alive to it. . . .”

John Addington Symonds died very soon after Headlam’s visit to Davos. The last things which that brilliant writer and sympathetic spirit read were some manuscript poems of his. They arrived in Rome, Mrs. Vaughan tells me, the day before her father’s death. The Symonds had been old friends of Walter’s father and mother, and had lived in Norfolk Square

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before they took up their abode in Italy and Switzerland. When the "Fifty Poems of Meleager" appeared, Symonds, in his kindly way, wrote to congratulate the poet, and a lifelong friendship with his family was begun. Symonds handsomely acknowledged the help of the young scholar in the chapter on Herodas in his "Greek Poets," and there went out of his way to mention the Meleager translations. I may add that Walter always spoke with great appreciation of that book. "Symonds *understood* the 'Greek Poets,'" he used to say. "It is a book people borrow from, though usually without acknowledgment."

"Do you know Symonds' book I wonder?" he wrote in March 1900. "I read it first at school, and have always loved it, and love it as well now. The second volume contains an essay on Aristophanes—a brilliant one, on the Comic Fragments including Menander, on the Anthology, on the subject of Greek Art, and a new one on Herodas, which I read with Symonds, tho' I didn't know really much about it then."*

When the news of Symonds' death came, Walter dedicated to his memory an exquisite little poem, which he called "Lament":†

I go mourning for my friend,
That for all my mourning stirs nor murmurs in
his sleep ;
Nor even dreams now of returning

* From a letter to Mrs. Stewart.

† Poem No. 18 in this collection.

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Half my soul that he has taken—
Oh, because he will not waken,
I go mourning
For my friend that stirs nor murmurs in his
sleep.

I go mourning for my friend,
That for all my mourning heeds nor answers
any more ;
Sure not angered he, nor scorning
Grief, to keep that silence near me,—
Oh, because he cannot hear me,
I go mourning
For my friend that heeds nor answers any more.

“There was no one,” Walter Headlam wrote to Mrs. Leslie Stephen, through whom he had come to know Symonds, “could be so wonderfully sympathetic; and though there are many kind people, his interests were mine as no one else’s are.”

“KING’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“*March 11, 1893.*

“. . . Only last night I was talking to people about letter-writing, and saying that omitting it was a bad vice, which I think; and found that some of them—ladies—wrote to some member of their family every day, and a lapse of a fortnight seemed to be the extreme limit. But you know that I don’t quite forget you. I love to hear from you, and it is only from you that I learn what you are doing, and other members of the family, and that is worth a great deal. . . .

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"I had a most delightful visit to Davos, to the Symonds'. I had long wanted to meet Mr. Symonds, and did so in the summer with the Stephens, at St. Ives. He is one of the most interesting and the kindest men I have ever met. I have just had a long letter from him on some verses I had sent to him for criticism. You will be interested, I know, to hear that I mean to publish a volume before a year is over; because you were always a partial critic of me. You know I have always regarded poetry as my business, only of late years I have been too much occupied with learning; and with poetry, just as with any other art, time and work are necessary. One gets ideas easily, as one can themes in music, but to develop them properly needs leisure and hammering. So I am going presently to spend a week riding in the New Forest to finish things, because I haven't enough for a volume finished, but quite enough substance, material, for finishing. I like doing things like that as the fancy takes me, and I have always been attracted, like many people, by a forest. . . ." *

In 1905 Walter went for a yachting cruise in the North Sea, visiting Copenhagen and Amsterdam at the time of the Coronation festivities of the Queen of Holland. Copenhagen he found a delightful town, and consoled himself for missing the opportunity of seeing Mantegna's *Pietà*—the feminine portion of his party having carefully piloted him to the *Antiquity*, instead of the *Art* Museum, as being, presumably, the

* To his sister.

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only goal of a Greek scholar—by playing cricket with some little Danish boys in the park. “The people,” he wrote, “are very English-like, and extremely well affected towards us: of course, we share a Princess. Passionless-looking blondes with regular features.” At Amsterdam a further disappointment awaited him, for the Rembrandt exhibition was not to be opened till October. There were, however, other sights to please the eye, and, in a letter to Mrs. Eaden, in which he describes his voyage, he adds a characteristic touch:

“Every one is wearing orange, which looks well with white on hats; and all the little girls are in white with orange sashes. I am sending *mes petites* (including Psyche) postcards with an artistic Dutch flag, red, white, and blue.”

That is very much what Erasmus might have written under similar circumstances. And, indeed, there is much in the temperaments of these two scholars of two different periods of Renaissance that bears a striking resemblance; there is the same intense delight in the colour and form and many-sided activities of life, the same zeal for good learning and the truth of things, the same power of observation, the same impatience of imposture, the same affectionate humanity.

In the Easter Vacation, 1907, he made a short tour in Spain, passing northwards from Gibraltar, through Ronda, Granada, and Seville* to Madrid.

* See Poem No. 32.

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" SEVILLA.

" *April* 12, 1907.

"DEAR IDA,—This is not to write, but only to say that I'm going to wait until I get to Madrid—D.V., though with regrets, to-morrow: which will be the 14th in spite of the date above, which is forged to avoid bad luck. . . ."

"This country," he wrote* to Lawrence Haward, "has delighted me beyond all hope. I expected hardships and have found none whatever. . . . It is the Southern part that is so delightful; while it was still new, I have been wandering in a strange enchanted dream. Most people seem to like Granada best; but one's impression of a place is a good deal affected by the way that accidental conditions happen to turn out, and I found Seville pleasanter—in fact, I thought it came nearer being Paradise than any place that I have seen for many years. It is true that the 'beflowered beauties' promised us by Baedeker were somewhat less in evidence than we expected, but still they were not absent altogether. Madrid is a very different thing; the people lack the Andalusian charm, the town is about as attractive as Berlin, and the climate with its cold North winds resembles that of Cambridge. If it hadn't been for Velasquez I should never have come here, and after devoting three days to him I don't think I shall return."

* Madrid, April 16, 1907.

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All this, of course, might well have been written by any other tourist, and Walter took the usual English view about bull-fights, but the letter shows him enjoying the sights and pictures of the Continent, and occasionally seeing some group or coming across some incident which he would work up into a poem. For most of his holiday travels produced some one lyric, commemorating a scene observed, a mood experienced, or some psychological study, after Browning's manner, suggested by talk with men and women he met. Though he could read most European languages he did not speak any of them well, but was not deterred by the usual English diffidence. Rather than lose a chance of exchanging ideas with a foreign scholar he would often use Latin, not without some success. Perhaps the most vivid of the travel-pictures I have mentioned, several of which appeared in the *Saturday Review*, was that which painted a scene observed outside the walls of Tangier, a scene, familiar to all who know the East, of lurid camp-fires and dark figures of natives grouped about their tents (No. 31).

The following are extracts from letters to his sister :

“ August 28, 1902.

“ . . . We sailed from Wapping, unwinding endless length of Thames and threading endless shipping: I had heard of it, of course, often, and the barges with brown sails, but never seen it. Since this we have passed the Isle of Wight, quite lovely in colour, if only I had a paint-box, and are now making our way

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through porpoises to Dartmouth, from which I shall be able to post this."

"GIBRALTAR.

"*April 2, 1907.*

"DEAR IDA,—This is the second time I have seen the Lion Couchant. I am only sorry the voyage has come to an end; to be on the sea always exhilarates me, and for some reason which I can't quite fathom, makes me happy and contented; and the weather has been perfect. I don't boast, but apparently I was born to be hanged and not drowned.

"People on a ship don't somehow distinguish themselves at first sight, but presently they become more interesting; and with 120 or so on board, it would be strange if one didn't find some common links existing, though there was no one I had met before. Several of this kind emerged."

"POST OFFICE, GIBRALTAR.

"*April 1907.*

". . . We have no business to be here by rights, but we couldn't land our bales at Larache: lighters manned by blackamoors tried to get off, but couldn't because of the surf, so here we came at once, and I have been busy seeing this place for the first time; I thought of you when gunners were showing me round the obsolete parts. As I am a taxpayer I am glad to see that the place seems fairly secure, and the weather is perfect. It can be misty when the Levanter blows, but it strikes me this or the north of Africa is

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the very climate to suit you. One of our passengers is going out to stop the Sultan of Morocco's teeth; another is the wife of the Sultan's English doctor; she's a pretty Irishwoman and can ill be spared; many hearts will be hung on green willow trees; even I have promised her a panther. It is a curious sensation, the Englishness of this place; I have enjoyed it immensely, not least my talk with 2 N.C.O.s in the R.A.

"No time for more; I must catch the launch or else stay here for ever.

"Yours,

"W. H.

"I am wearing my girth to much advantage . . . not outside of course, but inside I mean."

"KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"October 25, 1902.

". . . Yes, I've heard the East a-calling; and long before, for that; but to see Tangier for the first time is worth surviving for. As you've seen it I won't describe it, but we—I and my pals—were lucky to get our first sight of it by night. I didn't believe that at my *blasé* age and having seen a good deal of foreign parts I was capable of being so excited; but all of us sober middle-aged men (though short of 40) were so surprised we couldn't make consecutive remarks. When we got into the big Soko we all agreed it beat Earl's Court. It was that of course suggested my market-place; though I daresay the gentlemen we saw weren't Arabs, and I didn't see any

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weapons grasped; but that didn't matter for the purpose. . . . I want dreadfully to write to Madge and Phyllis, but when that'll be . . . I thought they could wear the yellow shoes going to the bath, if they weren't too small. There was nothing else I saw to buy at Tangier, still less at Las Palmas or Funchal, 1-horse places both, I thought. But at Mogador a Spanish R.C. priest presented me with what I have been coveting for long and never knew where to purchase—namely, incense: it brings all Italy back; but they say it do hang about a room dreadful, so I haven't proved it yet."

"KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"October 29, 1902.

"DEAR PHIL,*—. . . If that's the right way to spell it; . . . why have you never written to me all this time? It makes me feel forlorn, and sometimes I wonder whether there's any Phyllis left to write, just as there weren't any hayricks left at Dorrington the other day. By the bye do you know the dreadful story about Harriet? If you don't, I'll send it; but write in any case and say whether you do. I wished for you on the ship the other day when I was seeing so many pretty things and things quite new to me, though perhaps they wouldn't have seemed so strange to you, because you know India and I have never been out of Europe before. But of all the things that I saw what I liked best were the dolphins; they are like porpoises, only if they have sharp noses they call them dolphins.

* A small cousin.

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I had seen them from the land before, but never from a ship. The sea was nearly smooth when about 100 yards off you saw the water bubbling in places as though great fish were rising, which they were, these dolphins coming up to look; and presently they began popping out, and then came towards us in great leaps right out of the water,—10 to 20 feet they leap,—and gradually they gathered up to the bows of the ship and raced it, just for fun: we had a team of four going side by side exactly abreast of the bows for quite a long time. They would be fun to drive a sea-chariot with, only I should think their mouths are rather hard. Have you ever seen them? If the yellow shoes are too small, let me know; in Morocco the men wear them too that colour.

“With love,

“WALTER.”

It was characteristic of him that, although he never lost his zest for travelling, and was always ready to start upon a journey, Walter Headlam was hardly ever known to arrive by the right train or with his luggage. An utter fecklessness—or was it the recklessness, rather, of the holiday-maker?—seized him when once he reached a railway station. He was intrepid in the hunting-field, and would often take a risk of which the older and more experienced riders thought better, but this intrepidity was nothing compared with the courage and nonchalance with which he would embark upon his voyages, sure of disaster, indeed, but ever filled with a spirit of high emprise.

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For him, a journey was not a matter of business, but always a great adventure, from which, though at great risk to the traveller, much amusement and romance might be extracted. He managed always to derive the maximum of inconvenience, expense, and discomfort to himself, even out of a Scotch express. Absorbed in the pages of one of his favourite authors, Colonel Richard Henry Savage or Guy Boothby, he would forget to change at a junction; or he would get out at some station like Rugby, in order to telegraph his success in having got so far without disaster—and miss the train. Heralded by telegrams, followed by loose cigar-boxes, caps, pipes, and books, which he had lost *en route*, he would arrive hours or days late, announcing gravely, “I have a daemon, which delights in making me lose my train.” And though guests who have some luggage and no daemon are no doubt more convenient, as they are certainly more commonplace, the most prosaic hostess could not long be cross with Walter, so delightfully fresh and boylike was he on these occasions, so contrite, comical, and whimsically apologetic. I remember that the first long journey I made with him, when I was a schoolboy and he was in command, was to Berlin. Unfortunately he mistimed the hour at which we were due to arrive by twelve hours, mistaking 12 P.M. for 12 A.M. As he resolutely refused to buy any food during the whole of that extra twelve hours, on the grounds that we should not have time to eat it, the fact impressed itself upon my schoolboy imagination, if that is the right word.

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To his sister:

"KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"September 21, 1907.

"Your journey plan for me worked out successfully; I slept quite comfortably at Crewe, and got on next day, with no more than the little misfortune without which I should expect a stroke of bad luck to follow, but which other people contrive apparently to avoid. Now, how would the ordinary person contrive to avoid this? I was in a through carriage from Bristol to Taunton; the train from Bristol left, as you had found out, at 2.50. As it was about 2.23, I had time to *faire la barbe*. On the contrary that train, containing my hat and coat, left at 2.10 and was already thirteen minutes late! I wired ahead and recovered the things; but how to avoid this kind of accident without asking at every stage I haven't learnt yet. . . .

"What amused me most was to find myself walking turnips after partridges!—which shows how kind my hosts were. After all, in judicious hands it is a harmless sport both to man and beast, not to speak of bird. Wonderful how they dodge:—but the keeper acknowledged they were very strong on the wing. . . ."

To Miss B. Wherry:

"ESTHWAITE MOUNT, HAWKSHEAD:

"Port Arthur Day, 1905.

"MY DEAR BEE,—Forgive me for being so late in thanking you for your charming book, which will

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almost induce me to try whether I can write a verse in it. Anyhow I shall keep it by me, which I hope is more than you will be able to say of my less spiritual little offering from Barker's.

“After all the year's not so old but I can wish you all a happy New Year still. If you have enjoyed your Christmas as much as I have, you won't have done badly, though it won't have been quite in the same way. This lake lies secluded from the tourist between Windermere and Coniston. Mr. Thornely is only a few hundred yards, say three-quarters of a mile, from this house, on the far side in the left-hand corner:—and I have just come back from seeing him, and feel quite disorganised from having also, wholly without expecting, seen the ghost—the first real one that I have ever seen—pray only that it be the last! There is a long steep drive up to his house, and he and a brother of mine were walking down in front of me, and my other brother behind me with a lantern: two-thirds of the way down there suddenly stood up in front of me, silhouetted black, a short figure about five feet high with a cloak over the left shoulder: I stopped short, supposing I was walking into one of them; but it was not, for they were twenty yards in front, as I discovered when the figure disappeared as suddenly from the path. I know this was a real one, because there is a wood not very far from here which is known to be haunted by a Little Old Woman; I had heard of this, but she had never entered my thoughts to-day until she suddenly appeared—I trust, for positively the last occasion!

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“Well, this is very upsetting; but I was going to say, before I went out, that here I had had skating and rowing and walking and a new delight of cutting down trees with a 7-lb. axe, the like of which I mean to get and practise with on trees, or others. Also I have learned how to make the girdle-cakes of this country, and will make some for you whenever you choose to come to tea with me. You might bring Molly Thornely, whom I used to know when she was only as high as the Little Old Woman.

“Yours affectionately,

“WALTER HEADLAM.”

To his sister :

“KING’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“January 10, 1905.

“If my hand looks shaky that’s because I have just been chopping at a half-fallen tree in our garden with an axe I purchased at the Stores. But I am sitting in state on a daïs in the Senate House, which is filled with promising young men doing the tasks I have prescribed. So I arrived safely, but shouldn’t have felt familiar if my luggage hadn’t failed to appear at Euston; however, it came by the next train; not my fault, but my malignant demon’s as usual; if I could get hold of him I’d larn him to be a demon. I had only just time in Bowness to provide myself with a girdle; they were not much asked for, she said; further north, she thought, in Scotland. The rations were most excellent, and I have just been feeding the peacock out of my hand, with the remains of Martha’s cake:—

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are their feathers unlucky in a room? They are so beautiful, I couldn't help bringing one in. This is the 13th, and I have just finished at high pressure that troublesome article, really with the Printer's Devil at the door, at least the Editor himself coming to collect it. . . .

"I can't tell you how much I enjoyed my holiday; it was so long since I had had one of that kind: and not least your reading of the 'Wrong Box' . . . and I have learnt new luxuries; the hot-water bottle I shall never be without again. Thank you so much for it; but I had a shock when I put my hand upon it in the bag—I thought it was a foundling."

Probably this trait of train- and luggage-losing was the result of a natural reaction. After a severe spell of intense mental concentration, he would, upon a holiday, allow his mind to rest, so far as tackling time-tables was concerned, a matter which those who do not concentrate their mental energies and tax their memories highly for their work usually regard as of the first importance. Walter refused to grapple with Bradshaw as with post-bags, with maps as with mechanics. There was always the telegraph; and trains, if given time, and in spite of the folly of officials, always brought you to your destination, in the end. Whether you ever recovered your luggage depended on your dæmon. In the same way, though, when he did write a letter, he nearly always wrote something charming, witty, or memorable, it was seldom that he could bring himself to write

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one. Here is a characteristic apology for *not* writing: *

“KING’S COLLEGE.

“*Monday, August 1894.*

“I am ashamed to write the day of the month.

“It isn’t that I forget my friends—though that too in many cases—but the scholar’s danger of his work becoming too imperious, claiming all his time before any form of writing at any rate. This is what Wordsworth meant when, describing Cambridge in his time, he spoke of seeing ‘learning its own bonds slave.’ It is a tenacious form of selfishness. I reproach and humiliate myself every day by remembering how ill I behave by this neglect, but like a true sentimentalist without making any real attempt at improvement in practice. . . . I am sure there is no better advice than ‘always answer your letters’—to add ‘at once’ seems a counsel of perfection—for material success, of course, it is necessary, but I wasn’t thinking of that. I am beginning almost to be lecturing you instead of myself! like the bedmaker whom a friend of mine found one day sitting on his sofa reading his letters. He did not say anything at the time, nor did she, but afterwards came to apologise. He thought to make things easy by saying that no great harm was done, there was nothing in them he would not wish seen—‘Oh, no, sir,’ she replied, ‘but it’s the principle that I object to.’ Don’t you think that deserves to be recorded?

“The cushion I have looked at often with several

* To the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Pelham.

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emotions: it is indeed a beautiful piece of colour, and you may be proud of the work: I wish there were some satisfactory way of saying 'Thank you,' but at least you are thanked every time I go into the room. I forget whether you saw the Titian picture at Naples; there is one as fine in colour as any I know, a group of cardinals and secretary round a pope, which, besides the characters, gives him an opportunity of showing all shades of the faded red silks and velvets he loves. To-day, on the example of you and Mrs. Wherry, Mrs. Eaden suggested that we three should form a reading party next term. . . . We went so far as to think of subjects, I proposing Elizabethan plays, Marlowe's *Faustus* and Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, and *Vittoria Corrombona*. . . . By the bye, you are quite right in seeing that the Elizabethans derive much in their songs from such writers as Meleager, though I have never examined how they were familiar with them. It is an interesting subject, and, so far as I know, has not been at all fully treated. . . ."

Here is another form of apology:

"KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"May 29 [1901].

"DEAR MISS CRUM,—I have just discovered in my pocket, very scrubby, a note I wrote to you three weeks ago thanking you for the Venice placard. No wonder, as I had never sent it, I had never had an answer. It goes on to talk about toques and other frivolities, and wanted to say that it thought yours

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were the pattern of letter-writing because they were exactly like yourself, which is what most people can't succeed in being. This is just to wish you all good luck. When I am quietly reading the cricket-scores at breakfast, I can't help thinking of you sitting and writing wisdom through these lovely days."

To Mrs. Douglas Hoare:

"KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"February 23, 1901.

"MY DEAR FLORA,—I can't find the letter I began to you and hadn't the courage to send for fear you should bridle,—but if I come across it I will send it or leave it to you in my will. It only expressed admiration of your epistolary style, quite like nobody else's, but very like you; and I said I wished I could imitate it, but I couldn't do more than 'My dear Flora!' and should be quite unable to keep up that *allegro con brio* to the end! If ever I get another of those rare specimens I hope it will keep to its own style and not be in Dr. Johnson's. But I know you hate writing, and please don't feel this ought to have an answer; your talking so patiently to me the other day (though you did manage to escape at last) was quite enough penance to last a long time and cover a multitude of sins if you had any. I often feel I should write many more letters if I needn't say anything but merely express general approval; for instance, 'My dear Flora, yours, &c.,' which is a formula I have borrowed from you; it's useful, and certainly doesn't

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commit you to anything; but I think I may be allowed to say ‘yours, &c. &c.’

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King trumpeter to Flora queen,
Hey ho, daffodil!
Blow, and the golden jousts begin!”

But if his correspondence was spasmodic and irregular, one can understand why those intimate friends, who received such occasional gems of learning and humour as the following, sometimes referred to him as “the Complete Letter-Writer”:

“KING’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“July 21, 1899.

“DEAR MISS CRUM,—I should have lost my bet, tho’ I wasn’t altogether wrong. *χύτραν φιλεῖν* I was thinking of, a way of kissing a child, which is mentioned in comedy—‘*λαβοῦσα τῶν ὧτων φίλησον τὴν χύτραν*’—and Theocritus and Plautus.

“*χυτρίνδα παίζειν* was of course a game; something like Tom Tiddler’s Ground. One of the players sat in the middle and was called *ἡ χύτρα*: the rest pinched him, poked him, pulled his hair, and the *χύτρα* revolving tried to seize one, who took his place if caught.

“They called out at the same time *τί ἡ χύτρα*; ‘What’s the pot doing?’ To which the answer was, ‘*ἀναζει*,’ ‘It’s boiling,’ or *τίς τὴν χύτραν*; ‘Who’s boiling the pot?’ ‘*ἐγώ, Μίδας*.’

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“—— I hope you didn’t sit in your wet things. I always do.

“Talking of angels, I will try and find out something about those beloved people; and I did ask Monty James, but he hadn’t anything to say about their *history*. It’s the loveliest word in the language. Do you know Rubinstein’s duet? Though I never think of them as children—who are quite good enough as they are—but as a vague and indeterminate age, not exactly corresponding to anything with us—*ἀθάνατοι*, I suppose. It’s strange they should be so attractive; except that the essence of them is they are very kind and sympathetic, like hospital-nurses. I wonder what your notion of them is.”

To Mrs. Wherry :

“KING’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“*Sunday*.

“. . . I woke in the most Sunday-like way in the world to find a sort of Judgment-Day angel standing over me, taciturn but persistent, something between a fairy and a policeman. I had, however, presence of mind enough to remember the course I have always made up my mind to adopt on that future occasion—to remember that any statement I make will be used in evidence against me—so I returned only the meagrest reply.”

IV

LAST YEARS

THE events of a scholar's life are not in themselves of interest to the public. His battles are with books, his skirmishes are on points of view and questions of taste, his Waterloo is lost or won in the library. I have contented myself, therefore, merely with instancing such events and influences as seem to me to have had a direct bearing upon Walter Headlam's temperament and his work. And these are themselves of importance and interest in the case of a man who, apart from his contributions to knowledge, stood forth all his life as a teacher and demonstrator of the value of accurate thinking and of conscientious work.

It is good to remember that the last two years of Walter's life saw a great change in his circumstances, and therefore in his health and spirits and mental attitude. The opportunity of demonstrating in public the calibre of his work and abilities was at length given to him.

To his sister:

"KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"*December 15, 1905.*

"... I am going to stand for the Greek Professorship; though without any chance of getting it, because

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I have no doubt it will go to Dr. Henry Jackson, and I shall expressly decline to be a competitor against him: but in case a vacancy occurs again in my time, it will be well to have been thought of as a possible candidate."

The candidates for the Regius Professorship, which had now fallen vacant through the death of Sir Richard Jebb,* are required by statute to read in public a Dissertation or Prælection as a specimen of their powers. Walter Headlam's appearance in the Senate House, and his admirable delivery,† in a clear, resonant voice, of his study in the second chorus of the *Agamemnon*, with his own verse translation of the passages he quoted, and his new and convincing exposition of the ideas which underlay the author's treatment of his tragedy, revealed him once and for all to Cambridge scholars.

To his sister:

"KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"February 3, 1906.

". . . The translations enclosed I recited in the Senate House—audience something over a hundred; the lectures were open, or it would have been trying before the electors only! . . . to explain

* Walter Headlam was engaged at the time of his death upon the preparation of an edition of the Fragments of Sophocles, for the Syndics of the University Press, which was to complete Jebb's great edition of that author.

† In this important detail he was much helped by the experience and advice of his lifelong friend, Dr. Waldstein.

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my view of the main idea of the *Agamemnon*—that he falls from precisely the same causes by precisely the same means as Paris: the process being *πλοῦτος—κόρος—ὑβρις* (through *ἐλπίς* and *θράσος*) leading to *ἄτη*. "Ἀτὴ personified employs *Πειθώ* as an *agent provocateur*, embodied for Paris in Helen, and for Agamemnon in Clytemnestra: that is the meaning of the central scene where she *persuades* him to act as impious Priam would have done by walking on the sacred robes. . . ."

When he left the Senate House it must have been with the sense that it would be impossible for the world to ignore him any more. In fact, the appreciation of his performance was prompt, generous, and intensely gratifying to him.*

* With characteristic generosity he had expressly stated in his address to the electors that he did not wish his merits to be considered in face of the supreme claims of Dr. Henry Jackson.

The following paragraphs from his address to the Council of the Senate on this occasion will be of interest to those who have the study of Greek at heart:

"There are many subjects on which I should greatly like to lecture; and the Professorship, releasing me from more or less elementary College teaching-work, would give me the opportunity denied at present.

"There are also two objects which I have had deeply at heart for many years—a better economy of teaching-power in the University, and reform in the methods of teaching in the Schools. Greek suffers from being a study with very old traditions; the methods have not kept pace with the advance in understanding it, and with the widening of its interests. I have long been convinced that the language could be taught twice as effectively in

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The Master of Trinity wrote at once to congratulate him:

"I cannot help telling you how very much I was impressed by the power and elevation of your exposition and by the exceeding beauty of your translation. If your version of the whole of the great play is on that high level, it will make an event in the world of scholarship. . . . Prophesying, as we know, has its unwisdom, but I cannot help a feeling that our children will see a dear and gifted Harrow pupil some day in the Chair of Porson and Jebb."

The prophecy had its sad unwisdom, but in the version soon to be given to the world "the event in the world of scholarship," which that accomplished and kindly critic foretold, will, it is hoped, be recognised.

Meantime one of the competitors themselves—Dr. Adam—was so deeply moved by that noble Prælection that he went home and, with a splendid generosity, wrote off at once to his rival:

"I could not say to you, in the Senate House, all half the time; and I have now in MS. an essay recommending practical improvements to that end.

"I should much like also to organise instruction in the University for advanced work on the literary side. There is, for instance, certain technical knowledge necessary to every Editor who deals with texts, in which a student should be able to find, as in other branches, some instruction or direction. Textual criticism has always been among my special studies, and I should be glad to have the opportunity of teaching it. . . ."

I may here refer to his views on composition given in a letter quoted by Lady Jebb in her *Life of Sir Richard Jebb*, p. 393.

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that I wanted to say about your lecture, but I will tell you some time; and in the meantime I will only say that if you would only talk to me like that I should be content to sit at your feet for the rest of my life."

Those are words which make one's blood tingle in gratitude for an example of rare unselfish enthusiasm and chivalry. It touched Headlam deeply that a man of so different fibre from himself, so exactly the reverse of himself in the world's view of their careers, should stand in fact so close to him in common sympathy with Greek thought.

Dr. Headlam to Dr. Adam:

"January 28, 1906.

"I didn't answer your letter yesterday simply because it came to me as so much of a surprise that it quite took my breath away: and even now it leaves me without any words to say, except that I do feel the generosity of it deeply, and hope I shall not soon forget it. All the trouble was well worth while for the sake of that alone. I had of course the advantage of magnificent material."

They had met, before this, at Whorlton, and Mrs. Adam recalls another occasion when she found her husband in a state of enthusiasm, after Dr. Headlam had been to tea at their house at Emmanuel, and had been pouring out long streams of Greek verse to him, chiefly Sophocles, on that occasion. "He felt," says

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Mrs. Adam, "as all must have felt, that there was no one to come near him in his insight into that side of Greek." Less than two years later, when Death had struck the first of those two sudden, cruel blows at Cambridge scholarship, Headlam showed that he had not forgotten his rival's generosity by a passage in a letter of sympathy to Adam's widow and helpmate:

"He leaves a great gap among scholars, and I shall miss him sorely there, but it is not that which I now think of chiefly; what keeps coming back upon my mind is his fine feeling and generosity of character, of which I have had striking proofs myself, and which you must have known so well."

The writer himself now stood near to the gates of Death, and he never obtained any position or opportunity such as he required for expounding his views and discoveries to advanced and interested scholars. There was no post-graduate course, and he was no Professor to lecture. His researches must be done in the intervals of teaching undergraduates. It was cutting a file with a razor, no doubt, and the result was a deplorable loss to scholarship and learning, a waste of time and energy which Nature never forgives. But, on the other hand, there are many pupils of Walter Headlam who cannot bring themselves altogether to regret that waste. For, once he was allowed to teach in his own way—his own "unpractical" way, as some held it to be—there were, as

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to the stimulating effect of his teaching, thus given, no two opinions.

The Provost of King's recalls the pleasure it was to "see the reverence with which his abilities were regarded by young students at King's. The cleverest, of course, were fascinated; but what seemed to me at least as worthy of note was the sympathy which he had for some quite simple minds, of whom no great performance could be expected. . . . It was delightful to see the care which some of these men took of him, persuading him to play games with them, and watching over his health in a way that was amusing as well as touching." Indeed, one of them finally succeeded in abstracting his Medical Dictionary!

"The warm affection of all his most able pupils," writes one of them,* "during the eighteen years of his work in King's, was not won merely by the charm of his character and personality, but quite as much by his purely intellectual appeal, by the exhilaration of a sense of heightened power when in contact with that extraordinarily brilliant and sympathetic brain."

"No question," writes another old pupil and friend,† "connected with art or literature failed to rouse his enthusiastic sympathy; and no one who wished to learn ever exhausted his friendly willingness to teach. Yet the word teaching has some unfortunate

* Mr. O. L. Richmond in *Cambridge Review*, December 3, 1908.

† Mr. Arthur Cole in the *Cambridge Review*, October 15, 1908.

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associations, which it would be ridiculous to associate with Headlam. For him, the authors that he loved, the Greek freedom and strength of imagination, the Elizabethan breadth and nobility made up the most real part of the pleasures of life. You felt a contagion of inspiration, saw a light of reflected genius. He made you ardently desire the learning and poetry of the best ages, for the simple reason that he was the most charming and sympathetic of friends. You forgot that pedantry or dulness could ever exist, and certainly he disproved their reality by every word he uttered. For the study of Greek, to which he gave his life, was not the only one of Headlam's enthusiasms; on a sunny day in the summer or early autumn, when the grey atmosphere of Cambridge, which he hated, gave way to the laughing sky which he loved, he would devote all books to the father of lies and become a Greek in Disraeli's sense of one who excels in all athletic sports, never reads, and speaks no language but his own. 'If I had not been a Grecian,' he used to say, 'I should have been a cricket pro.: cricket, music, Greek poetry, and hunting are the things that I care for.'"

What, then, it may be asked, was this method of so inspiring a teacher? The following vivid little *portrait intime*, by the same old pupil* who has already given us an appreciation of Headlam as a musician, will answer that question clearly enough:

"One of the luckiest things that can happen to an

* Mr. Lawrence Haward.

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undergraduate is that he should make friends with some one who is at the same time young enough to share his enthusiasms and old enough to direct them, and by an admirable tradition at King's, opportunities for cultivating sympathy and sharing enthusiasms were always at hand for any undergraduates and dons who chose to take them. To these opportunities some of the best friendships at Cambridge were due, and while many of those who became Walter Headlam's friends were originally his pupils and began by coming into contact with him only officially, many others owed their first acquaintance with him to far less formal introductions—to a casual meeting on the cricket-field, for instance, or to a collision on the Cam in a canoe. Having once met, it was easy enough to meet again: you had merely to walk into his rooms. With or without the College tradition, his rooms would have been open, for in nothing, perhaps, did he show his genius so much as in his capacity for making friends. Whether you cared about cricket or music or Greek, so long as you had some mutual taste and enthusiasm to share it, you were welcome.

"His rooms* were entirely characteristic of him. It is true that they were lacking in sun, but then so was the whole of Cambridge, at any rate on a typical day; Cambridge, he used to say, was a *ψυχρὸς Ἀίδης* :

* His first rooms were on the ground floor, at the corner of Gibbs' Buildings. When the New Buildings at right angles to the Cam were erected by Bodley, Walter chose a charming suite, which contained almost the first bath-room in a Cambridge College.—C. H.

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you looked up for blue sky and saw pea-soup. But if the prospect from the windows was often cheerless, inside the rooms there was warmth and colour. Being peculiarly sensitive to colour, he had taken great pains to try and get what he wanted. Reds, he was never tired of urging, must not be bright reds; bright colours want the sun and the light must be seen through them; reds in a room must be soft, faded reds, the reds of faded crimson morocco or of dried rose-petals. It was difficult to explain this to the carpet-dealers, just as it was difficult to explain to the painters that the frieze which ran round the room over the white wood panels must be painted the colour of the inside of a mushroom.

“In the outer of the two sitting-rooms, where he had his meals, a certain amount of order—what Æschylus called *ἄπρονος ἁρμονία*, ‘effortless harmony’—reigned. The bedmaker might dust and move a thing here and there if she chose. The movables were mainly odds and ends scattered at random on the table in the middle of the room, where they formed a pile of letters, bills, booksellers’ catalogues, and Press cuttings on ‘Greek’ (always the wrong sort of Greek, he explained, as he turned over ‘Greek Finances,’ ‘Greek Navy,’ ‘Greek Church’), in the middle of which was to be seen a little island containing a pot of ale and the remains of a cutlet. Opposite the fireplace, over which hung Harry Bates’ *Psyche*, was a sideboard, and on the sideboard a bowler hat, an unopened parcel (unopened since last term), and one of Khnopff’s beautiful plaster busts—the head

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of a Sibyl.* In the corner, with the sticks and umbrella (borrowed from a neighbouring staircase), were several assegais and an axe, a useful weapon to have by one, as he often remarked. Photographs of several of Watts' pictures were standing on the floor, being too large and heavy to hang owing to the rather small proportions of the room, and on the walls were portraits of Leslie Stephen and his second wife (Mrs. Duckworth that was), both devoted friends of his. A row of small water-colours, pictures with sunshine and large, open skies, hung on either side, and under them in the far corner stood the pianola which always played the *Eroica* or the march movement from the *Pathetic Symphony* when asked. Perhaps the most beautiful thing in the room was the settee, copied from one of Chippendale's best designs. He was devoted to this settee, and more than once used it to illustrate principles of design and composition. That too was characteristic. He had these things in his rooms because they were beautiful, and, being beautiful, they afforded the readiest instances of the principles that underlie all beautiful and artistic work. In the same way he would use the Chinese mandarin's robe which he kept in the inner room to illustrate the use and development of an idea. 'You see how this

* "Everything about him," says Mrs. Wherry, "gave evidence of his love of beauty, and the lovely, melancholy Sibyl was long the presiding Goddess of the shrine. He had a childlike pleasure in his own possessions, and was always adding to them. He was the most delightful of hosts, and the occasion of a new purchase was always the excuse for a *tête-à-tête* tea or a friendly gathering of congenial souls."—C. H.

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pattern is made up entirely of these little curved blobs; here is one by itself, here are three or four linked together, and then you see it grows and grows and the pattern becomes a dragon. It's like a musical phrase, first stated simply, and then developed and expanded until it becomes a whole movement. That's what Æschylus does in his choruses.' You did not forget the illustration, and that was one of the ways in which Greek became clearer as he talked about it.

"A strip of this mandarin's robe was let in over the mantelpiece in the inner room, and some years ago another one like it hung over the door, for, wanting a piece of Oriental blue, he bought a robe one day at Liberty's, but when he got home he had not the heart to cut it up, so he hung it over the door and bought another one to let in over the mantelpiece. Close by the side of the fireplace were two photographs. One was of that beautiful relief at Naples which shows us the meeting of Paris and Helen: Aphrodite sits by Helen's side, while Eros, with wings unfolded against the sky, leans his breast against the drooping arm of Paris and looks up with a smile into his face. Seated in the background is the figure of Peitho, whom Walter Headlam in his *Prælection* showed to be the instrument of Ate. 'Though there's very little need here for Peitho,' he would say, 'with such a lovely Aphrodite as this is. Isn't she lovely?' The other photograph was of a Greek painting that represents a group of girls playing knucklebones. He pointed out how the Greek artist without a touch of shading and simply by pure outline had given the roundness and softness

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of the naked arms. These were almost the only pieces of decoration in the room, for the whole place was given up to his work.

"A table stood in the window, and in the middle of the room was a deep leather armchair, across the arms of which rested a wooden writing-desk of Leslie Stephen's devising. There was no more furniture; all the rest was books and papers. For a time a revolving bookcase also found a home there, but it was never more than a resident-alien, and was gradually discarded in favour of the floor. Books lined the room, books covered the floor; to reach the shelves you must pick your way across two open volumes of the 'Thesaurus,' by a pyramid of texts all scored with the clearest and minutest writing, and through a sea of single sheets which covered the floor as though the ceiling had been snowing paper. These single sheets, of which there seemed no end as they lay about everywhere at haphazard, were the sheets on which all his work was written. Herodas made a pile some three feet high, and when his turn came to be worked at, it was given only to the skilful to move about the room. On the top of Herodas, and of some thirty other authors who were being referred to simultaneously, might be found the *Daily Telegraph*, open at the cricket news, a tin of bird's-eye (the only tobacco, he said, which does not make a room smell like a public-house the next morning), a knife and plate, an invitation to a children's party and another to a classical meeting, a volume of Stanford's 'Irish Melodies,' some Schubert, and a dozen songs by Brahms, along with a mass

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of letters, notices, and miscellanies, into the precise nature of which he did not always think it worth while looking.

“There was a little room opening out of this inner sitting-room, and looking out, like the bedroom which adjoined it, onto the garden of Queens’. The function of this little room was to serve as a sort of gigantic wastepaper-basket, except that it was never emptied. It was full of the snowflakes which had been gathered from the next room and left there against another day. A hunting-crop, empty medicine bottles, old pairs of shoes, faded, curled-up photographs, a broken spirit-lamp, and strange, non-descript personal properties lay mixed up with the masses of papers, and these, together with the volumes on the walls and the fragments of volumes on the floor, made up a confused medley which, for any one who ventured to step over the threshold, was a rare hunting-ground for treasures.

“Hanging over the doorway between the two rooms was one of his possessions which he prized most—a picture of a young mother and her child, sitting in a chair, the child with its arms round the mother’s neck. The chair, drawn with perfect outline and absolute sense of proportion, was, he used to say, as Greek in spirit as anything he knew. The picture was a reproduction of a French study in crayons, and at one time he kept several copies of it for the pleasure he had in giving one to any friend who admired it as he did.

“When he was at work he almost invariably sat in his leather armchair, his ink-pot balanced on the arm,

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his writing-desk across his knees, and his books and papers piled up and scattered on the floor around him. Latterly he would sometimes sit on the settee in the larger of the two rooms, but the inner room was the more convenient, as the books were nearer at hand. When he was teaching composition or coaching for the Tripos (and it was characteristic of him that he was as ready to help the plodder as the scholar, provided only that he had enthusiasm for the work) the outer room was used because of its size. It was on these occasions that he showed his genius for teaching and his extraordinary capacity for inspiring young men with personal devotion, and with the desire to carry on his methods which has already begun to be felt in various branches of Greek scholarship. When he read *Æschylus*, or *Pindar*, or *Herodas* with half a dozen pupils they would sit round the table smoking, while he would stand up in front of the fireplace in the neatest and most diminutive pair of pumps, and for perhaps a couple of hours on end would pour out a continuous stream of comment and illustration. He liked standing when he was talking, though when he was declaiming a famous passage, which he did in a musical voice that was capable of great variety of tone, and in a manner which made everything intensely vivid and dramatic, he would walk up and down, plunging every now and then into the inner room to get a text, or the tin of tobacco, or to take a draught of refreshing ale. This was the way he taught; the pupils came to his rooms and he gave them all he could. College lectures he held to be waste of time,

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believing that neither lecturers nor undergraduates set much store by what was done on both sides out of necessity. But when he was reading authors or teaching composition in his own rooms and in his own way, it was a different matter. No trouble was too great for him to take, no time too long for him to spend, if the pupil had his heart in what he was doing and really wanted to learn what Headlam knew to be worth teaching.

“He was the easiest person to get things out of, for his enthusiasm, like his laugh, was infectious, and, once it had been caught, you were made to share the things he cared about. Greek, music, riding, children, animals, wild roses, bright, transparent colours, running water, cricket—these were some of the things he cared about and liked other people to care about. As he walked with short, rapid steps towards the back gate of King’s, holding his stick out at an angle from his side and dabbing it into the ground as he went along, he would point to the muddy, sluggish Cam: ‘It thinks it’s a river, poor thing; but rivers sing, rivers are transparent. This one has never been to Teesdale; it wouldn’t know a Yorkshire beck if it saw one.’ You went through the Fellows’ Gardens, where he would stop to look at the double white cherry-tree, ‘the whitest white in nature,’ and, tilting his hat onto the back of his head, would remind you how George Meredith uses it as a *leit motiv* in ‘The Egoist,’ and so out by the cricket-field and tennis-courts on to the footpath to Coton. He loved the fields round this tiny village, and delighted to ride

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down a certain bridle-path that started behind the church and had tall hedges on either side thick with a tangle of wild roses. 'Heaven was a flowery meadow: the Greeks said so, and they ought to know; but we should not find the asphodel pleasant to lie on, for asphodel is a hard, thick weed, and would not feel softer even though we were listening to Schubert. The octet, of course, would be played, for it is the most lovely thing in all music, and exactly right for Heaven, as there is no reason why the last movement should ever stop; it goes on and on and on, and just when the subject is coming to an end it turns round and catches its own tail, and there you are at the beginning and start all over again. Larks too went on for ever, and had you ever noticed how they mount? They go up a staircase, climbing up step by step into the sky. George Meredith had noticed it, and Katherine Tynan—"round by round, in exquisite air, the song went up the stair." That was a real lyric, as beautiful a lyric as you might find, and in the same volume was the poem about the daffodil, the golden trumpeter.' He would lend you the book (with the corners of the best pages turned down), and as often as not would tell you to keep it. He liked giving away a volume; it was a pleasant way of making a convert of the new owner. It would be difficult to say how many volumes of Korbay's Hungarian songs or of Brahms' lyrics he had given to his friends; and of Wedgwood teapots (which you might buy in Cambridge in excellent facsimiles) he

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always kept a stock, in order to make presents of them to those who cared for them.

“If the weather forbade walking, to sit in his rooms and turn over his music or potter about among his books was one of the best ways of spending an afternoon. Some people’s books, like their rooms, tell one nothing; others are eloquent. A stranger turned adrift in Walter Headlam’s rooms would come away with a better notion of the owner than perhaps any of his friends could have given him. Among the English books was all the poetry that appeals to a poet, all the lyric writers from Beaumont and Fletcher down to Davidson and Mrs. Meynell; near them were Bullen’s anthologies and editions of his favourite Elizabethan dramatists.—When he was translating the *Agamemnon* he soaked himself in Elizabethan blank verse and nothing else for a fortnight, until at the end he could talk Elizabethan, as he put it. His keen instinct for style also naturally made him enjoy a good burlesque. In one of his papers he quotes with immense gusto the burlesque Handelian air from *Princess Ida* to illustrate the mock-heroics of *The Cyclops* and *The Frogs*, and he wrote himself a most amusing burlesque oration in the manner of Demosthenes which may be found reprinted in the ‘Book of the *Cambridge Review*.’ It was a joy to get him to read this oration out loud, for, as he read and emphasised the best things ever so little with a very slight and characteristic stammer, a smile would break over his face, he would furtively look up through his spectacles and catch your eye, and, after a feeble

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attempt to suppress a chuckle, the end of the sentence would be cut short in an explosion of laughter.—Near the Elizabethan dramatists were the Tudor translations, Boccaccio, and Burton's 'Arabian Nights' (which he was the first to apply to the Oriental ideas in Æschylus), while beyond them might be seen 'Moll Flanders,' Coryat's 'Crudities,' and 'Tristram Shandy' (the mere mention of which always made him light up, for he had an affection for Uncle Toby that was equalled only by Sterne's), and beyond these again Andrew Lang's fairy tales, 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' the four fat volumes of Hone, and the works of a hundred other companionable authors (many of them bound in crushed morocco), including a mass of Leslie Stephen, John Addington Symonds, and Swinburne. Everything in Latin and Greek was there, of course, including the great Paris edition of Stephanus's 'Thesaurus,' which made a splendid note of red along the wall to the left of the fireplace, and gave the room quite a warm look. 'A robin found it warm the other day,' he once said. 'That's why I can't offer you any cake. He ate most of it. He flew in at this window and spent the night here, one of those frosty nights. He sat on the table and chatted to me. I whistled back. I wish they could talk.' If Herodas was being worked at, the table was probably the only place where he *could* have sat.

"Even when Headlam was busiest it was generally possible to get him away for a short time from his books, and generally wise, for in his application

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to his work he was sometimes unsparing of his strength; besides, to take him for a walk on a sunny day, or to go with him to hear some chamber-music or to see a melodrama, was one of the most enjoyable ways of spending time. The melodrama at Christmas in the Cambridge theatre was always a safe draw. Those who were there will not forget one memorable performance of *Under Two Flags* (the book he always considered one of the best things of its sort ever written, that and 'A Delilah of Haarlem,' a favourite, too, with J. K. Stephen). When Cigarette in the last act came rushing into the consul's room at Algiers, hot and dusty after her barebacked ride all the way from Marseilles, Headlam, flinging up his hands with a gasp of suppressed excitement, rose from his seat in the box and cheered. He could not help it, for he was a sportsman, in whom the sporting instinct, the love of music, and the love of Greek counterbalanced and illuminated each other; and it was perhaps not least due to the happy blending of such varied enthusiasms that he understood and interpreted the Greeks so well, and was in spirit and temperament, and not only by education, himself so nearly a Greek. 'Not of Grecian birth are we,' he says in the volume of Meleager,

'Not of Grecian birth are we,
But, no Grecians though we be,
Still to us the blooms are dear
Blown in Greece, and never sere.

ἡμεῖς οὐχ "Ελληνες· ἀνέλληνες δὲ φιλοῦμεν
τὴν οὐ καρφομένην 'Ελλάδος ἀνθοσύνην.' "

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The following extracts from letters to Mrs. H. Stewart illustrate the writer's affection for the works of Sterne:

" March 1900.

"I am always forgetting things without intending to. Would you like to read the 'Sentimental Journey'? If so I will try and remember to send it if I can't bring it. The last time I read it I thought it better than I expected, coming after 'Tristram.' Sterne calls Cervantes his great master; Lucian too, who is delightful. I don't know that the 'Sentimental Journey' makes one like the author any better; it's a pity one should enjoy the writing so much and be unable to do anything but hate the man."

" April 1900.

"Strange you should imagine the two volumes of the 'Sentimental Journey' my especial favourites, charming as they are: though if you have only read these it's not so surprising. But compare them with the other! Even if it were only that the other—'Tristram'—has so much more in it, it would be worth three times as much; but think of the character in 'Tristram'—only I forget that you can't judge of it. Is there anything in the whole of your two volumes as lovable as Uncle Toby? One can't define it, or to try would seem like pulling a flower to pieces.

"Pure intellect should be able to appreciate a book like 'Tristram' in any outward form: but I confess the form I have read it in has an extraordinary

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fascination for me: and that again I should not like to try and analyse—only for me it *is* the book.

“The ‘Sentimental Journey’ is μακαριστὸν to be in your possession; but wherever you go, you won’t forget to take ‘Tristram’ with you? and not lose it, because I value that particular copy—having, as you will see, turned down the corners of pages for various reasons to refer to. So I shall hope to see it again when you come back.

“Leslie Stephen’s criticism I sent that you might see what you were to expect. That man (whom I love and revere) would certainly not allow Sterne any admiration except where compelled. . . .”

In 1907 he published his “Book of Greek Verse.”

To Professor Gilbert Murray:

“February 23, 1902.

“Many thanks for sending me a copy of your Euripides, and forgive them being so long deferred—aphasia of the pen. . . . The translations I have been looking forward to ever since I heard you read part of the *Hippolytus* at Newnham. . . . A real translation is the very best thing of all to do, I think: it’s only a pity that so much Learning is required to impart a full appreciation. . . .”

“KING’S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“December 7, 1905.

“DEAR MR. MURRAY,—I am going to ask you to do me a kindness, which I shall greatly value if you

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have time for it—to read the proofs of a book of verse-translations of which I send you the first pages. I know that you are preparing for another Greek play in London after Christmas, and with that and the Euripides text your hands must be full enough, so I shan't be in the least surprised if you haven't time; but if you have, it's your help that I should like. Jebb was going to read them, but he has just had a serious illness; and though we hope that he has turned the corner safely now, there is no chance, I am afraid, of his being able to do it.

“And in any case it's not the Greek versions that I am concerned about, but the English; and there I would rather have your help—or Swinburne's—than any one's. If you can see your way to this, the more you could say the better, on English or Greek, and the franker the better. For instance, I'm in doubt whether the second piece of *Alcman* wouldn't be better with fewer rhymes, or none: and am not easy about the recurring ‘sleep’ at the end: and in the *Sappho* on p. 15, *κατθανοῖσα δὲ κείσεται*, I don't like my last two lines, and feel that it all runs perhaps too trim and monotonous, not enough rhythm in it, too regular metre—though of course it is not so passionate as the Shelley I have put next to it; wonderful verses all those terrible four stanzas are. Well, if you could put at the side ‘Metre too regular and trim,’ or so, that would be really useful; better still if you could suggest something instead; but if you would merely put a stroke under anything which struck you as awkward or flat or trim, that would help me too.

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I am a verse-writer by nature, and should understand. I wonder what Shelley meant exactly by, ‘Yet till the *shadows* flee *which* that house, and heath, and garden *made dear* to thee erewhile’; and whether my *σκότοεν φίλτρον* at all expresses it. I shouldn’t have put *σκότοεν*, only that throughout he is playing on the contrast between the light then and the shadow now, and using symbolism of it. Perhaps it would be better to abandon that and write, say, *κενέον*, and *ἄδυ γελαίσας*.

“I hope I am not trespassing on any preserves of yours; there’s no Euripides, but some choruses of Æschylus and Sophocles, and what I think will be liked, the *Φαρμακείτριαι* and *Θαλύσια* of Theocritus, and a number of epigrams—better, I hope, than some of Meleager’s which I turned off in my inexperienced youth and published, but soon withdrew because I thought them cheap and poor. You might strike out the worser of the variants.”

“UNIVERSITY PITT CLUB.

“November 1, 1907.

“DEAR IDA,—A happy thought strikes me—as my letters in this club are stamped free, let me send you one cheap—at least just a line to warn you that my book is out, and that you will get a copy in one day or two. Anyhow the Master is pleased, and I am really glad to have something to make him a little acknowledgment with; he has always been most kind and encouraging to me. He has a boy at Trinity this term who has a great talent for Greek—and composes original Greek odes on the principles revealed

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by W. H.—and a grandson of the same age who is a pupil of mine at King's. What relation these two are to one another is too much for my brain, but you will know. . . ."

The very generous reception given to this book by the London and provincial Press gave him the keenest pleasure, and he died in the conscious happiness of recognised success at last. The book revealed him as a man to whom both Greek and English were as native tongues. "There are many Grecians," the *Times* critic observed, "but few Greeks; Dr. Headlam is one of the few. We feel almost confident that if Dr. Headlam lived ever in a former life, he lived at Athens, and heard the very speech of such as Æschylus, and heard a native Lesbian chant Sappho's songs." Here was a poet and a scholar, it was recognised, whose translations were not so much a rendering as a reincarnation of the poems of Shelley, of Theocritus, of Sappho, Æschylus, or the author of the Book of Wisdom. The consciousness of the poet's mind, to use a phrase of Coleridge's, was diffused over the translator's. "Æschylus speaks to us across the centuries as though he had risen from the dead," the *Spectator* declared. Nor was appreciation confined to the Press. In a letter replying to some words of appreciation written to him by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, Mr. T. Herbert Warren, himself both a poet and a scholar, Headlam shows his own point of view with regard to that book, and also his unceasing criticism of his own work.

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“ESTHWAITE MOUNT, HAWKSHEAD.

“*December 28, 1907.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—Your most kind letter this morning has given me, I needn't say, a good deal of unexpected pleasure. There are one or two appreciative and indulgent critics whom I have always felt it worth while doing these things for—including the Master of Trinity, and Tyrrell—and now it's very pleasant to know that you are among them.

“I am particularly glad for what you say about the Sophocles pieces: I thought myself that I had found more or less appropriate metrical forms for them, but that the execution was unsatisfactory in several places; and I still think it is, especially in the latter part of *Ἐρως ἀνίκατε μάχαν*: however, it's a great relief to have the general effect of them approved by you.

“One would like, too, to succeed in making people who don't know Greek poetry acknowledge that the things one spends so many years upon are really fine and beautiful, and it will be to the good if we can do that with a few of those who have never heard that Gospel, or who need repentance.

“I am staying with a brother of mine, whom I have often heard talk of you with affection, and who was doing the same only yesterday: but I have had no time yet myself to read the ‘Death of Virgil,’ though I am looking forward to it presently.—By the bye, I am at work upon an edition (with commentary and translation) of the fragments of Sophocles,

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to complete Jebb's series, and if you have any views or suggestions, they would be most welcome."

If his notable Prælection had revealed Headlam to the world as a critic of rare learning and an emendator whose taste and judgment equalled and controlled his brilliancy, the "Book of Greek Verse" revealed in part the poet. I believe, and have always believed, that the gain of Greek scholarship was the loss of English letters. I believe that if Walter Headlam had devoted his powers of mind and work to the completion of a few volumes of English poetry he might have taken rank very high amongst the lyric poets. There was nothing dramatic in his genius, but the few poems he has left, which are printed in this single volume, show incontestably a lyric gift of a rare order. His poems were the expression of the artistic and emotional side of him, guided by a highly cultivated judgment, polished by the most critical care, influenced by successive masters, Byron, Browning, Shelley, Meredith, Swinburne, Milton, and his beloved Elizabethans, but each instinct with a note of scholarship, of tenderness, of music, and of thought all its own.

In the light of the success and happiness which now began to shine upon him, his mind and nature began to develop in an extraordinary degree, as a flower, that has been starved by the cold winds of March, will open in the genial warmth of an April day. His sympathies broadened and deepened; he grew more tolerant and understanding of other men's points of

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view, and his boyish spirits rose again. He had found that object in life, that love, and that prospect of achievement, which nerves a man to assert himself, and puts all the minor troubles and irritations of life into their true perspective. He felt, too, as he remarked to me, that he had completed his preliminary training at last, that the time had come when he could begin to produce finished work, and to reap the harvest of all this toil of his through a quarter of a century. Came the abhorred shears. It was the end of the May term at Cambridge. He had been working hard at the Fragments of Sophocles; he had given a delightful public lecture upon Nausicaa, that sweetest maiden in history or romance; he had taken his part once more in the round of social life at Cambridge; and a few days before his death he had defeated at tennis (his favourite game, next to cricket) a sporting country gentleman in good training. On June 15 he attended the King's Ball, and stayed till 6 A.M., when the revellers assembled in the Courtyard to be photographed; then he went off laughing, and called back to his friends that he had an examination meeting at eleven. Not without protest he had been persuaded to dance the last and most vigorous round of the *Pot-pourri*, which ends with the Post-horn gallop. "Breathless and giddy at the conclusion," Mrs. Wherry writes, "but immensely pleased with his success, he exclaimed, 'I have not danced for twenty years. Now I shall begin again.' Two days later there was a party in the Fellows' Gardens, where we laughingly congratulated him on

WALTER HEADLAM

his fine appearance in his Doctor's gown. He gave the little deprecatory chuckle with the throw-back of his head, which was a gesture habitual to him . . . and we never saw him again." He went up to London to attend some social function, in high spirits and perfect health; he passed the day at Lord's watching a cricket match—and was dead next morning. An accidental twist of an intestine, a thing which, the doctors say, might happen to anybody at any moment, proved fatal in a few hours. It is believed that he can hardly himself have realised that he was being cut off from all his hopes of happiness, with his work all unfinished. From early days he had been haunted by those not uncommon fears of death, lest he might cease to be "before his pen had gleaned his teeming brain,"

Before high-piled books in charact'ry
Held, like rich garners, the full-ripen'd grain.

In an early sonnet, in what he afterwards jestingly called his early manner, in reminiscence of Horace and of Keats and of Southey, he had expressed that natural, common dread, and the hope of literary immortality.* Now the blow had fallen. A year before, when staying with his uncle at Whorlton Hall, he had

* "So, thinking upon death, have I been thrilled
With anguish, and betimes I mean to build
Some long-remaining monument whereby
My soul shall yet live in the minds of men,
That somehow, though I pass from my own ken,
I may not wholly perish when I die."

LIFE AND LETTERS OF

more than once expressed a wish to "lay his bones at Wycliffe, and to lie within sound of the Tees." And so, when the time came so suddenly, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, his wish was piously fulfilled. The mortal part of him was laid in the ground at the west end of the ancient church, alongside the graves of his grandfather, and grandmother and aunt. The funeral took place on a lovely day in June, when the wild roses that he loved were blooming thickly upon the hedges.* His uncle, the Rev. Canon Headlam, who had married, also in Wycliffe Church, his father and mother, over forty years before, and his cousin, the Rev. Morley Headlam, Vicar of St. John's, Keswick, conducted the service.

The ground slopes rapidly from the church down to the tree-clad shore of Tees, where, over broad ledges and through deep, black pools, the river works its way to the bend which it has cut deep into its banks, and which is cleft by a ghyll, yellow in spring with daffodils and primroses, or blue with wild hyacinths, and crowned by Wycliffe Woods. Walter Headlam lies within sound of the ceaseless murmur of the river, where it goes sliding down with a babbling of many ripples, save when the murmur rises to a roar as Tees comes down in majestic flood. "It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."† And, standing by the open grave, one could only murmur, in the face of

* See Poem No. 12.

† Preface to "Adonais."

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a tragedy so strange, those other beautiful words of Shelley's:

He is made one with Nature; his voice is heard
In all her music,

believing surely that such intellectual force as his, and such spiritual power, exerted always in the cause of beauty and in the honest quest for truth, must in some form endure and continue to work towards good and truth, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

The pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning Fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change unquenchably the same.

March 1909.

In preparing the above Memoir, for which I am wholly responsible, I have been greatly helped not only by the criticism and suggestions of my brother, Mr. Clinton E. S. Headlam, late Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and my cousin, Mr. J. W. Headlam, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, but also by the contributions and criticisms of many of Walter Headlam's friends.

I desire to tender my sincere thanks for the aid they have rendered me, in this kind, or by the loan of letters, to the Provost of King's College, Cambridge (Dr. M. R. James); Dr. Waldstein and Mr. Marcus

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Dimsdale, both Fellows of the same College; Professor Postgate; Mr. O. L. Richmond, also Fellow of King's College, and Mr. Arthur Cole, whose critical and appreciative articles in the *Cambridge Review* (October 15 and December 3, 1908) I have made use of; and to Dr. T. Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen College and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. The generous appreciations so kindly contributed by Gilbert Murray, Esq., Litt.D., Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, and by F. G. Kenyon, Esq., D.Litt., Director and Librarian of the British Museum, were especially welcome as giving authoritative support to what might otherwise at first sight have appeared a too flattering estimate due to the partiality of a brother.

To Mr. Lawrence Haward I owe the acknowledgment of a deep indebtedness, and gladly pay it. For he has not only contributed the valued reminiscences and appreciations which form a part of this Memoir, and a Bibliography, which it is hoped will prove valuable to scholars, but he has also aided me with his advice and much labour of research cheerfully rendered in memory of his old friend and teacher.

To Lady Burghclere my thanks are due for permission to print the Greek epigram, which was addressed to her nine-year-old daughter. To Herr Professor Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf and to Professor A. J. Church I here repeat the grateful acknowledgments which I have expressed in the text.

I am not less indebted for their help and for the loan of letters to Violet, Lady Melville, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Pelham, Miss Virginia Stephen, Mrs.

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W. Vaughan (Miss Margaret Symonds), Mrs. Adam, Mrs. Lancelot Sanderson, Mrs. Douglas Hoare (Miss Flora Sanderson), Mrs. George Wherry, Mrs. Hugh Stewart, Marcus and Dimsdale, to each of whom I render my grateful thanks.

I have also to acknowledge the ready permission granted to me by the Editors of the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Cambridge Review*, to reprint poems or articles which had enjoyed the hospitality of their columns.

Last, but not least, to Mr. Gerald Duckworth, an old Cambridge friend of the author of these poems, who has undertaken the publication of this volume, the thanks of all concerned are due.

CECIL HEADLAM.

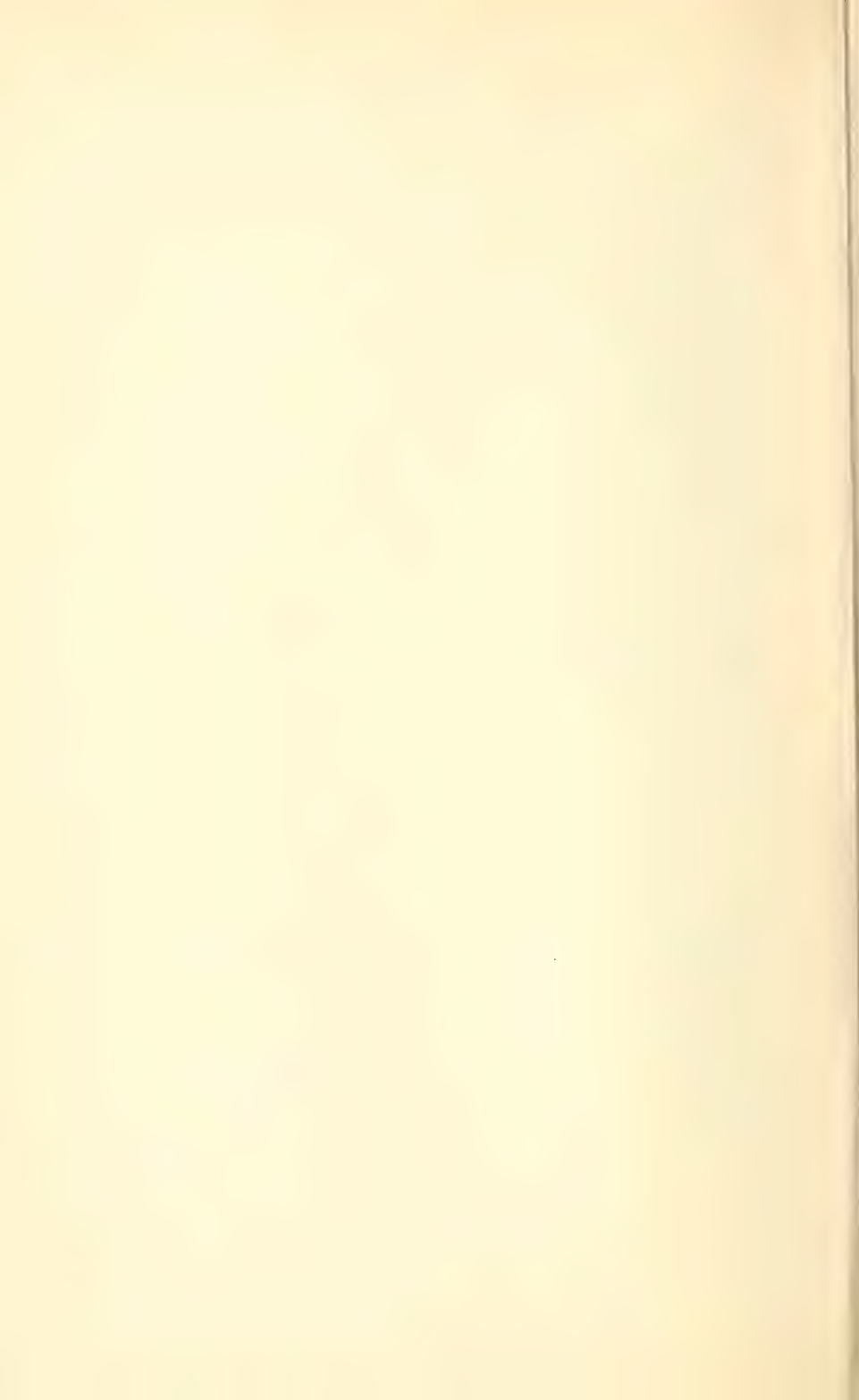
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HAWKSHEAD.

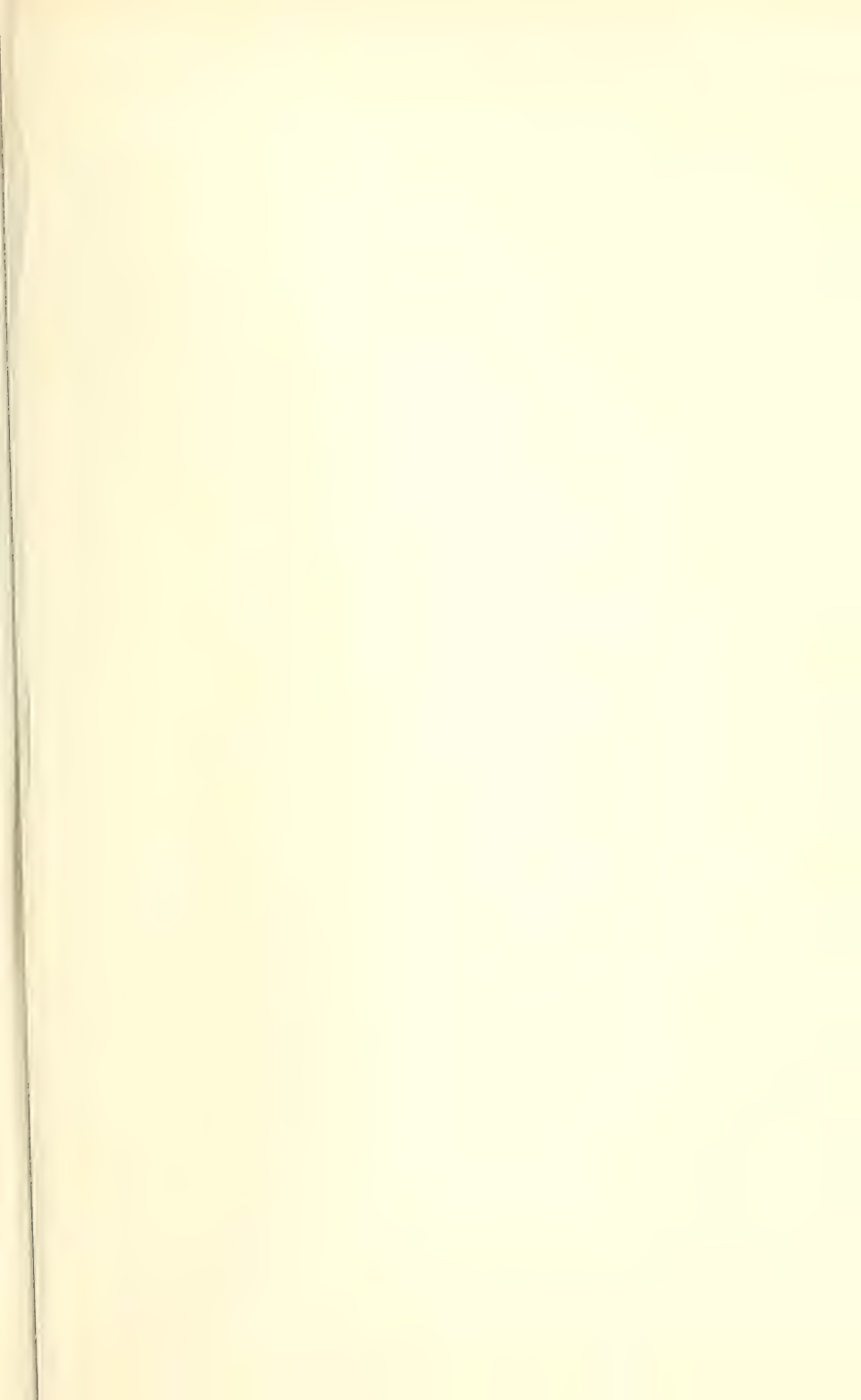
W. H. TO G. H. D.

φίλῳ ἱρένι.

ὦ φίλος ὦ παιδραῖσιν ἀγαλλόμενος χαρίτεσσιν,
ἦβην εὐφροσύνη σύντροφον ἐκτελέσας,
οὕτω καὶ τὸν λοιπὸν ἄγοις βίον, ἤματα πάντα
τείνων δυστυχίης ἄμμορα καὶ δακρύων.

Addressed to G. H. Duckworth on
his birthday, March 5, 1888.





γάμον λίγυπτου παῖδον

ἐπ' ἀλεξάνδρῳ

POEMS

BY

WALTER HEADLAM

I
TO —

Love that fills the firmament with glory!—

All the world knew this, but now I know it ;
Last have proved the eternal story
And in song will shew it,
All to gain, if you shall deign
Me to be your poet.

O divinest Heavenly Aphrodite,
Here on earth incarnate I behold you,
Lovelier, more serene and mighty
Than my lips have told you,
Far beyond my dreamings fond
In my arms to fold you.

You it was knew where the sweet flowers haunted ;
I could praise them found, but you could find them ;
I with studious art unvaunted
Have in garlands twined them,
And as due bring here to you
On your brows to bind them.

Take the worship, and with grace in guerdon
Still for me new flower-abodes discover,
That my song may keep its burden,
There is nought above her ;
I, denied her breast, abide
Her devoutest lover.

March 1895, &c.

II

MUSIC

REJOICE, O peoples of the earth,
Break forth aloud with joy and singing ;
Tell to your hearts their own delight,
Set all the wide ways ringing !
Tell to your hearts their own delight,
From dungeon let their griefs take flight,
Send them abroad on music winging,
O peoples of the earth !

Through time past the long shadows darken,
I gaze out in the world, and hearken :—
Where I hear not, there is death ;
But from stars alive and clear,
Music, in my listening ear
Thy divine voice answereth :

From the mountains over-revelled
With bare feet of maid and queen,
That with night-blown hair dishevelled,
In the moonlight seen,
To Iacchos on Cithaeron
Crash the lifted tambourine :
“ To the mountain, to Cithaeron
Come away, O come away !
For a new heaven hath he found us, a new earth,
He hath caused our lamentation to be mirth,
He hath brought us from the night into the day.”

MUSIC

Yonder a star
Yet more radiant and ^{more} far,
Where saved upon the further land
All Israel in amazement stand ;
Till the leader cries aloud
“ I will sing unto the Lord,
For he hath triumphed gloriously ;
The horse and his rider hath he cast into the sea.

In his heart the Egyptian vowed
I will pursue, I will destroy,
My prize I will enjoy :—

From the fire and from the cloud
The Lord looked unto the host ;
In his wrath brought low the proud,
With his hand made weak the strong ;
With his breath he broke the boast
Of the lustful-hearted throng ;
Blew, and under the deep sea
Sank they as a stone.”

Then in answer Miriam
Takes a timbrel in her hand,
And with timbrels and with dances
Have the women followed ;
And with trumpet and with cymbal and with shawm
Israel all takes up the song
In a thankful psalm
Upon Egypt overthrown,
Charioteer and horseman fallen,
All their uncontaining fancies
In the water swallowed ;
Pharoah with his heart of stone
Humbled, his proud-minded lords
With imagination swollen

MUSIC

—Them that trusted in their swords—
Drowned in the Red Sea.

Rejoice, I cry to you, rejoice,
Break forth aloud in singing !
Give to your helpless hearts a voice,
From labour give their longings birth,
Your loads into the wide air flinging,
O peoples of the earth !

All you that mourn,
With human tribulation worn,
In darkness without ray,
Yet, when aloft their anthem swell
Quires, and by the organ woven
Wander, at the wind's will shifting,
Clouds of golden vapour, drifting
Under the long vaulted grey,—
You best may tell
At the incantation of that spell
How your hearts' deep heavinesses,
All their pains and their distresses,
Melt, and mingle, and are borne
On the waving of her wings away.

Then, from her gross burdens free,
Through the cloudy curtains rifted
High the rapt soul rises, lifted
Out of the domain of time
Into some diviner clime
From desires and labours far,
Where
Where recline (old fables tell)
Spirits of men on Asphodel,
Or through unshorn meadows pacing,

MUSIC

Or by waters endless-flowing
Wander, heart with heart embracing,
Robed in white,
Under skies eternal-glowing
But with pale dispassioned light :—
And as they go
Still their unspent ardour show
To the air great joy to throw,
Voicing to their blended strings
The praises of their King of Kings,
Varying one untiring theme
Without end—so through ages dream
Fond mortals, for more heavenly bliss
Angels cannot have than this,
At whose word the clouds are rifted
And our earth-weighed spirits lifted
From their burdens free
Out of the control of time
Into some diviner clime
Where they fain would be.

O happier they
That so may cast their cares away ;
They shall not find
The poison festering in the mind.

O happy shepherd on the slopes
To his little drowsy reed
Pasturing his far-straying hopes
That his love may speed !
Happy whoe'er with pipe or string
May open, when they list, a spring
For delight or tears ;
Happy for whom those waters flow not
Vainly, but make heaven—they know not
In their heart or in their ears.

MUSIC

But for mine
Let the whole melodious armament combine,
Whose majesty divine
Mourns or rejoices
With the untrod forest's myriad-hearted voices.

O come with me,
You that I love, come now and hear with me
This glorious harmony ;
Hear with me, and while the sound
Wraps with unseen leashes round,
Ways and windings of the strain,
Well I know, shall be
As the sunshine, as the rain
Falling in bright fostering weather
For our souls to grow together.

As the sunshine, as the rain—
Or as the ocean that embraces
Within his universal reign
Verdurous fields and barren spaces,
Valley and mountain peak and plain,
Infinite sun-delighted places,
Kingdoms in his own domain,
Warm gulfs and icy deserts cold.
—Here may we out of rest behold,
From where in ambush they were laid,
Arise in anger and arrayed
Charge with enormous-throated roar
White-crested following ranks of war,
—Laughter and tears, revenges, thunders,
Amazements, unreported wonders ;
Terrors and furies and delights,
Dawns, and moon-ensilvered nights ;

MUSIC

(Yet is one creature, and one soul
Heaves through him all from Pole to Pole)
Transparent shallows, and what deeps
Upon whose breast the noonday sleeps
Calm slumber ; and swift utter changes,
Glooms :—
That breeds life, and withal entombs
Thousands of dead things, once alive,
That may not untransformed revive.
Horizons, where the vision ranges
Far off to the remotest verge
Until the fading waters merge
In heaven, and let the soul sail free,
Pure as the whitest-wingèd swan—
So vast a sea
We now launch out our souls upon.

A voice out of the woodland borne,
Calling and calling,
Answering infinitely far
From horn to summoning horn.
—Blossoms in the air unfolding into flower ;
Star upon star
Down from the high heaven shaken in a gleaming
shower.
—A soul born into the world, born to be blest,
Born with our mortal doom to be oppressed,
Clouded—again with sunlight barred, reviving ;
But strongly, sunk or shadowed, ever striving
To reach unto its rest.
O straining of insistent strings
That search the very springs,
And grasp, and traverse, and explore,
(Is it a heart—my heart—they are unwinding

MUSIC

With fear from the inmost core ?)
Answer in the unspoken finding
To their shrewd questionings !

Until we heard, we hardly knew
Live in the heart what passion grew,
What strangeness—How the lightnings fly
From the earth at lightnings of the sky !

The sounds clash, and the closing lingers :
Fear not ; wisely will the strain
Wound, but with unfailing fingers
Heal, and make more dear again
Health for the moment of that pain.

The ways grow dark :
Thunder and hail make loud the region ;
Tumults—but above them, hark !
(Royal in his might, a radiant measure)
What comes upon the air like flame
That in the void air hath his pleasure
And life throughout his frame ?

As an eagle in the moorland ascending
Takes the wind-billows under his wings ;
High mounts the proud harmony, bending
The storm to be servant, and sings.

He soars, and the darkness and thunder,
On the surges that assail him upborne,
By the strength of his might he puts under
And sails in the splendour of morn.

The storm when in triumph he hath breasted,
In the highest he prepares him a nest ;
From tumult in the end hath he rested,
But the heavens are the home of his rest.

MUSIC

Weak words that faint !—

Soul to shew forth, what symbol shall we borrow ?

There are no words for love, no words for death :

O not so soon

Hence to pass out, but having won this boon—

Music, to breathe out love, to breathe out sorrow

In thy one only breath !

III

EARTH OUR MOTHER

THE burnt-out heaven, decayed and hoary,
His long unlustrous eld hath cast,
And day by day to greater glory
Grows, and forgets the sunless past.

But ere the wrinkled sky had shaken
Age from him, like a shining snake,—
As birds against the sun-rise waken
We saw the earth's young children wake.

Not these to rest in cells unrisen
Still when arising-time was due !
Forth to the grey they burst their prison,
But now they meet the radiant blue.

How punctual at the season quicken
The dry roots moistening everywhere !
The fringes of the high trees thicken
And seek into the fondling air.

Here, as I pass, and there from hedges
The bright birds wheel in shoals and flee
Swiftly as from their hiding-ledges
Dart the shy creatures of the sea.

EARTH OUR MOTHER

Throes of the earth at young stems filling !
For in the field and in the wood
The green life in their veins is thrilling,
And in my veins—and O 'tis good

But once to have felt with heart unblinded
Kin to these young unwearied things,
In leafless hours how long unminded,
Remembered with returning Springs.

O Mother of all, though Man deny thee,
And Kin to his Kin disdain to be,
We are all thy creatures, fostered by thee,
And children evermore of thee !

Though Man, from thy constraint rebelling,
Thy dear breast with his hands disgrace ;
Although his thoughts beyond him swelling
Turn from thee, and forget thy face ;

O Mother of all, though Man deny thee
And scorn to rank in thy degree,—
Man in his pride, for all he fly thee,
Born from thee, shall return to thee.

In endless webs he now hath wound him
That, while he gloats upon his gains,
Like weeds he lets entangle round him,
And stirring, finds about him chains.

Ah for a while might we, my lover,
Throw off, undaunted and alone,
Those tangles, and once more discover
Lost joy, with ages overgrown !

EARTH OUR MOTHER

Beyond the shore, beyond the ocean,
Far off beneath some purer sun
Forget the tired world's fevered motion
And all that Man to Earth has done.

There should she, still unmarred, renew us,
There should we feel the sunlight pass
As livening and transparent through us
As through the tender blades of grass.

There would we lie and take our leisure
Like natural creatures of the earth,
Who live, and love, and have their pleasure
Content with their terrestrial birth.

Then might we, made by freedom bolder,
Resume that complicated skein ;
Return, and take upon our shoulder
The harness of the world again ;

As one that borne to bonds unending
Away beyond a frozen foam,
Tends in his mind, and lives by tending,
The suns and glories of his home.

IV

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING

IN a morning of May the wide Earth was awakened
Amazed from the darkness, beholding her own,
When athirst for delight, in a rapture of living,
We rose and we wandered alone.

With clusters of lilac, with tassels of yellow,
Earth lifted our hearts and our voices to sing—
With clusters of lilac, whose virginal blossoms
Incarnate the Spirit of Spring.

Out over the meadow, far into the valley
We roamed among thorn-bushes hiding the stream,
Two souls without aim, on the wings of the morning,
Two souls on the wings of a dream.

Well-pleased with her beauty the Earth lay breathing,
Aware of her pulses, abroad to the morn ;
O sweet in the air, lying white on her bosom,
The wealth of her glory new-born !

Like sea-waves playing unseen, disbodied,
Light breezes, passing, caressed us and fanned ;
Our live blood sprang to the touch of the breezes,
And mine to the touch of your hand.

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING

By the sense of her youth, of her odour and colour,
Earth lifted our hearts and our voices to sing ;
And you to my dream were the blossoming lilac,
And you were the Spirit of Spring.

V

DIRGE

LAY the eyes, that see not, low and fear not—
Surely Death destroyeth not the souls—
Lay we low the mouth wherein no breath is,
The ears that hear not,
(Know we not how vain the power of Death is?)
While the bell tolls.

All the day is dark above and dreary,
All the sky is overcast around,
All my life is maimed, the world is cheerless,
And I am weary :—
Lay the dead face, that for me was peerless,
In the cold ground.

Ah, the boon of tears in time of weeping,
Tears to soften sorrow for thee soon :
I shall think of thee when I am waking,
When I am sleeping :—
Now I go to keep my heart from breaking
With a strange tune.

November 1884

VI

IN MEMORIAM K. S.

You that were
So free-hearted and so fair,
Made for life and air,
Now to lie where no man's lore
Can restore
You that were and are no more !

Ne'er again
Death may bring such burning pain
As devoured my brain
When they told me you had died,
Ere a bride,
You so young and morning-eyed.

November 1890

VII

JUNE

JUNE with her glancing grasses,
June with a smiling sky,
June, brown as the country lasses
Or wings of the dragon-fly !

The mown hay lies like sedges
Or weed of the seashore strewn ;
Abrim with corn to the hedges
The fields are filled in June.

VIII

IN MEMORIAM J. K. S.

*It was here, was it not,
That we wandered, two friends and I,
Past the end of June, when a large half-moon
Sailed sad in a sober sky. . . .**

HARDLY half a year gone by,
 Past the end of June
 Wandered here two friends and I,
 While a silent moon
 Mounted in a sober sky.

Now, when scarce afresh we see
 Flowers upon the earth,
Two are mourners of the three ;
 Blasted ere their birth
Are the flowers that were to be.

Still for others be the praise
 Of the matchless tongue,
While for me one memory stays
 Treasured most among
My remembered garden-days.

* The passage is quoted from "Lapsus Calami," by J. K. Stephen. Collected Edition, 1898, p. 190.—C. H.

IX

ANNIVERSARY

I

ONCE more appear
The snowdrops in the springtime of the year ;
Young daffodils, the meadows to bedeck,
Will soon be here,
If only frost returning do not check
Their longing life—ah, little do these reckon
Aught but the hourly temper of the sky
Now, though in days gone by
To the chilling wind, maybe, they bowed their neck—
Nay, let me also try
How in the changes of the leaf
Time with his unfelt hand has wrought upon my grief.

II

My thought comes true ;
When the kin dust upon the dust they threw
And “ *Death !* ” was echoed from that earthy scene,
Yet well I knew,
Even at that hour, that ere his grave were green
Sorrow would hurt me with an edge less keen ;
And now I find the pain has past away
In part, and I can say
“ *This was once, but is over, and has been,
By waning with each day* ” :

ANNIVERSARY

Though, as one probing wounded flesh,
I make my sore in musing to break out afresh.

III

Now first I find
This also in the trial of my mind,
And shudder—yet not shamefast or dismayed
As if less kind
I grew, and from my loyalty were strayed—
That with the blunting of my sorrow's blade
Images too and memories of him
Are blunter and wax dim,
Part lost already as a tune once played
But flown now at its whim,
Which though escaped and vanished quite
Did so delight me, and regained would so delight.

IV

A thing made, writ,
Spoken, with all its wisdom or its wit,
This may be stored up, guarded and kept new ;
The source of it,
Those blended living causes whence it grew,
With look, voice, movement—all that made up You—
Must perish as a rainbow from on high
That, ceasing to the eye,
Lives only in remembrance of bright hue
Enarched upon dull sky,
Or as the lost enchanting strain
That is not, if the mind recall it not again.

V

Oh, easy creed
That our beloved ones are not lost indeed

ANNIVERSARY

But, somewhere far and fainter, live secure,
While yet they plead
With voices heard in visions live and pure,
With touch upon the hand, that they endure,
Only withdrawn ! Even I, as in a dream
Wherein at once we seem
To suffer joys or terrors, and are sure
They are but things we deem,
So, when at first my tears were shed,
Though sorrowing for his death, could scarce believe him
dead.

VI

A marvel rare
Beyond the range of human hearts it were
If to that saving trust they should not cleave,
That no despair
Need gloom for loss no morrow may retrieve,
Because Death cannot endlessly bereave,
But they shall meet upon some further shore,
Not to be parted more :—
Whatever utmost fancies Hope may weave
Of what Death has in store,
None ever yet so dear she wove
As lost ones to be loved hereafter and to love.

VII

But I that can
Bear to confront all destinies of Man,
Whatever be the closing of our doom,
I, when I scan
All creatures born out of the earth's vast womb,
How they return again to her, their tomb,

ANNIVERSARY

There, as her influences close and strange
Deform them and disrange,
In other shapes reliven, then give room
To other that still change ;
When I behold man's body too
Diffused in earth and herb and moving things anew ;

VIII

When I survey
The irreparable dispersion of that clay
Whereby he was, that still is dear to me,
How shall I say
“ *Dying, he lives yet, from his body free* ” ?
Some single unkennd force, whate'er it be,
That knits these atoms and inspiriteth
With live awakening breath,
May somehow rest unharmed, but never he
That is dissolved in death ;
He as I loved him, past my doubt,
Is wholly now deceased, abolished and gone out.

IX

To lose regret
What way have I, save only to forget ?
And by forgetting bring my love to nought !
For how love yet
When that beloved one lapses out of thought ?
Ah, what then of affections that love brought ?
Must I not rather with strained vigil tend
All traces of my friend
Lest any life in me that friendship wrought
Have with oblivion end ?
—Yet must I to my sorrow clasp
A shadow fading ever fainter in my grasp ?

ANNIVERSARY

X

Some gain, beside
My memory, surely doth unguessed abide :
Even the tune I never can retrace,
Yet ere it died,
Who knows what movement of what endless grace
It sent a-rippling through the air's wide space
And my soul how it quickened ?—The sun's beam
That strikes upon the stream
Not only casts upon its lightened face
One transitory gleam
But leaves, wherever it hath shone,
Warmth in the darkened waters though itself be gone.

XI

I will not strive
Desperately out of blankness to revive
My one-time ravishing but forgotten strain,
Nor keep alive
The vanished rainbow at such cost of pain ;
Though I may never capture them again,
Once loved, not uneffectually have they
Past from my sense away,
But undiscerned their influences remain
That shall not so decay :—
Nor am I traitor to my friend
Because I weep no more, if so my weeping end.

February, March, 1893.

X

IN ITALY

O how pure along the ripples
Gleams the white foam on the sunlit
Sapphire-coloured sea !
Trace the wind's path on the waters
Where his wing's edge hardly ruffles
Their serene bright face, but fans it
Lest o'er faint it be.

How the tall dark silent cypress
Towers amid the shifting plumage
Of the olive-groves !
Here by golden-fruited orange
How the close-leaved ilex branches,
Lapt about with light, embracing
Whisper of their loves.

I am burdened by the beauty
Too divine for peace or freedom ;
How to set me free ?
Sing my soul forth !—ah, my burden
Lifts not yet for all my singing :
—I will turn to thee, and utter
All my love to thee.

April 1893

XI

ENGLISH MEMORIES

O GLORIOUS naked over-arching blue
The Northern eye grows faint with gazing through !
How oft at home,
When sick of sunless days, my thoughts would roam
Sighing for an hour of this pure sapphire hue !
Fair land—but there's a mood my own best knows,
And dearer than all thine,
The thrush's egg, the jay's wing—pale as those :
And bordering in an endless line,
Sails of an idle fleet, clouds loosely furled
From the edge of the gleaming world,
That shrink not from a jealous glory above,
But there with tender loving light impearled,
Still gazing over their familiar seas,
Along the happy shore float now at ease
In harbour—there's my heaven, whose angels are
Friends, for enshrined in it I dream afar
Faces of the English children that I love.

XII

WILD ROSES

WANDERING one long summer day,
Where freshening all an endless way,
The faint shell's colour sunlit-through,
Wild roses in the wild hedge grew,
Thought I " There is no long or far,
Where in the hedge wild roses are."

Through stony cities oft I pass
Tombed over the forgotten grass ;
No roses in their lanes to climb,
No flowering as in flowering time ;
Yet seems not any pathway drear
That children, like wild roses, cheer.

XIII

A SEA SONG

FROM England in the Northern sea
Our Brothers' Race expands ;
We range beyond horizons free,
And there join hands.
Be West or East the wind that blows,
Or South or North,
Free upon the free sea forth she goes,
Free upon the free sea forth.

No tide but ere it washed her shore
Hath lapped a sister beach ;
No breeze but where it passed before
Hath heard her speech.
The waves, that her wide regions are,
Unite, not part ;
All winds to English hearts afar
Bear England's heart.

Still do her English hearts afar,
That hear their brothers call,
Keep true beneath one central star,
One Throne of all :
Still, where the parent hearth-fire burns
Within the Northern foam,
Free upon the free sea Home she turns,
Free upon the free sea Home.

XIV
FRAGMENT

LAND of mine,
Great, and circled by the sister brine,
As waters flow
Streaming from remotest Mexico,
That gird thee with a zone
Of climate not thine own ;
So may that pure air,
Breathed of old on Grecian mountains bare,
Winged abroad float on for ever
Piercing our dull air with light unstained,
Till its quick inweaving pinion,
Quivering still but wearied never,
Blend in ours, where strength yet holds dominion,
Theirs, where beauty reigned !

XV

A TRAVELLER IN ENGLAND

I WOULD I had never felt them to be true,
Those old reproaches of us that we know—
“Buying and selling,” and the rest : but now
Pride’s last rags are stripped off by you that make
The traveller’s journey one long shame, who sees
With sordid emulation all the fields
Placarded :—even the earth suffices not,
For now you print your avarice on the skies :
Nay, not enough now to defile the day,
But night must cry you, and outflash the stars
With blazoning of your wares.

Ah ! much has borne
This land of mine, that sang once, but now sings
No longer ; that was fair once, but now grows
Unlovelier with each day !

O wretched men,
Eyes have you, and you see not ; ears you have,
And hear not, but the fair earth genders you
As loathsome as the blind fish underground,
Spawned in the sunless caves to feed and breed.
Loathsome I call you ; but I curse you not—
You are but as the blind fish underground.
But those that have the tending of this England,

A TRAVELLER IN ENGLAND

This garden, those I brand, that see her marred
And suffer it—undiscomforted, I know not,
Or cowering at the shrine of Liberty—
But care not for the children, if they all,
Reared in the dearth of beauty, shall become
Even as those mute pallid eyeless things.

XVI
WAR

Joy for War that severs, War that binds !
Joy, for much it loses, more it finds,
War that frees the hatred and of love reminds.

Woe to you that dream eternal peace !
When the wolf is worthy of the fleece,
Then from out your borders war shall wholly cease.

Till the lion pasture with the herd,
Know the days awhile are still deferred
Ere no more the nations be to battle stirred.

When the peoples hunger not for bread,
Shall the blood of peoples not be shed ;
Then shall strife and envy from the earth be fled.

Thus requires your country : “ O my sons,
Let the voice of thunder from the guns
Roar to make the blood run as the kin blood runs.

“ Therefore is my people’s anger sweet—
At the rolling drum, the marching feet,
All in time together shall their pulses beat.

“ Shout with all your armies ! in the sound
Be the moan of wife and mother drowned ;
With the love of millions let their brow be crowned.

WAR

“ Rouse you ! ” saith your country, “ long you lie
Lapt in ease and purple, sword put by,
Sloth begetting fevers, clouds upon your sky :

“ Far above them let your banner soar ;
Peal the bugle, bid your cannon roar ;
Over all your kindred blow the wind of War,

“ Clear the vast horizon, sweep the grey
From the fair blue heaven, and all one day
Love look down upon them with unclouded ray.”

XVII

ON A GREAT MAN DEAD

IN peace now let him rest ; what may be praised,
That only from his burial-darkness raised :
Hate and reviling if there be at all
In the hour of lamentation, let them fall
As fire from heaven upon the obscene flies
That creep into the carcase where it lies
Now low, that once was mighty ; them whose kin
Buzzed round him living with continual din
(Their venomous onsets ever unwithstood),
And sucked their little maws full of his blood.

Even the stumblings of him were so great
As these low creatures could not emulate.

But those now be forgotten ; till at last
They merge into the shapeless, unlit past
Like shadows, and let shine undimmed at length
Splendour and sweetness of his noble strength,
To pierce throughout all ages like a star
That shows divine and perfect, being far,
Upon our natural eyes ; but should you take
A glass to peer and pry with, you can make
Harsh rifts be seen and blacknesses profound
Within the smoothness of the luminous round,
And shall, for benefit of knowledge, know
It is not perfect, only seeming so ;

ON A GREAT MAN DEAD

But while you gaze on thus, will ne'er appear
The glory and the guiding of that sphere,
For which fair purposes before all sight
She poises in her station of dark night ;
But you shall spy her lackings at this cost,
The use and comfort of her beauty lost.

XVIII

LAMENT

In Memoriam

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

I GO mourning for my friend,
That for all my mourning stirs nor murmurs in his sleep,
Nor even dreams now of returning
Half my soul that he has taken—
Oh, because he will not waken,
I go mourning
For my friend that stirs nor murmurs in his sleep.

I go mourning for my friend,
That for all my mourning heeds nor answers any more ;
Sure not angered he, nor scorning
Grief, to keep that silence near me—
Oh, because he cannot hear me,
I go mourning
For my friend that heeds nor answers any more.

April 1893

XIX

MOTHERHOOD

AFTER the watches of the night
At rest now in the day's delight.
Safe on the world's high peak she stands
With East and West between her hands
And all her labours left below ;
Silent and enraptured so
With her wondrous blossoming
As the trees are in the Spring.

Flesh of her flesh ! when his life stirs,
That still seems to her almost hers.

O Raphaels and Bellinis, you
That best of all your brethren knew
To paint us that celestial birth,—
Though Her feet rest not on the earth,
What marvels make you in Her eyes
That need inspiring from the skies ?
What mother with a babe shall be
Too mean to match that mystery ?

Turn only to yon cottage door
And mark this daughter of the poor
While, all around unseen, she bends
Over her darling, and befriends
And comforts, knowing well to reach
His young wits with her broken speech !

MOTHERHOOD

The fair Earth with a mother's care
Forms in her freedom all things fair.
But long by one proud race disdained
And ill-entreated and constrained,
Denies them, and no more confers
Her dower on her dishonourers :
Where barren streets and grimy towers
Usurp the woodlands, kill the flowers,
Withholds the beauty that her own
Draw from her suckling breast alone.

Yet, being a mother, when she sees
The children on her children's knees,
Her heart melts ; on her lips the smile
Grows tender ; she relents awhile,
And lets the meanest of our kind
From lovelier ages out of mind
Recapture long-unwonted grace :
Here finding yet some lingering trace,
Too late repentant, Man may guess
What was her proffered loveliness.

XX

SEVEN YEARS OLD

As thirsty fields are cheeréd
By freshness of the dew,
So soothed am I, when wearied,
By memories of you ;
Still linger in sweet phantasies
Your laughter and your grace,
And ever-varying images
Of your remembered face :

Your open eyes of wonder,
Your mirthful eyes of glee,
Your sweet lips half asunder
As though to question me,
While my obedient voice essays,
At your supreme command,
To set your feet upon the ways
Of pleasant fairyland.

Few years your life hath numbered,
And lightly may you sing
With burdens unencumbered
That time will surely bring :
Now while your early morn is bright,
Ere yet the shadows come,
Oh take into your soul the light
And climate of sweet home.

SEVEN YEARS OLD

Be comforted and arméd
With love and trustfulness,
So shall you move unharméd
Through danger or distress ;
So, clearly witnessed on your brow,
Your heart shall yet endure
Happy as it is happy now,
And pure as it is pure.

October 1887

XXI

IN VAIN

YOUR love was the prize I strove to gain,
And hope had set me in sight of the goal ;
I have tried so hard to reach your soul,
And all, as it seems, in vain.

If I have not anchored in your heart,
My one great stake in the world is lost,
And I upon shoreless ocean tossed
Now drift in sorrow apart.

I cannot upbraid : love is not bought,
Or mine had bought it, or yet might buy :
When I, that love you, can tell you why,
Then love may be found when sought.

Your choice I trusted ever as true
When friends were in choosing ; whom you loved,
My faith, ere yet they were known, approved,
Whom you hated, hated too.

If I myself be of those you hate,
Oh where shall hope any more be found ?
From beneath my feet I have hewed the ground,
Prepared a path for fate.

XXII

WISHES

Good fortune all your days attend you
And keep you nigh as blest as now,
And all hearts in the world befriend you—
Save mine, that knows not how.

Good fortune all your days attend you—
Would this were all need seek to say
The words I write, but cannot send you,
Upon your marriage-day.

XXIII

SONG FOR MAY MORNING

FAIR and fine the morning shows,
The sun with heavenly bounty glows,
But I was waking ere it rose—
O why is he delaying ?

His faith was plighted firm and true
With only me to wander through
The grasses pearléd o'er with dew—
Ah, send he will not fail !

O joy ! for near his voice I hear.
'Tis none but he
That calls beneath my window clear :
O come with me a-Maying !

*Rise, arise, aloud he cries,
And shake the slumber from thine eyes ;
No maiden longer sleeping lies,
But all are now arraying.*

*Thy faith was plighted firm and true
With only me to wander through
The grasses pearléd o'er with dew,
And sure thou wilt not fail !*

SONG FOR MAY MORNING

*Have thou no care but green to wear ;
I wait for thee—
I'll weave the garland for thy hair ;
O come with me a-Maying !*

See, descending forth I come,
Abroad through all the fields to roam
And bring the laden branches home,
Thine own behest obeying.

My faith was plighted firm and true
With only thee to wander through
The grasses pearléd o'er with dew,
And sure I will not fail.

“ O ne'er a morn ere this was born
So fair to see
When forth to pull the blossomed thorn
I go with thee a-Maying.”

April 1893

XXIV

Τραυλὰ μινυρόμενος

WEAK craftsman, lacking strength to build
 The heights I would ! weak words that faint
 And leave my purpose unfulfilled !
 What wonder if I make complaint,
 Who, bent beneath the strong constraint
 That bids me sing, can hardly find
 Hues rich enough wherewith to paint
 The painted shadow of my mind ?

It has no image from my hand,
 Nor any utterance, save tears
 Whose spring lies on the border-land
 Of joy and grief, of hopes and fears ;
 As in the westward sun appears,
 Like foe that weary foe hath kissed,
 Mist blended with far shallow meres,
 The shallow meres made one with mist.

Ah yet, how weak soe'er they be,
 My words—I cannot choose but sing,
 And tune my feeble voice for thee,
 To harp upon a single string ;
 I care not if its strengthless wing
 Reach thee alone ; its queen thou art :
 In thine ear let its echo ring,
 And store its message in thine heart.

Whose love will live, if mine will die ?
Believe me, be not credulous
Of their half-hushed, half-uttered lie
Who chafe to see us happy thus ;
Their heart and tongue are venomous :—
Howbeit, I pray, tho' we wax old,
Ne'er may the hours grow cold for us
Till we in death at last grow cold.

Beyond the grave, and gate of death,
What next our doom is, whether we
Shall perish, as a passing breath,
I know not, nor if life there be ;
This only, that whate'er to me
Heaven gives to suffer, so it give
To see thee and be one with thee,
I, dying, shall not die, but live.

October 1884

XXV

A PARTING

TAKE all away, since it must needs be so,
And pray you, as you loved me, let me go ;
Part quickly, and take all, make no delays,
Your smile and all your so enchanting ways ;
Because I cannot loose you of my will,
And say my last good-bye to you ; but still,
When pleadings, well I know, are all in vain,
Would keep you longer to my greater pain :
Take all with your sweet lovely self—but nay,
Not all, for all you cannot take away !

You cannot take the seasons that have been,
The sunshine and the shadows we have seen,
The days when you were glad with me or sad,
The calm hours and the wild hours we have had
Together :—nor delight can you destroy,
Nor sorrow, that being shared became our joy.
Those oft melodious moments, rapt from time,
Which in one happy music we made chime,
In my heart still with blended echoes ring,
And cease not though one singer cease to sing.

I think, though you can leave me desolate,
That surely you desert me not in hate ;
I think that, as your mouth says, not in scorn
You see me now forsaken and forlorn :

A PARTING

But should you so, yet shall not scorn erase
The print of gracious and delightful days
Engraven upon my heart, nor hate undo
Love's doings that have passed between us two.
From the same cup we two, and only we,
Have drawn into our souls one ecstasy,
And though, engendered in some poisonous hour,
Hatred and scorn, you thought not once, may sour
In your soul the remembrance of that wine,
They cannot, if I will not so, in mine.

? 1892

XXVI

LIFE'S LESSON

LONG taught now by the loves I have endured,
Eyes open, and the sane mind well assured
Beforehand of the inevitable pain,
Here stand I with the sea beneath my feet.

As, were the choice mine, I would choose again
To live the whole life through, that I have found
So bitter, for the all-transcending sweet ;
So, though I know you, so though I know me,
I love you, and, borne high, though I be drowned,
At least for all one full tide will I reign
Upon the splendid, uncompassionate sea.

XXVII

A SISTER OF THE SEA

WHAT fiend's malign gift made the whole
Imperious ocean in you roll,
And yoked within your single spirit
The Northern and the Southern Pole ?

Imperious—but herself possessed
By powers that still refuse her rest,
Thrust onward, lashed and driven, and hurried
At the unseen cruel wind's behest,

Not swiftlier are her billows curled
Than you, by unknown furies hurled,
Rush blind and helpless, vainly dashing
Upon the hard shores of the world.

The hard shores of the world endure ;
You of yourself are still unsure ;
Extreme in hate or love, but never
Either of hate or love secure.

O stately throat uplifted so,—
Too well the long smooth waves I know
That swell, that rise, that arch and hover
Like hooded cobras o'er their foe !

A SISTER OF THE SEA

As you were slave at my command,
You press now kisses on my hand—
As kind as are the languid ripples
With tiger's tongue lapping the land.

Sad, passionate sister of the sea,
Would comfort might but come from me !
But neither time shall rest nor lover
Your wild heart, till you cease to be.

XXVIII

HEALTH

Ὑγίεια πρεσβίστα μακάρων

HEALTH, unenvied is his lot
Upon whom thou smilest not,
Therefore deign to smile upon
This mine adoration.

Thou dost choose the wind-swept moor
For a cherished dwelling-floor,
Unforsaken are by thee
The broad reaches of the sea ;
Of thy grace they have no dearth ;
But thou roamest all the earth,
Whether thou wilt journey fast
On the North wind's eager blast,
Or more gently wanderest
On the warm wings of the West,
Or the many-welcomed South,
Bringing moisture in the drouth.
Sickness, on the East wind borne,
In unpeopled wastes forlorn
Revel thou ! but thou, ride forth,
Health, on South and West and North !
Thy benign breath Hope doth fan
And the love of man for man,
Making all things gladlier done
Under the kind-hearted sun :—

HEALTH

Queen of the blithe mind, confer
Favour on thy worshipper !
Well of old time prayed the Greek
In words sweeter than we speak :
“ Eldest of the blest, O Health,
Whatsoever grace of wealth,
Children, heavenly-high domain,
Joy, or pleasure after pain,
Or desires that we pursue
With love's toils that none can view,
Whatsoever gift from Heaven
Unto mortals hath been given,
With thee bloometh everything,
Shineth in the Graces' spring ;
Weal without thee none can see,
Therefore let me dwell with thee :
For my life's remainder be
A kind sojourner with me.” *

February 1886

* Ariphron, Bergk, “ Lyric Poets,” iii. 595 (4th ed. 1882).

XXIX
SONG

As the song of a bird in May
Shall my song be,
That close in a brake all day
Sits bowered and sings ;
For there in his chosen home
To his mate pipes he,
Nor cares for a while to roam
On travelling wings.

Only to sing unseen
Is now his thought,
Beneath and around him green,
And the blue above ;
Winter is overpast,
And he cares nought,
But rested in peace at last
Has found his love.

Far have I roamed, how far !
And might not rest ;
Long have I sought my star,
In vain how long !
Now having found my way,
My love, my nest,
As the song of a bird in May
Shall be my song.

XXX

DISCONTENT

“ ONLY,” I cried within myself, “ to soar !

I cannot rest along these quiet vales,
Creeping in lowliness for evermore

In absence of my wild and tyrannous gales ;
Let me but rise on summits, and attain
Some divine pleasure—some heroic pain ! ”

Only can I content me, then, when cloud

Lowering against cloud shocks, the lightning-rays
Flicker, and all the quivering world is loud

With roaring passion of tempestuous days,
Though never can I well drink in the boon
Of one calm evening or one summer noon ?

Oh, dear to me the summer noon, and sweet

The quiet evening and the setting sun
Far o’er the levels—while the heart will beat

Their measure, and the blood but humbly run ;
I know not then in whom profounder is
Joy of the temperate world’s tranquillities.

But when the blood leaps, and the heart beats high,

Throbbing for winds to race with, spires to scale—
Oh, then, farewell then to your peaceful sky

And lowly reaches of the breathless vale !
These match not with a mood which owns for kin
Thunder and scouring storm’s tumultuous din.

DISCONTENT

Still could I but of either mood be sure !
Could either but unquestioned hold its reign !
For divine pleasure is unmarred and pure,
Perfect and undismayed heroic pain ;
Not to be grasped at, these, nor made a prize
With hands that falter or with straying eyes.

Either were blest, the high mood or the low,
Might but desire be single and the same :
Oh happier they who for the prize they know
Can point with steadfast and unswerving aim,
Can even at last, though vainly having striven,
Gaze from outside on unmisdoubted heaven !

This may be theirs who in themselves are one,
All to one purpose bent, according still
With every part in simplest unison,
Or if some watchful and imperious will
Reign sovran to subdue all dissonant jars
In music that no lawless outbreak mars.

Others are not so born ; not single are these,
But manifold ; so diversely combined,
Ill-blended out of contrarities
And varying poises of divided mind,
They waver, still unable to sustain
Unbroken sequence of whatever strain.

These never wholly may be blest, but even
Though soaring they should come to enter in
Through golden gates of their supremest heaven,
And their incomparable desire to win,
Being won, distaste it, whispering in their ear,
“ *Were not the dark earth's twilight yet more dear ?* ”

XXXI

THE MARKET-PLACE

ABOVE the far white moonlit walls
 Profound blue midnight space ;
Within them, glimmering market-stalls
 In the Arab market-place.

At random, yellower lights that gleamed
 Like marsh-fires in a fen
Showed amber, where the brown earth teemed
 With huddled groups of men.

Each with his troop low-couched around
 The fitful centre's play ;
Beside their several heaps unbound
 The gathered merchants lay.

With different garb and rival schemes
 Each by his lantern dim,
Half-shadowed from his neighbour, dreams
 What morrow dawns for him.

Dreams, but at peril if he sleep :
 Alert untrustful eyes
With hand-grasp on the weapon keep
 To-morrow's merchandise.

The first glance in a page disclosed
 The wild East ; then a task
For Rembrandt ; then around me posed
 The Nations in a masque.

XXXII

SEVILLE

I KNOW a street in Seville town
With high-built, many-storied walls,
Where all day long the sun looks down,
But scarce one streak of sunlight falls.

Yet strangely even the shadow seems
Glad with light-penetrated air ;
Asleep, but lit with shining dreams,
Dark, but yet sure the sun is there.

Gazing I stood ; the passers-by
Turned, wondering what I mused apart :
They guessed, maybe, the painter's eye,
But ah, guessed not the lover's heart !

Far on that opening all might bend
Their gaze :—but only I could tell
How lovely at the long street's end
Bright out of heaven the sunlight fell.

XXXIII

THE LAST HOPE

DAY by day going past, and yet more days to come,
Dawn upon dawn in sorrow and shame till my days end ;
Outcast here among strangers, helpless, homeless, dumb,
With only the child, my ruin, and one frail hope my
friend.

God our Father in Heaven, O God who alone art just,
O merciful God who knowest the secrets of the heart,
Why wilt Thou leave us doubtful, if Thou wouldst have
us trust,
Without one sure proof even to prove to us if Thou art ?

Cold Sphinxes above, how strangely you keep what you
must know !
Night after night, night after night, I see you shine
Clear, but silent, silent—why are you silent so ?
Will you make me no sign in the heavens, will you make
me no sign ?

You that have learned, O tell me the wisest men are sure
Life ends not here in dust upon earth, one course once
run,
But still our souls, our senses alive, our selves, endure
And the weight swings back with wrongs redressed and
justice done.

THE LAST HOPE

Justice alone, my right : swear this to be certain truth
Past doubt—I am lost for ever unless this faith I win :
Those that have wrung with torture a whole life, ruining
youth,
Shall be by God's just mercy rewarded after their sin ?

1902

XXXIV

A FACE OVERSEAS

As I wandered oversea
By the southern bay,
One face from the crowded quay
First for ever crossed my view ;
Eyes, the soul shone perfect through,
Paused a moment upon me
And stole my heart away.

Sometimes unawares by night,
Unawares by day,
Out of darkness or of light
Stoops a vision, angel-wise,
Clear before me of lost eyes
That once only met my sight
And stole my heart away.

And I cease not still to dream
Oft with mind astray
Loss I never can redeem ;
What my joy to have spoken, heard,
Loved—when one glance, with no word,
So passed through me as a gleam
And stole my heart away.

October 1893

XXXV

SONG

As rare music that entrances
All the listening soul
And subdues it to her fancies
With supreme control,
And the soul is gladly bound
In the service of the sound,
So thou reignest o'er my heart
When with me thou art.

As, when that sweet music ending
Fades upon the air,
And the sounds divinely blending
Live no longer there,
Hardly is the silence borne
In the vacant space forlorn,
Such the anguish in my heart
When from thee I part.

As into the realm of hearing,
Lordless of the strain,
Some day at its will appearing
It returns again,
Sovran evermore to be,
Reigning indefeasibly,
So thou dwellest in my heart
And shalt ne'er depart.

February 1, 1889

XXXVI

MEMORIES

AMONG the marvels of delight
 Upon the sweet earth shared with you
I best remember as joy's height
 Some glimpses you remember too
Of light outshining light.

Along the river while we strayed
 Beside the forest-barriers dim,
O streaming down the open glade
 What splendours from the dark earth's rim
That westering glory made !

When floating down the woodland Wye,
 We paused by that green-shaded pool,
And sheltering from the sun-filled sky
 Under the branches watched the cool
Bright water lapsing by ;

While far in meadows, half in dream,
 We heard the measured sweep of scythe
A kingfisher across the stream
 Flashed, a swift unhurtful blithe
Divine-hued lightning-gleam.

MEMORIES

Or the hour of all my hours, when first
Your soul to me, my star in gloom,
Opening like a rose long nurst
All in a moment into bloom
Of unveiled beauty burst.

Bright places eminent in the shade !
Against the dull void of the past
By tracing memory oft inlaid
With leaves of shining gold, they last
Untarnished, undecayed.

Fears and despairs and griefs and shames
Have held me with as potent sway ;
But these, being past, my soul disclaims—
They shrink and wither and fall away
Like parchment in the flames.

Free fortune if we may not bind,
We have yet dominion as we will
Over its region, our own mind ;
To gain from life's poised good and ill
One sure art here I find,

Still, as the divers chances flow
Borne down upon the stream we breast,
Aught that of worth it may bestow
To grasp it and retain ; the rest,
Beheld once, to let go.

XXXVII

DISILLUSION

SOUND of a voice a sleeper hears,
And straight into his dream receives,
And with enormous joys or fears
What marvels in a moment weaves !

While sleep his eyelids will but close,
He is bound with anguish or with bliss,
Feeds on it, breathes it,—this he knows,
And in the whole world only this !

But when sleep leaves him, the dream dies,
Becomes as though it had not been ;
Or strikes in memory with surprise
At such a wonder no more seen.

So you—for one sweet hour insane—
Within from the outland world I drew,
And wove in my fantastic brain
A texture of transcendent You.

Now, having waked, the brain is chill,
No more with ardent fancy burns ;
—Finds you, maybe, returning still,
But as a dream by day returns.

DISILLUSION

These are the cheats I fondly strove
To fool my heart with, and go free—
O loveliest, that my waking love
Art and for evermore shalt be !

XXXVIII

FAIR, and more fair for radiance from within,
Children around their mother, knit by love,
Singing, like Cherubin with Seraphin,
Hymns to be heard above :—

Where is the pain of their felicity,
That I endure not so divine a sight ?
—Eyes, that have looked in Darkness long, may be
Blinded with too much light.

XXXIX

SPRING IN THE ALPS

As the Earth
Springs again from burial into birth
When the days of her decease are done,
So my heart leaps up for lightness
Now that brightness
You from heaven reveal me, radiant as the sun.

See, the snows
Melt, and melting underneath disclose
Green the tender herbage, hindered long ;
Hark ! for pride of glistening feather,
Quires together
Glad their own repeopled happy world with song.

Be forgot
Snows, my heart, as they had bound thee not ;
Dream no more of Winter, having Spring ;
Let thy days, to do her honour,
Smile upon her,
And thy labours only be to love and sing.

XL

ON A PICTURE

FROZEN, benumbed, entranced—not with a sleep,
But with a silence of the soul ; as 'twere
Thought, fathoming, could sound only despair,
Deep after endless deep.

Shall no benign charm ever exorcise
The spell that now enchains her ? discongeal
That ice-bound spirit, and the springs unseal
Of joy to light those eyes ?

Eyes of an angel for their loveliness,
And, for their sorrow, as of one that brings
Warrant of death on her obedient wings,
But shares in each distress.

O yet in after years maybe, as wife,
Mother, befriender, you that cannot see
What comfort now the world has, you shall be
An angel bringing life.

XLI

SONG

SWEET music, O sweet music, spring
Out of my thoughts and let them sing ;
Inquire not, but unfailing flow,
And leisure still deny them so
Too well to know
My sweet angel never more shall be !

Flow on, sad music, in my brain,
And, sorrowing, half absorb my pain,
That when I wake and am aware,
And gaze upon my own despair,
I yet may bear
My sweet angel never more to see !

XLII

SENTIMENT

I

HENCEFORWARD shall the faithful stream
Receive into its depths below
Day's brightness and the midnight gleam,
And wheresoe'er it flow,

By moor and mountain, bare and stern,
On green domains of meadow-grass,
From all take increase, and in turn
Bring health where'er it pass.

The freshness of the freezing hills
Down to the lowlands it shall bring,
And temper with their * rills
The coldness of the spring.

II

O faithful river, to reflect
All hues of the celestial arc,
That inwardly do ne'er affect
The dismal water dark !

Daily on me fair things descend
Like snowflakes on a melting road
Which, when their visitations end,
Betrays not that it snowed ;

* An epithet is required, such as " tepid " or " genial."—C. H.

SENTIMENT

Daily the world's unhappy things
Arouse within me one deep sigh,
Then upon desultory wings
Flit unregarded by ;

Vain as a dream that takes the mind
With changes of delight and fear,
But leaves no memories behind
To appal it or to cheer.

XLIII

AFTER ALL

Ah, still for my part it were worth
A lifetime on this treacherous earth
To have seen but some things which atone,
In spite of all despair—
Spring mornings, and the ocean's face,
To have known sweet music, and the grace
Of girl-children—to have known
And cried, "*How sweet and fair !*"

XLIV

SING to me, sing ; but let your song
Lead unappointed paths along :
Obeying no controlling charge,
Free of the world fly forth at large,
Where but your own chance will may bring :
Sing to me, sweetheart, sing.

Whether by moss-grown woodland ways
Or flowerless moor your fancy strays,
By plunging torrents hurled in foam,
Or over easy plain you roam,
Straight upon mountains high to spring,
Sing to me, sweetheart, sing.

Sing to me, sing. Where'er you range,
I shall attend upon your change,
And, as your wayward course you shift,
Divining well your fancy's drift,
Follow the wheeling of your wing :
Sing to me, sweetheart, sing !

October 1893

XLV

PROMETHEUS BOUND

BECAUSE he had compassion on our state
Who lay in darkness with no comfort lit,
He dared, with justice in his heart, outwit
The cruel, selfish King, and brave his hate.

“ A good deed marred in the doing,” thus they prate
That shake the slavish head and count them fit
In judgment on the noble soul to sit
That ranges with supremest-thronèd Fate.

He, trusting in that untranscended law
Whereby the atoms of the world move sure
Through turmoil to their equitable goal,
Resolves with eyes unblenching to endure
And see the never-sated eagle gnaw
The bound flesh mastered by the unbound soul.

1884, &c.

XLVI
ŒDIPUS

It is no help—the blinding of the eyes
Will never quench that vision. He that late,
Arising in the ravage of the state
A Saviour with victorious enterprise,
Reigned at one call, renowned, unrivalled, wise,
Envied in universal estimate,—
Now, in the day of disregarded Fate,
Finds her ill-scorned, by learning where he lies,

In what most hideous doom—nay, keen above
That horror's unimaginable height,
From his dear, pitiable, abhorred increase
Now to be torn!—that yet shall be a light
To lighten his thick darkness, and with love
To guide his feet into the ways of peace.

March 1890

XLVII

FEAR OF DEATH

A SOLITARY sailor far from shore,
Plunged by a storm his vessel could not brave,
Single in a desert sea, with none to save,
Still, drawn by trammels of sweet hours of yore,
Will yield not his doomed life, but strive yet sore,
Yearning to leave upon the senseless wave
O somewhere but the tidings of his grave !
When human converse he shall have no more.

So, thinking upon Death, have I been thrilled
With anguish, and betimes I mean to build
Some long-remaining monument whereby
My soul shall yet live in the minds of men,
That somehow, though I pass from my own ken,
I may not wholly perish when I die.

May 1885, &c.

XLVIII

AN ANSWER

BEFORE the world's eye shall be laid
No word for your dear sake ?
Songs that for others I have made
For you shall I not make ?

—The flame of other songs may burn
Amid the proud noon's rays ;
Mine but for unborn morrows yearn
Or buried yesterdays :

My soul, ascendant in your sky,
With yet-unwearied wing
Soars, and allows me, borne on high,
No breathing-time to sing.

Yet though you live not on my tongue,
More sweet than uttered word
Have strains at your heart's window sung
No other ears have heard :

To the pulses of the dancing day,
To the sea-waves all night long,
Our souls have sung themselves away
In untranslated song.

AN ANSWER

From the hour of hours when first my heart
Took wing for yours and flew,
O love beyond all loves apart,
Have I not sung for you ?

XLIX

NAUSICAA *

[This is one from among the many adventures of Odysseus on his voyage home from Troy to Ithaca and his wife, Penelope, who all these years, in spite of all her trials at the hands of the suitors, has remained faithful to him, and he, in spite of all his temptations, devoted as steadfastly to her. After passing seven years in thraldom to Calypso in the isle Ogygia—his Venusberg—he escapes upon a raft, is wrecked by Poseidon, God of the Sea, who persecutes him, and, by the aid of Athena, who befriends him, is saved ashore upon the island Scheria of the Phæacians, at the mouth of a river, where he makes a bed of leaves and goes to sleep.]

So, on his leaf-bed, lay that suffering one
 Asleep, with toil and weariness fordone,
 Godlike Odysseus. But Athena then
 Went to the town of the Phæacian men,
 That one time dwelt in Hypereia wide,
 Near the Cyclopes, haughty men of pride,
 That had more strength and wrought them injury :
 Thence therefore did Nausithous by sea
 Remove and plant them hither, far away
 From men that live by bread, in Scheria.
 Rounding the town a circuit-wall he drew,
 And houses built, and measured lands thereto,
 And made them temples of the Gods.—But he
 Was gone to Hades' house with malady,
 And now Alcinous was ruling there,
 Whose thoughts within his heart God's giving were.

* Homer, *Odyssey*, Book VI.

NAUSICAA

To this King's palace came Athena then,
With plan, to bring Odysseus home again.
Straight for the carven bower she bent her way,
Wherein for shape and lineament there lay
A maid like Goddesses, Nausicaa,
The daughter of the proud Alcinous ;
And at her side handmaidens beauteous
By Graces' gift, at either pillar one :
The shining doors were shut, that hung thereon.
Swift as a breath of wind Athena flew
And stood above her head and spoke to her,—
Guised as the daughter of that mariner
Dymas, the great sea-captain, one that was
Her age's fellow and her friend most dear :—
Thus likened, spake Athena, standing near :
“ Nausicaa,
How bare thy mother such a careless child ?
Neglected all thy rich attire is piled :
Yet nigh thy wedding is, when thou must wear
Fair raiment on thyself, and bring it fair
To them that lead thee ; for it causeth fame
To mount abroad for good, to go thus clad,
And maketh father's heart and mother's glad.
Come therefore, at the daybreak let us fare
A-washing ; I will also go, to be
Thy workfellow, and get thee quickly sped,—
For thou shalt not rest long in maidenhead :—
The best of all our men are wooing thee
In this Phæacian land, where thou wast born.
Come then, and stir thy father at the morn
To give thee mules in harness and a car
To put thy girdles in, thy glossy robes,
And rugs and mantles ; and 'twere better far
To go thyself therein than on thy feet ;

NAUSICAA

The pools are distant from the city-street."
So saying, flew the bright-eyed Goddess fleet
Up to the far Olympus, where men tell
The Gods in their eternal mansion dwell.
It is not shaken by the winds, or wet
With rain at all, nor snow did ever yet
Come near it ; but most cloudless air and bright
Floats over it still clear, and radiancy of light.
Therein the blissful Gods for ever bide
In pleasure all their days. And thither hied
The eye-bright Goddess when her tale was done.
Anon came rosy Morn on golden throne. . . .

[Nausicaa begs for the car from the king, her father,
that she may take his royal raiment as well as her own
to the river to wash.—C. H.]

"Better thyself in raiment pure and clean
In parliament among thy princes all ;
And five sons hast thou also in thy hall—
Three wed, and bachelors the other pair—
That ever seek for clean array and fair
To go forth to the dance in. . . ."
[Shame]

Was in her heart to utter forth the name
Of marriage in her father's ear : but he
Guessed all, and answered her most willingly :
"I do not grudge the mules, or anything,
Dear child ; the servants presently shall bring
And harness thee a wheelèd wain and tall,
Well furnished with a frame."

Then gave he call

To rouse the men ; they hearkened his behest,
And speedily the tilted waggon dressed
Outside, and led the mules out from the stall
And fixed them in the yoke. The maid meanwhile

NAUSICAA

Brought from her bower all the shining pile
And stowed it in the car ; and from the spence
Her mother put all manner sustenance
Into a basket ; cakes within she stored,
And wine into a goat-skin bottle poured,
(The girl meanwhile had climbed upon the car,)
With oil of olives in a golden cruse
For princess and her women both to use
After their bathing.

Then she took in hand
The shining whip and reins of glossy band,
And whipped : there was a clatter of the mules,
And out they stretched them hurrying for the pools,
And brought the raiment and the maid along ;
But with her also went her women throng.
Soon were they at the lovely stream arrived,
Where there were cisterns fit for laundering,
With water pure from a perennial spring,
To make the foulest raiment fair again.
Then were the mules unharnessed from the wain
And sent out to the river loose to eat
And browse upon wild clover honeysweet ;
While from the wain they took the garments down
And on them turned the teeming water brown,
And trod them in the trenches busily,
With lively zest and eager rivalry.
Then, being purged of every soilure so,
They spread them on the sea-shore, all arow,
Where the sea-wave most washed the pebbles clean ;
And after bathing and anointing sheen,
Took their repast upon the banks, hard by
The stream, and waited for the robes to dry
And bleach there in the sunlight.—So, being well
Refreshed with vittail, thereupon they fell

NAUSICAA

To playing ball, their kerchief thrown away ;
And fair Nausicaa led off the play.
As Artemis upon the mountain goes,
The shafted Queen, on Erymanthus' height,
Gladding her heart with boars and fleeting roes,
Or on Taygetus, the Huntress bright ;
And with her Zeus the Ægis-bearer's white
Fair daughters are, the Nymphs in company ;
And Leto's heart is joyed, the while that she
Stands head and brow above her fellows all—
Easy to guess, though beauteous are they all—
So shone among her maids the unwed virgin tall.
But last, when she had yoked again her pair
Of mules, and folded up the garments fair,
And made her ready for her home-going,
Athena then devised another thing ;
Willed that Odysseus should awake, and see
That fair maid, who should guide him courteously
Unto the town of the Phæacian men.
Forthwith the princess to a handmaiden
Flung the light ball :—it missed the handmaiden,
And fell into the whirling stream ; and they
Shrieked loud :—Odysseus rose from where he lay,
And sat, and mused within his breast : “ Ah me,
What folk are these that habit here ? ” thought he.
“ Are they a savage race and insolent,
Or are they just men and with kind intent
Toward strangers, fearing God ? Because the sound
Was as the voice of maids, that came around :
—Nymphs, that are ladies of the lofty hills
And water-meadows green and flowing rills
And springs ?—or can it be that I am nigh
To men that speak with human voice ?—Well, I
Will straightway go myself to question it and try.”

NAUSICAA

So saying, from the bushes out he stole,—
But with his great hand first, in that distress,
Brake from the dense wild wood a branch of leaves,
To fend withal his body's nakedness :—
Then stalked abroad, as goes a lion stout,
In his own might secure, that sallies out
All rained upon and blown, and with his eyes
Flaming, that after sheep or oxen hies,
Or else wild deer, his hungry belly's hest
Urging him thus to adventure in the quest
Of prey, how well soe'er and strongly pent,— *
So, naked though he was, Odysseus went
To face the maids, for need was on him sore.
But hideous did he seem, all crusted o'er
With brine disfiguring ; and back they shrank,
Hither and thither, to some jutting bank :—
Only Alcinous' daughter at that hour
Abode, for bright Athena's will and power
Put courage in her heart and drove out fear :
So with firm front she stayed as he came near.
Now in his mind Odysseus held debate,
Whether to clasp her knees and supplicate,
Or stand aloof and sue with gentle speech
To show the town and grant him some array :
And as he thought, this seemed the better way—
To stand aloof and sue with gentle speech,
Lest, if he clasped her knees, she might be wroth ;
So gently then he spake and subtly both :
“ I clasp thy knees, O Queen—Goddess divine,
Or human :—If the seed of Gods is thine,

* The MS. of the above seven lines is much erased, and was plainly regarded by the author as merely tentative. I have selected and patched together phrases to serve the sense and rhythm.—C. H.

NAUSICAA

That dwell in Heaven above us, then, I ween,
Likest art thou to Artemis, O Queen,
The daughter of Lord Zeus omnipotent,
For shape alike and stature excellent.
But if thou art the child of mortal men,
That dwell on earth below, thrice happy then
Thy father and thy lady mother be ;
Thrice happy are thy brethren ; well I trow
Their hearts within them oft with pleasure glow
For thy young sake, so fair a thing to see
Step to the dances forth !—But happiest he,
Blest beyond all supremely, who shall come
With marriage gifts to win and lead thee to his
home . . .

Nor man nor woman ever yet I saw
The like, [and seeing thee I stand in awe*].
In Delos once of old so fair a thing
I viewed,—a young palm-sapling that did spring,
Beside Apollo's altar, in the air—
For there too have I been, and with me there
Much folk,—upon that road that was to be
Thereafter my sore bane and misery :—
And on that wonder too mine eyes were set
Long while, in deep amaze ; for never yet
Did rise up from the earth so fair a tree :
And likewise, lady, I do muse at thee,
And marvel and admire, and greatly dread
To touch thy knees ;—yet am I sore bested.
Yesterday only, on the twentieth day,
Escaped I from the wine-dark sea this way ;
And before that continually the wave
Still swept me, and the rushing tempest drave,
A-wandering from the isle Ogygia.

* C. H.

NAUSICAA

And now my fate has cast me on this shore
Only, no doubt, to suffer here the more ;
I do not look to cease ! Ere that I guess
The Gods will work a deal more wretchedness.
O Queen, have pity ! After long distress
Thou art the first that I am come unto :
[Of dwellers here there is not one I know.*]
Show me the town ; and give, to cover me,
Some shred of rag—thou hadst perchance with thee
Some little cloth to wrap thy bundles in :
And may the kind Gods grant thee then to win
All that thy soul desireth secretly—
A husband, and a home, and unity
Of heart with his,—a precious thing on earth ;
For nought there is more seemly and more worth
Than when in unity of heart and mind
A husband and a wife together dwell ;
Making the unkind sad, and glad the kind,
And best of all their own two hearts can tell.”
Then answered him the queenly maiden white :
“ Stranger,—for thou art not an evil wight,
Meseemeth, nor a foolish,—and men’s weal
Zeus dealeth, as his will may bid him deal,
To good or bad,—and thus hath dealt to thee,
Doubtless ; but thou must bear it patiently :—
Since thou art come now where our people dwells
Thou shalt not lack for raiment or aught else
That toil-worn suppliants may rightly claim :
I will both show the town and tell the name
This people hath : *Phæacians* are the folk
That own the land and city here ; and I
Am daughter of the great Alcinous,
On whom dependeth all their power and pride.”

* C. H.

NAUSICAA

She spake, and to her fair companions cried :
“ Halt, maidens ! Whither fled ye thus and ran ?
Wherefore so timorous to behold a man ?
Supposing him to be some enemy ?
There is not breathing, and shall never be,
The man that unto this Phæacian land
Shall ever come with battle in his hand,
For very dear it is to God. We dwell
Apart, alone, amid the ocean-swell,
The uttermost of men ; and there is none
Doth ever mix amongst us ; but this one
Hath come to us a-wandering in distress :
So we must treat him now with tenderness :—
All strangers are of God and beggars all,
[And welcome is a gift, however small.*]
Come, give him, as a stranger, meat and drink,
And bathe him in the river, near the brink,
Where there is shelter from the wind.” So they
Stood fast and called to one another Stay !
And as their lady bade them of her grace,
First brought Odysseus to the sheltered place,
There made him sit, and then beside him lay
Coat and surcoat, and gave him oil, to use
For his anointing, in a golden cruse,
And in the bright stream bade him bathe and cleanse.
Then spake Odysseus to the handmaidens :
“ Handmaidens, just a little space begone,
I pray, from hence, that I may be alone
To cleanse my shoulders of the brine and soil
Upon them, and anoint my skin with oil,
For that hath long been absent : but in view
I will not wash, for I feel shame to be
Thus naked in fair damsels’ company.”

* C. H.

NAUSICAA

So spake he to the maids ; and they withdrew
And told the princess. He forthwith began
To bathe him in the stream and wash away
The brine that on his back and shoulders lay
Encrusted, and scrape off from hair and head
The salt scurf of the sea unvintagèd.
But, [after bathing, when he had anointed,
And donned the garments by the maid appointed,*]
Athena then, Jove's daughter, rendered him
Larger of port and ampler of his limb,
And from his head hung tresses, dark of hue
And curled, as are the hyacinths to view,
As when a cunning smith doth melt and pour
Gold upon silver, overlaid by lore
Of skilled Hephæstus and Athena taught,
Crafts, by the which things beautiful are wrought,—
So then upon his shoulders and his head
Grace beautiful did Queen Athena shed.
Then went he to the beach beside the sea
And sat removed, all sheen with radiancy
Of comeliness and graces : and the maid
Gazed on him, and to her companions said :
“ Listen to me and hear, handmaidens white,
What I will say : It cannot be in spite
Of all the Gods this man hath happened thus
On our Phæacia, here to visit us :—
Truly at first he seemèd in mine eyes
A sorry sight and mean ; but now his guise
Is as the Gods' above that habit in the skies.
Ah, would that such an one were mine to gain
For husband, dwelling here, and he were fain
Here to abide !—Well, maidens, give him bread,
Give him the stranger's meat and drink,” she said.

* C. H.

NAUSICAA

They hearkened her behest, and quickly set
The meat and drink beside him, and he ate,—
Full eager, hard-worn man, for his repast,
For long it was since he had broken fast.
But now bethought her of another care
The young white-wristed maid ; the raiment fair
She folded up, and stowed it in the wain,
Then yoked the pair of hoofèd mules again,
And mounted up herself ; and then she stirred
Odysseus too, and uttered forth her word :
“ Arouse thee, stranger, now to move and go
Straight with me citywards, that I may show
My father’s house to thee, where thou shalt make
Acquaintance with the best, I undertake,
Of our Phæacians : only do thou so
As I instruct thee,—and thou art, I trow,
Not without wit :—So long as we shall pass
Only by country farms and fields of grass,
So long do thou, sir, follow at good speed
With these, behind the coach, where I shall lead.
But once we step within the town—whereby
There runs a castle-wall with towers high,
And either side there is a haven fair,
With entrance narrow, and the ships ride there,
The curvèd ships drawn up against the quay—
For each one hath his station severally :—
There have the men their meeting-place, around
A temple, God Poseidon’s holy ground,
Built with huge fitted stones and bedded sure ;
And there still busy them with furniture
And tackle for the black ships, making twine
And hawser-ropes, and trimming oar-blades fine :—
Phæacians care not for the tools of war,
The quiver and the bow, but only oar

NAUSICAA

And mast of ships ; in these is their delight,
To sail, and travel o'er the water white,

[Whose censorious tongue I shun, lest any hereafter
may blame me, for there are among the people some very
haughty men, and thus some rather spiteful man might
say, if he met us:]

' Who is this coming with Nausicaa ?
This stranger man, so goodly and so tall ?
Where did she find him ?—He will doubtless be
Her husband.—Hath one strayed, some admiral,
From lands afar—for neighbour have we none—
And she hath tendered him ? Or is it one
Come down from heaven in answer to a prayer,
Some God, that she will have, to keep and wear
For all her days ? The better so ! if she
Hath gone abroad herself so forwardly
To find a mate from elsewhere—for those here,
Her many noble suitors that live near
Among her own folk, she doth wholly spurn.'
Thus will they speak of me ; and that will turn
To my reproach :—and I should think it blame
In other girl too, that should do the same,—
Against her parents' will, while both were yet
Alive, to mix with men in company
Before they came to wedlock openly.
Now prithee, sir, take this advice of me,
If thou wouldst quickest win my father's mind
To thy despatch, to give thee passage home
And speeding on thy journey. Thou wilt find,
Near to the road, a grove, a planted space
Of poplar trees, Athena's holy place ;
There is a brook runs through it, and a green
All round ; and there is laid the King's demesne
And garden fair,—as far off from the town

NAUSICAA

As is a man's cry heard. There sit thee down,
Tarrying until such time as we are come
Within the city and my father's home.
And soon as thou supposest we are come,
Go then into the city and inquire
The house of proud Alcinous, my sire ;
—'Tis easy known, a child might lead the way :
The other houses are not builded thus
As is the house of Lord Alcinous,
The hero prince.—But once that thou art gone
Within his gates and court, pass quickly on
Right through the hall, until thou come to where
My mother is ; and at the hearth is she,
Sitting beside the firelight, spinning rare
Sea-purple yarn, a wondrous thing to see her there
Against a pillar ; and behind the chair
Her women sit ; and close beside her own,
Leaned against hers, is set my father's throne ;
Whereon he sits and quaffs the purple wine,
Stately upon his throne, like one divine :—
Him pass, and straight about my mother's knee
Cast thou thine hands, if thou wouldst quickly see
Thy homing-day with joy, though far enough thou be.
If but her heart be favourably inclined,
Then hope there is for thee ere long to find
Thy friends again, to reach thy native shore,
And see thine own well-builded house once more.”
She spake, and with the bright whip touched the mules,
And swiftly far they left the river-pools,
And well they ran, and well their paces wove
With knitted steps ; and cunningly she drove,
To let those others follow on their feet,
And laid the lash on with a touch discreet.
And, as the sun sank, to the famous grove

NAUSICAA

They came, Athena's holy place ; and there
Odysseus sat ; and there he prayed a prayer
To Jove's high daughter : " Hear me, daughter fair
Of the Ægis-bearer, Atrutone, hear !
Yea, hear me now, for thou didst never hear
Before, in all my wracking on the sea,
When Lord Poseidon so was wracking me :
Grant now that I may come before this folk
Acceptable and piteous."

Thus he spoke,
And Queen Athena heard him of her grace,
But yet appeared not to him face to face,
Fearing her father's brother's wrath ; but he
Still raged against Odysseus furiously,
Or ere that godlike man his native land should see.

L

PINDAR, PYTHIAN, II.

SPACIOUS, queenly city, Syracuse the great,
Where the master-warrior Ares keeps his state,
Bounteous nurse of knights and chargers lusting for the
battle-thunder,

From my own Thebes, thy sister gay,
I come with music unto thee to-day,
Singing loud my merry message, how the ground shook
under

The crashing chariot and the horses four
That Hiero to victory sped ;
And home to his Ortygia he bore
A starry crown to bind about her head—
Ortygia, where dwells the Lady of the River,
Artemis, who did the jewelled reins to him deliver.

Not without the teaching of Her * tender hand
Learned he those fleetest fillies to command ;
For the deftly-fingered Archer-Maiden ever and the
course's †

Master ‡ are there caparisoning
Busily the beauteous team, whene'er the King
Bindeth to the car of price the power of his horses ;
And comes the sea's triumphant Charioteer §
With his uplifted heavy harpoon

* Artemis.

† The original, which would seem to have been carelessly typed,
has " coursers."—C. H.

‡ Hermes.

§ Poseidon.

PINDAR, PYTHIAN, II.

To start.—But many voices sweet and clear
Have praised princes, and to many a tune.*
In Cyprus still they chant King Kinyras, the blessed
Lovely Kinyras, the darling of the Golden-tressed,
Aphrodite's pallid monk. But Music more delighteth
To serve, when strong good action she requiteth.
At thy palace gates the happy Locrian maidens,
Hiero, sing
To thee, who from the doubt
Of weary war hast safely brought them out
To scan with fearless eyes the future's promising.
Mournful Ixion, as they tell,
Nailed to the wind-whirled cross's wings in hell,
One message ever cries: "Ye of the day,
By me God bids ye strive for good good to repay."
Well he learnt the text, who to their company
Taken by the kindly Princes of the Sky,
Could not rest in dateless bliss and peace, but in his soul's
perturbed
Mansion dwelt the idle dream
Of Hera's love, who owneth the supreme
Ravishment of Jove's embrace, till vanity uncurbed
Drove him her holy honour to assail.
But swift the vengeance, like the sin
Surpassing, came, and in the ceaseless gale
By sure imperishable titles twin
He wears his crown of woe; for he, a child of heaven,
Craftily sweet-savoured earth first tainted with the leaven
Of a kinsman's life-blood, and, hasting to his doom,
In the shadowy vastness of her bridal room
Laid his impious hand on Hera. Ye who meditate
transgression
Reckon well your power to sin.

* Typewritten "time" in original,—C. H.

PINDAR, PYTHIAN II.

The midmost burning core of woe within
Fell he, hurled from imperfect, ghostly, strange possession ;
For glorying, by dear deceit beguiled,
A phantom forged of the mist,
An image of the solemn sovereign child
Of ancient Heaven, he clasped to him, and kissed
The dreadful lovely lips that Jove's own hands had curved
Like to hers. 'Twas thus the crosses' might the cross
deserved.

Hanging on his handiwork, he had heard the summons
That shall be spoken to all kings and commons,
Ere the loveless fruit of fierce conjunction from that
mother new,
A dreadful, lonesome thing,
Outlawed by earth and heaven, forth did spring.
By her Kentauros hight, it in the wildest grew,
And most to Pelion did resort,
With the bright-maned Magnesian mares to sport ;
Whence came a wondrous host, down to the waist
True to their sire, but hence with their dams' beauty
graced ;—

God th' Almighty's creatures—He goeth where He would be
Swifter than the dolphins passing o'er the sea :
Far behind him toils the eagle, and the pride of man at
pleasure
Often down to the dust
He bows, and oft where neither moth nor rust
Ever can corrupt, His chosen servant's name doth treasure.
Lord, arm me not with the well-practised sting of telling
insult, for afar
From the still region, where I dare to sing,
I have looked long upon the wordy war,

PINDAR, PYTHIAN II.

And saw Archilochus helpless in splendid armour
 Struggling, and besought my fate to grant to me the calmer,
 Statelier wealth of wisdom. That is this King's to win,
 Drudging not nor truckling, master of the din
 Of a mighty city's multitudinous thoroughfares, and master
 Of a drilled army strong.

The man who boasts in Hellas' story long
 Any prince more deeply honoured, of possessions vaster,
 Doth wrestling hard with his own empty [wit *]
 An unsubstantial line defend.

But I to praise as truly doth befit
 His worth the flower-wreathed pulpit ascend.
 Dim were thy novice years, but dreadful war's probation
 Stablished thee, the storm of battle to thy mighty station
 Bore thee, tossed to and fro on horse or foot. Yet dearer
 The righteous record of thy reason serer.†
 Breaking from my heart's abundance wells the [gay ‡]
 Cry "Long live the King!"

Across the waters grey,
 Sold into servitude, I send my lay,
 But her fair sister twin her Lesbian lyre doth string,
 And in her freedom's radiant grace
 By thy high leave shall stand before thy face.
 Learn still to be thyself. The children gape
 And for his newest trick cry "Bravo!" to the ape.

Bravo! but the lord-chief-justice of the soul
 Won his high preferment because his heart was whole,
 Rhadamanth, who takes no pleasure in the fictions of the
 unidle,
 Whispering mouths that spoil the rest
 Of weary mortals toiling for the best,

* Typewritten original, "in and."

† Typewritten "season sever." The Greek is βουλαὶ δὲ πρεσβύ-
 τεραι.—C. H.

‡ C. H.

PINDAR, PYTHIAN II.

Biting mouths that bite their own loose tongues and brook
no bridle.

So doth the wise grey fox still persevere
In greedy cunning ; but some day
Old Reynard's supper costs the rogue too dear,
And all his learning's labour is lost for aye.
I'd rather be the float to dance to the glad waves' measure,
Than the seine that in the dark depths toils to win their
treasure.

Though the double-minded's words are weak for ill
When the city's soul is righteous, ever still
Cringing unto all who fondle whines the sleek, obliging
creature.

Such constancy is far above
My strength, be mine for [aye *] my friend to love :
But my foe is my foe, and him with all my wilder nature
Roused, like a wolf, by subtle, devious sleuth
I'll track until I quench my hate,
But yet keep truth—who speaketh nought but truth
Must ever be a power in the State ;
Whether the Lord our God, the keeper of the city,
Trust the watch to one alone or to a wise committee,

Or to the stormy multitude. From party hate's infection
Guard His high name, who raiseth from dejection
Unto glory each and casteth down, but never can content
Ambition that would still
The hunger of the heart ere He doth will—
Scheming reform by seeming perfect measurement.
Due service strengtheneth the thrall ;
Who kicks against the pricks will have a fall
One day that maims. Alone to the brave and good
I speak. May I please them well and right be understood.

* Typewritten original, "all."—C. H.

LI

TWO FRAGMENTS

THE FIRST OF A COMIC POET, THE SECOND OF A LOST
PLAY OF EURIPIDES, QUOTED IN PLUTARCH,
"CONSOLATIO AD APOLLONIUM"

I

WELL, if you knew for certain that the life
He has not lived would always have been happy
Then death has not been timely : but if his life
Would, in its course, have brought with it some stroke
Of hurt past remedy, then Death perhaps
Has been a kinder friend to him than you are.

II

No mortal born is free from suffering :—
He buries children, and begets him new,
And also dies himself. And yet men grieve
At bringing earth to earth ! It is Fate's will
To reap Life's harvest like the fruited ear,
That one should be, one not. Where is there cause
For grief, when only 'tis the path of Nature ?
Nothing is dread that Fate makes necessary.

LII *

TO MARY

Μᾶτρος ὦ φίλας ἔρατον γένεθλον,
χαῖρέ μοι, χρυσοπλόκαμ', ἐν τε βούλαις
εὐλόγοις σόφα πᾶϊ καὶ χόροιςιν
ἐν νεογνίοις.

ὄλβιον λέγω πάτερ' ὀλβίαν τε
μάτερ' ἂ σ, ἐγείνατο κἀνέθρεψεν
ἀλίκεσσι χάρμα παλαιτέροισι τ'
εὐφίλες ἔρνος.

ἔσσεται καὶ κῆνο τάχ' αὖθις ἄμαρ
ἄνικ' ὀμμιμνασκομένα σὺν φάσεις,
“εἶδε χούτος ἄρ' ἔμε χάδιόν μ' ἔθ—
νασκε φιλήσais.”

* Addressed to the Hon. Mary Gardner, aged nine, daughter of Lord and Lady Burghclere.

NOTES

Poem II. : The eighteenth-century ode-writers, such as Dryden, Cowley, Grey, were handicapped in their endeavours to reproduce the form of the Greek ode in English by their complete ignorance—which they shared with all the world—of the metrical construction of the odes they were imitating. In this fine poem Walter Headlam, who contributed so much as a Classical critic to the elucidation of Greek metre, applied the rules of Greek art, which he had discovered, to the construction of a lyrical ode. (*Cf.* the magnificent translation of Pindar's Pythian Ode II., No. L.)

In another manuscript version, in place of "Yonder a star . . . amazement stand," the following passage occurs. It was probably excised in order to avoid a certain tautology of thought and expression.

"When the sons of Israel,
From their bondage freed at last,
Out of Egypt in the night
Taking flight
Through the cloven waters passed
On the pathway, as they tell,
By the East Wind blown ;
Breathing, on the farther land,
Ere they saw the sea by morning,
Heard the foe pursuing fast—
Heard them, when their chariots drave
Heavily in the deep sand,
There in the divided sea,
Doom before them, doom around,
With an universal groan,
Crying ' Let us flee ! '
Saw the wave
Returning, to his strength returning—
Saw the oppressors, every one,
In the sea drowned ;
Then the countless hearts of all the crowd
Leaped within them in accord,
Seeking rest and finding none."

NOTES

Poem VI. : See Preface, p. 17.

Poem IX. : On the anniversary of the death of J. K. Stephen.

Poem XII. : The first form of this poem (April 1893) was in three stanzas. The poet afterwards wisely omitted the middle stanza, and then finally improved the first stanza into one more lovely, if less simple, phrase.

"WILD ROSES

" As idly through a summer's day
I lingered on a country way
Where, coloured like a tender shell,
Trailed the wild roses I love well,
I sang, ' There is no long or far,
Where in the hedge wild roses are ! '

" Soon, as I wandered, came a band
Of children straying hand-in-hand,
That seemed as wild things when they moved,
And flowers, as they were sisters, loved :
The roses like the children were,
The children as the roses fair.

" In dismal cities oft I pass
Through lanes forgetful of the grass ;
No roses ever there will climb,
They flower not there in flowering-time ;
Yet seems not any pathway drear
That children, like wild roses, cheer."

Poem XVIII. : See Preface, p. 111.

Poem XX. : To a child cousin. Written at the age of twenty-one. The author would probably not have published it himself, but it has qualities of music and tenderness which would claim for it a place in any poet's works.

Poem XXXI. : The Market-place—i.e., at Tangier. See Preface, pp. 116-118.

Poem XXXIII. : The *dramatis persona* is a woman who has been betrayed and deserted ; the argument is her one last hope—the hope of a future world where her betrayer may be brought to justice at last.

Poem XXXIX. : I omit from this poem a stanza of inferior workmanship.

NOTES

Poem XLIII.: The first form of this lyric, dated December 1893, is of interest as illustrating the poet's careful method of revision, correction, compression, and the resulting achievement of simplicity and direct appeal.

" Revaluing these main wares of life,
Desire and friendship, love and strife,
I too have heard within my soul,
On its despairing-days,
The old burden rising : *All is vain ;*
Here are no pleasures pure of pain,
And, in the balance cast the whole,
It is the pain outweighs.

" Ah, still, for my part, it were worth
Leading a lifetime on this earth
For sake of some things which atone
In spite of all despair ;
To have had Spring mornings for a space,
To have known sweet music, and the grace
Of girl-children—to have known
And cried, ' How sweet and fair ! ' "

Poem XLIX.: The following quotation, from some MS. notes for the lecture on Nausicaa, delivered by the author in Cambridge a month before his death, indicates the standard at which he aimed in this essay in translation :

" The story itself I shall leave to speak for itself as a poem should. But of course this version is offered as my attempt at solving the great problem, how to translate Homer. One wants a style best suited for dramatic narrative, which can move with an easy and rapid continuity, and can embrace without effort all the various tones of the original, from mere description to passages touching the deepest human things, of that grave and quiet dignity, at once so simple and so poignant, which are the highest style of poetry and so characteristic of Homer—what Matthew Arnold calls the grand style, and which he so well illustrates in those delightful lectures of his on this very subject of translating Homer."

In the preface to the "Book of Greek Verse" Headlam has more to say on the subject of translation. The following extract from a review of Mr. Pollard's collection of "Odes from the Greek Dramatists," which appeared in the *Cambridge Review*,

NOTES

March 12, 1891, contains passages of great interest on the same subject :

"It is remarkable that translations should continue to be made upon so little basis of theory. As it is, a man sits down and translates. His object should be to give the effect of the original in both whole and part ; and this he will never achieve but by doing what he does not do, translating with reference to the whole literature of each language. In the case of prose the most important thing will generally be to give the meaning accurately ; but (to take an instance) in Professor Jowett's translation of Thucydides, while the meaning certainly is given well enough, the style in relation to Greek literature as a whole is entirely misrepresented. Often, no doubt, it will be hard to find quite a satisfactory parallel for model. For tragedy, however, we have in the Elizabethan drama the very counterpart of the Greek. If, therefore, we are to represent the Greek tragedians, we should use the language of the Elizabethan dramatists. This view can here be stated only briefly and in general terms. Translation upon this plan would be a most delicate and laborious work, but it would repay the labour.

"In one point, however, Greek tragedy is unparalleled in English. We have nothing corresponding to the choruses. However we render them, the whole play will be (like some of Dr. Bridges') 'in a mixed manner.' That must be accepted. But there is a more serious stumbling-block. Lyric verse in the Elizabethan period is not nearly in so advanced a state as in the period of the Greek tragedians. In iambic and trochaic rhythms, indeed, we have models of elaborate stanza which may be varied without offence. But we must confine ourselves to these or boldly yield to inconsistency. Anapæstic rhythms in the Elizabethan period are still of the rudest kind ; only quite lately, indeed, have they been developed in English. By renouncing them we should sacrifice much ; using them in their modern forms, we should be gravely anachronistic. The difficulty is great."

This beautiful version of the sixth book of the "Odyssey" is a charming poem in itself. Apart from its interest as an experiment in translation, an art of which the author showed himself an almost unrivalled master in his "Book of Greek Verse," and in spite of a few lapses and *lacunæ* which betray the lack of final revision and polishing, it deserves its place in a volume of English poems.

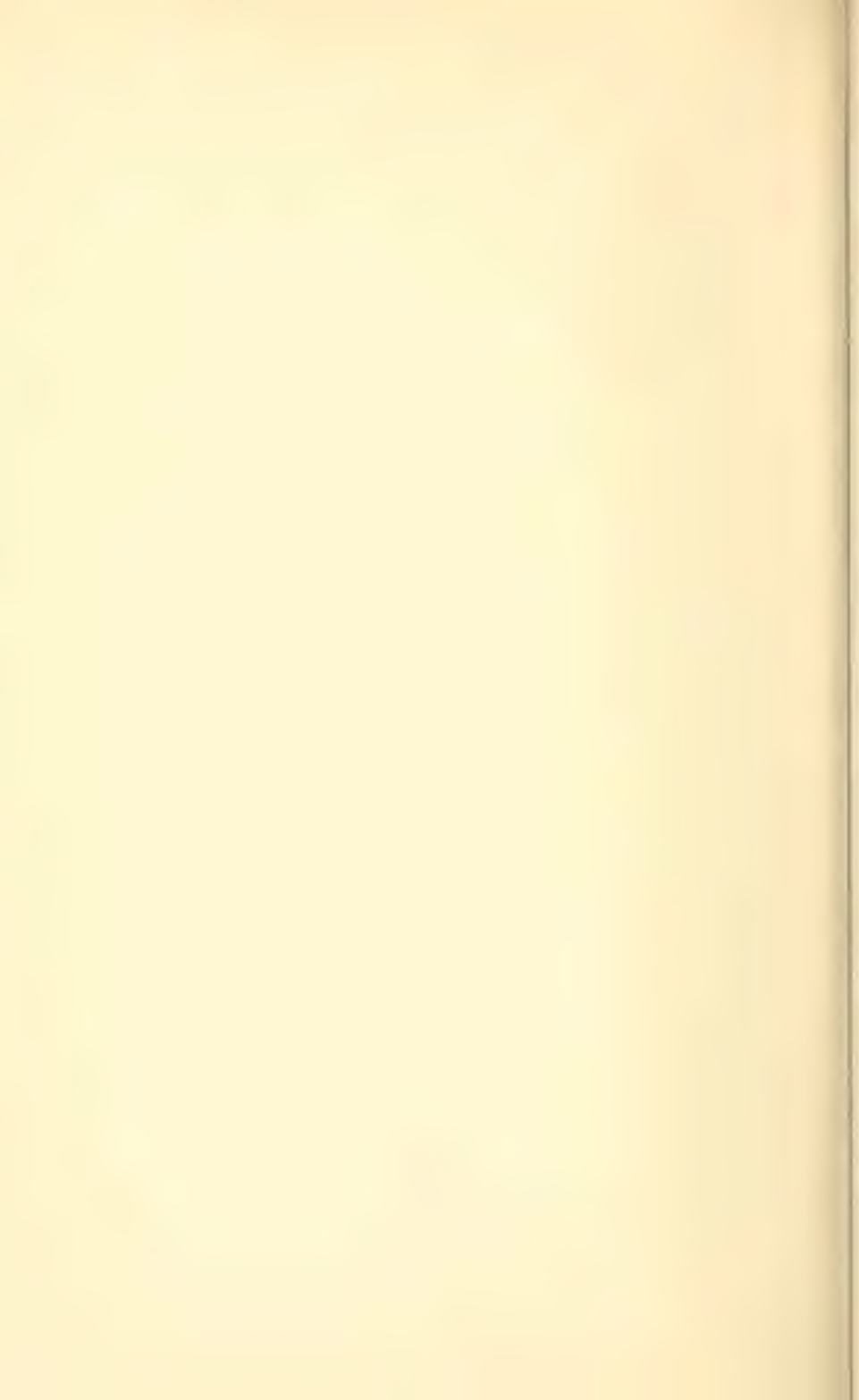
Poem L. : The second Pythian Ode of Pindar was written to commemorate a chariot victory obtained by Hiero, Tyrant of Syracuse, at the Pythian games.

NOTES

The first part of the ode is a eulogy of Hiero, with particular reference to his releasing the Locrians from their fear of a war with Anaxilaus of Rhegium (1-67). The duty of gratitude to benefactors is enjoined, and illustrated by the story and punishment of Ixion. The second part (67-96) is a defence by the poet against the calumnies of some rival, who had used his influence with Hiero to endeavour to undermine that Prince's esteem for Pindar.



BIBLIOGRAPHY



BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE following bibliography was undertaken with the object of showing the extent and the character of Walter Headlam's published work.

In his early days at Cambridge he produced work neither rapidly nor easily. There were two reasons for this. He was reading for his editions of Æschylus and Herodas the whole of Greek literature, which to him meant everything down to the twelfth century A.D. ; and he was fastidious. Hasty and immature work, whether in himself or others, he could not tolerate, with the result that he never satisfied the school which estimates material by its weight in *avoirdufois*. In later years he produced both rapidly and easily. At 1900 the entries thicken, and under 1902 will be found, among other things, four of his most important papers—those on Greek Lyric Metre, on Metaphor, on Ghost-raising and Magic, and on Transposition of Words—four papers which, in his address to the Council of the Senate when making formal application for the Greek Professorship, he said would be enough to show the character of his work.

In order to bring this character out in the bibliography the contents have been analysed ; cross-references are used, especially when any of the guiding principles of his method of work are mentioned ; his own words are quoted wherever it is possible ; and details are given when they throw light on his tastes, opinions, and habits of mind.

Passages commented upon in the Greek authors are referred to, for convenience, only by their first line, except in cases where a long period—a whole chorus or section of a chorus, for instance—is involved. The titles of his papers are given as they were printed at the time, except in one or two instances where an additional word, given in square brackets, is required for the context, or in cases of some of the reviews which appeared in a column with others without any separate heading.

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All the articles and poems included in the bibliography except two are either signed or initialled. These two are the poem "In Memoriam, W. R. C.," which appeared anonymously as part of the College correspondence (*v. sub* 1891), and "A Private Oration" (*v. sub* 1890), the authorship of which was acknowledged when it was reprinted in 1898 in "The Book of the *Cambridge Review*." His early contributions to the *Harrow School Magazine* appeared over the signature "Echo." Careful search and minute inquiries have not unearthed anything of importance or interest among his contributions to anonymous journalism. I do not think it likely that signed work has escaped notice, for I have been through all the chief English periodicals, literary and classical, from 1884 down to 1910. I have also examined the files of all the main French, German, Italian, and Dutch reviews, as well as the published works of other scholars, in order to find allusions to his work. Where these possess sufficient interest I have quoted them, but I did not think it worth while to give all the references in Bursian's *Jahresbericht* and in the other foreign periodicals when they only record an article without criticising it. On the same principle the reviews of his books which merely quote the publishers' advertisements are omitted.

LAWRENCE HAWARD.

January 1910.

1882

"Prolusiones Scholæ Harroviensis." Harrow, 1882.

Contains the following prize copies by Headlam :

Pp. 22-25. Latin Elegiacs : Version from Tickell's *Lament over Addison*. Jones Medal.

P. 38. Latin Epigram : "Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo." Oxenham Prize. "All Work and no Play" was added by W. H. as a second title.

Pp. 56-59. Latin Alcaics : "Medea ab Iasone prodita ultionem meditatur."

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1883

"From Catullus." *Harrow Notes*, vol. i. p. 87 (No. 7, July 10).
A translation of Cat. xxxi. : "Pæne insularum, Sirmio, insularumque."

"From Simonides." *Harrow Notes*, vol. i. p. 99 (No. 8, July 28).

A translation of Simonides' poem *Danae*. A later version appeared in the *Saturday Review*, vol. xcv. p. 619 (1903), and was reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 49.

"Hymn to Health (*from the Greek*)." *Harrow Notes*, vol. i. p. 138 (No. 11, Nov. 24).

A translation of the fragment of Ariphron, *ap.* Bergk, iii. 595 (4th ed.). A later version appeared in the *Cambridge Review*, vol. vii. p. 220 (1886).

"Prolusiones Scholæ Harroviensis." Harrow, 1883.

Contains the following prize copies by Headlam :

Pp. 28-31. Latin Alcaics : "Deianira intelligit Herculem a se occisum esse."

Pp. 52-57. Latin Prose : Version from J. A. Symonds' *The Greek Poets*, ch. 6. Gregory Medal.

P. 74. Greek Epigram :

ῥάδιον μὲν γὰρ πόλιν σείσαι καὶ ἀφαιροτέροις
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ χώρας αὐτῆς ἔσσαι δυσπαλὲς δὴ γίγνεται, ἐξαπίνας
εἰ μὴ θεὸς ἀγεμόνεσσι κυβερνατὴρ γένηται.

Pind. *Pyth.* iv. 272.

Oxenham Prize. "Patriotism by Dynamite" was added by W. H. as a second title.

1884

"A Vision." *Harrow Notes*, vol. ii. p. 24 (No. 14, March 15).
Poem.

"From Sophocles, *Œdipus Coloneus*, ll. 667-716." *Harrow Notes*, vol. ii. p. 25 (No. 14, March 15).

A translation of which a later version appeared in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 123.

"From Æschylus, *Prometheus Bound*." *Harrow Notes*, vol. ii. pp. 60-61 (No. 17, May 31).

A translation of ll. 88-100, 128-135, 144-151, 400-435.

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"The Temple of War." *Harrow Notes*, vol. ii. pp. 74-75
(No. 18, June 21).
Poem.

"Prolusiones Scholæ Harroviensis." Harrow, 1884.

Contains the following prize copies by Headlam :

Pp. 23-26. Latin Alcaics: "Prometheus."

Pp. 30-33. Greek Prose: Version from Ruskin's *The Two Paths*, end of Lecture I. Hope Prize. Part of this version was subsequently used as a College exercise.

Pp. 38-49. Latin Essay: "De Caroli Primi pœna iam in carcerem inclusi Cromuelli et amici inter se disserunt."
Peel Medal.

Pp. 71-77. Latin Hexameters: "Timoleon."

P. 84. Greek Epigram :

Νῶϊ δ, ἐγὼ Σθένης τ' ἐ, μαχησόμεθ' εἰσόκε τέκμων
'Ιλίου εὐρωμεν ἄσυν γὰρ θεῶν εἰλήλουθμεν.

Hom. *Il.* ix. 48.

Oxenham Prize. "General Gordon and Colonel Stewart at Khartoum" was added by W. H. as a second title. This epigram was singled out by Dr. Butler on Speech Day "for a word of especial commendation, due as much to its general excellence as to its happy reference to the now famous distinction, 'hemmed in, but not surrounded'" (*Harrow Notes*, vol. ii. p. 77, 1884). Cf. his translation of Tennyson's epitaph on General Gordon in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 47.

P. 85. Latin Epigram: "Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito." Oxenham Prize. Tennyson's lines,

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,"

from the dedication of *Idylls of the King*, were added by W. H. as a second title, and an English version accompanied the epigram. *V. supra*, Part I. p. 20.

Pp. 90-100. English Poem: "Francis of Assisi."

The Latin Alcaics and the Latin Epigram with the English version were also printed in *Harrow Notes*, vol. ii. pp. 81, 87, in the number containing an article on the Speech Day in which Dr. Butler is quoted as having said

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that to carry off seven prizes was a feat unequalled within his recollection.

Vanity Fair, July 12, contains the following sentence in a paragraph devoted to an account of the Speech Day at Harrow:

"If I mistake not, this young fellow will make his mark in the world, and his name be some day heard again."

Τραυλὰ μινυρόμενος. *The Cambridge Review*, vol. vi. pp. 45, 46 (Oct. 29).

Poem (in English). *V. supra*, Part II. p. 46.

"Dirge." *The Cambridge Review*, vol. vi. p. 77 (Nov. 12).

Poem. *V. supra*, Part II. p. 17.

"Prometheus." *The Cambridge Review*, vol. vi. pp. 141, 142 (Dec. 10).

Poem. *V. supra*, Part II. p. 76.

1885

"Prolusiones Academicæ." Cambridge, 1885.

Contains the following prize copies by Headlam:

Pp. 17-21. Greek Ode: "The Isles of Greece." Sir William Browne's Medal.

Pp. 23-28. Latin Ode: "Penetralia vestæ recens resecta." Sir William Browne's Medal.

"A Translation: Catullus, xxxiv." *The Academy*, vol. xxvii. p. 311 (No. 678, May 2).

A translation of Catullus' "Hymn to Diana," reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 229.

"The Fear of Death." *The Cambridge Review*, vol. vi. p. 319 (May 13).

Poem. *V. supra*, Part II. p. 78.

["Morshead's *Ædipus Tyrannos*."] *The Cambridge Review*, vol. vi. pp. 411, 412 (June 24).

A short review of Sophocles' *Ædipus Tyrannos*, translated by E. D. A. Morshead (Macmillan, 1885). He says of it that two years before it would have been the best verse translation, as there was then nothing better than Dean Plumptre's.

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As it was, he placed it above Campbell's version and below Whitelaw's, both of these having appeared in 1883.

"Guitar Song: from Victor Hugo." *The Cambridge Review*, vol. vii. Sup. p. xix. (Nov. 11).

A translation of Hugo's poem "Guitare" in *Les Rayons et les Ombres*. For his Greek version, in the manner of Theocritus, v. *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 185.

1886

"Prolusiones Academicæ." Cambridge, 1886.

Contains the following prize copies by Headlam :

Pp. 25-30. Greek Ode: ΠΕΡΙΚΛΗΣ. Sir William Browne's Medal. ὁ πᾶνυ was added by W. H. as a second title.

Pp. 31-36. Latin Ode: "Mons Palatinus." Sir William Browne's Medal. "Debita iura uicesque superbæ" was added by W. H. as a second title.

Ἑγεία πρεσβίστα μακάρων. *The Cambridge Review*, vol. vii. p. 220 (Feb. 17).

Poem. *V. supra*, Part II. p. 53. It contains incidentally a translation of the fragment of Arifhron, *ap. Bergk*, iii. 595 (4th ed.), of which an earlier version appeared in *Harrow Notes*, vol. i. p. 138 (1883).

1887

"Prolusiones Academicæ." Cambridge, 1887.

Contains the following prize copies by Headlam :

Pp. 7-11. Greek Trochaics: Version of Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book II. ll. 51-105. Porson Prize. σὺ δ' οὐδέπω ταπεινός, οὐδ' εἴκεις κακοῖς was added by W. H. as a second title.

Pp. 13-17. Greek Ode: ΠΙΝΔΑΡΟΣ. Sir William Browne's Medal.

Περικλὴν σάλπιγγα, τὸν ἐναγέων βαρὺν ὕμνων
χαλκευτάν.

was added by W. H. as a second title.

Pp. 19-24. Latin Ode: "Gratulatio Victoriæ, Regina nostræ illustrissimæ, a civibus suis amatissimæ et in summo honore habitæ, annum regni sui quinquagesimum ingressæ." Sir William Browne's Medal.

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"Tantæ est Victoria curæ" was added by W. H. as a second title.

Cf. his epigram on the death of Queen Victoria in the *Classical Review*, vol. xv. p. 81 (1901).

Pp. 27-28. Latin Epigram: "Mendacem oportet esse memorem." Sir William Browne's Medal.

1888

"A Summer Song." The *Harrovian* (with which is incorporated *Harrow Notes*), vol. i. p. 61 (June 7).

1890

"A Private Oration." The *Cambridge Review*, vol. xi. pp. 228, 229 (Feb. 27).

A mock-Demosthenic oration put into the mouth of Professor Jebb, who opposes the Town Council's proposal to convert a portion of his garden at Springfield into Sidgwick Avenue. Reprinted in "The Book of the *Cambridge Review*," pp. 225-229 (Cambridge, 1898); and *v. supra*, Part I. p. 29.

"Notes on Tucker's *Supplices*." The *Classical Review*, vol. iv. pp. 355-356 (Oct.).

Notes on Æschylus' *Supplices*, ed. T. G. Tucker (Macmillan, 1889). Containing remarks on the metrical position of *τις* and other enclitics and on the supposed use of *ἄχος* as a gloss.

"Fifty Poems of Meleager, with a Translation." xx pp. + 108 pp., 8vo. Macmillan and Co., London, 1890.

P. iii. The title-page, on which the lines

Εὐκράτεω Μελέαγρος ὁ τὸν γλυκύδακρυν Ἔρωτα
καὶ Μούσας ἱλαραῖς συστολίσας χάρισιν.

are quoted from the poem on p. 100.

P. v. The dedication: "Contextam | non sine gratiis | corollam | HVGONI MACNAGHTEN | talium florum | amico studioso | D.D. | amicus florilegus."

Pp. vi-vii. Original verses in Greek and English.

Pp. ix-xiii. Introduction, dated Florence, May 1890.

This gives a few of the chief facts known about Meleager, and has a paragraph on the metres used in the translations. In 1890 W. H. had not yet formulated in print his theory of translation, but what he says on the subject is, neverthe-

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less, worth reprinting : " Ten-syllable iambs can rarely give the effect of Greek elegiacs. In poems of a somewhat severe style, as the Epitaphs of Simonides, they may serve, though too short; and are suited to *epigrams* in our narrowed English sense, especially when of only two lines: but for poems whose excellence is their melody and grace they are not only too short, but too stiff and too slow. I am sure that the movement of the elegiac couplet is generally best rendered by the simple quatrain I have most often used, though this, in its turn, is a little over-long. It is not necessary to say that correspondence in length is not to be judged by counting syllables. Greek is longer than English; owing to perfection of structure, not so much as would appear from comparison of the separate words, but still slightly longer on the whole." There is incidentally a translation of some of the couplets in the dedication of Meleager's *Στέφανος*, and a reference to the *Studies of the Greek Poets* by J. A. Symonds, whose acquaintance he was soon to make. " That there I read first of Meleager," he writes, " is only one small reason for the tribute I delight in paying to that book."

Pp. xiv-xv. Greek and English couplet, adapted from the couplet on p. 50.

Pp. xvi-xvii. Original verses in Greek and English.

Pp. xviii-xix. Original verses in Greek and English.

Pp. 1-101. The fifty poems, with translation.

Pp. 102-103. Original verses in Greek and English.

P. 105. Notes.

P. 107. Index of first lines.

Of the fifty poems, Nos. xxiv. and xxix. were retranslated and printed as " Two Flower-Songs from Meleager " in the *Saturday Review*, vol. xcvi. p. 662 (No. 2561, Nov. 26, 1904). Nos. xi., xii., xviii., xxiv., xxv., xxix., xxxiv., and xliii. were retranslated and printed in *A Book of Greek Verse*.

The following reviews, amongst others, appeared: The *Times*, Oct. 16; the *St. James's Gazette*, Nov. 20; the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Dec. 20; the *Manchester Guardian*, Oct. 28; the *Scotsman*, Oct. 20; the *Scots Observer*, Nov. 1; the *Athenæum*, March 28, 1891; the *Academy*, Jan. 31, 1891; the *Speaker*, April 25, 1891; the *Spectator*, Nov. 22; the *Saturday Review*, Jan. 17, 1891; the *Guardian*, Jan. 14, 1891; the *Cambridge Review*, Nov. 20; the *Oxford Magazine*,

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Nov. 26; the *Classical Review*, Feb. 1891 (by H. Babington Smith).

The reviews were, on the whole, favourable, though it was generally recognised by the reviewers who knew enough Greek that W. H.'s Greek verse was better than his English.

1891

"*Odes from the Greek Dramatists.*" The *Cambridge Review*, vol. xii. p. 274 (March 12).

A short review of *Odes from the Greek Dramatists*, translated into lyric metres by English poets and scholars, ed. A. W. Pollard (David Stott, London, 1890). In this review he gives the highest place to the versions of A. E. Housman, and he states briefly (*v. supra*, Part II. p. 106) the principles of translation which are repeated in the *Class. Rev.*, vol. xvii. p. 164 (1903), and are laid down at greater length in the preface to *A Book of Greek Verse*.

"The New Fragments of the *Antiope*." The *Classical Review*, vol. v. p. 185 (April).

Seven fragments are dealt with very briefly in notes published along with others of a similar kind contributed by J. E. Sandys and R. Garnett.

[Jebb's *Philoctetes*.] The *Cambridge Review*, vol. xii. p. 288 (April 30).

A review of Sophocles' *Philoctetes*, ed. R. C. Jebb (Camb. Univ. Press, 1890), in which he refers to the editor's "scrupulous and conscientious elaboration" and to "that æsthetic criticism . . . for which Professor Jebb is distinguished among editors. With him it is at once sound in itself, being based on real knowledge of Greek literature, and a most safe and delicate instrument for textual purposes." He points out that illustrations from the Orators is a marked feature of the edition, "but there is perhaps scarcely enough reference to the early lyric and gnomic poets from whom so much in the Tragedians is immediately derived." This is the first time that he stated in print one of the chief principles on which his literary criticism of Greek was founded. He stated it again and again in later years. See the bibliog. note under 1895, where references are given for the main passages illustrating this.

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In discussing the emendations he adds that the editor's chief defects were "in acquaintance with two branches of study which must especially guide conjecture,—lyric metres and the causes tending to MS. corruption."

— [Jebb's *Philoctetes*.] *The Cambridge Review*, vol. xii. p. 306 (May 7).

A reply to W. H.'s review by Jebb, who deals with the question of his ignorance of lyric metres, and declares that no evidence is brought of his want of acquaintance with the causes tending to MS. corruption.

— [Jebb's *Philoctetes*.] *The Cambridge Review*, vol. xii. p. 324 (May 14).

An answer to Jebb's letter. Had the book been a first or early specimen of his work, he says, the notice would have been quite inadequate in applause. He considered it superfluous, however, after referring in terms of praise to Jebb's distinguishing merits as an editor to dwell on these qualities at length, and pointed out, instead, that in his opinion there were two departments in which he did not appear to be equally strong. One point he could not illustrate within brief limits; on the question of lyric metre, instead of discussing theories, he would give the evidence from the Dramatists themselves. A mass of examples follows.

This is the controversy which is referred to on pp. 5 and 17 of Dr. Verrall's reply to *On Editing Æschylus*, v. sub 1891.

[Mackail's *Greek Anthology*.] *The Cambridge Review*, vol. xii. p. 327 (May 14).

A very brief review of *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology*, ed. J. W. Mackail (Longman, 1890), in which he praises the introductory essay, the biographical notices of the epigrammatists, and the style of the prose translation, while pointing out that there are errors of interpretation.

W. H. also reviewed the book in the *Class. Rev.* vol. vi. p. 269 (1892).

"Notes on the Scholia of Æschylus." *The Journal of Philology*, vol. xix. pp. 286–287 (No. 38).

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Brief notes on the Scholia on *Ag.* 196, *Cho.* 445, *Pers.* 117, *Theb.* 65, 1014, *P. V.* 807.

"The New Fragments" [of Herodas]. The *Athenæum*, No. 3332, p. 322 (Sept. 5); No. 3333, p. 354 (Sept. 12).

Brief notes and conjectures on the newly discovered fragments.

"Notes on Herodas." The *Academy*, vol. xl. p. 314 (No. 1014, Oct. 10), p. 362 (No. 1016, Oct. 24), p. 538 (No. 1023, Dec. 12).

Brief notes and conjectures of a similar kind to the above, published along with articles of a like nature contributed by Edward Nicholson, Herbert Richards, A. E. Crawley, A. Palmer, T. G. Tucker, and other scholars. The chief note is on *Mime* ii. 45, where he quotes masses of instances to show that τὸ τοῦ λόγου δὴ τοῦτο = "as the saying is," though no form of the idiom is given in the *Paris Thesaurus* and there is only one reference in L. and S.

For other articles by W. H. on Herodas, *v. sub* 1892, 1893, 1899, 1902, 1904. In a letter of Feb. 16, 1892 (*v. supra*, Part I. p. 40), he refers to his having been commissioned to edit Herodas for the Cambridge University Press. In *Hermathena*, vol. viii. p. 239 (No. xviii., 1892), A. Palmer alludes to W. H.'s forthcoming "edition, which, it may be predicted, will leave little to be added to the criticism and exegesis of these 700 lines."

"In Memoriam W. R. C." The *Cambridge Review*, vol. xiii. p. 42 (Oct. 24).

An unsigned poem by W. H. which appeared in the paragraph devoted to King's College under "College Correspondence."

W. R. C. was his friend William Remington Chamberlain, who died in America in the Long Vacation.

"On Editing Æschylus: A Criticism." viii pp. + 164 pp., 8vo. David Nutt, London, 1891.

P. iii is the title-page; on p. v are quotations from Alcman, Theognis, and Pindar, and on p. vii is a list of the chief editions quoted. Pp. 161, 162 are devoted to an index of the chief matters.

The book (for which *v. supra*, Part I. p. 76) was a criticism

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not merely of Dr. Verrall's editions of the *Seven against Thebes* (Macmillan, 1887) and the *Agamemnon* (Macmillan, 1889), but of Dr. Verrall's methods generally as an editor of Æschylus. It is an example of W. H.'s methods as well as a criticism of V.'s. A large part of the book consists of material drawn from all over Greek literature, and grouped so as to illustrate ideas, metre, and the usages of language. The notes dealing with usages of language to which he himself attached most importance are those on ἀψυχία (pp. 60-68), βρίθω, βρίθομαι (pp. 30-31), ἐπὶ with dative (pp. 46-54) ἐτήτυμος and ἔτυμος (pp. 138-158), καθ' ὑπόκρισιν (pp. 76-78), οὐχ εἰς (pp. 41-44), παντοδαπὸς = παντῶιος (pp. 34-38), προσφιλής (pp. 68-74). Metre is dealt with on pp. 5-30. Amongst the Greek ideas which are illustrated are "Heaven helps those who help themselves" (pp. 82-84); the omniscience and omnipotence of Zeus, according to orthodox theology (pp. 85-86); the gifts of the gods (pp. 83-92); counsel proper to the old, action to the young (pp. 92-93); to die young in battle for one's country is καλόν (pp. 93-95).

The following quotation (from pp. 1 and 2) is of interest, as it shows how even in 1891, when he was only twenty-five years old, Greek language and literature, to him, meant everything written in Greek "throughout the classical tradition down to the twelfth century A.D.," for that is what he claimed to be thoroughly familiar with in his address to the Council of the Senate fourteen years later (*v. sub* Prælections, 1906):

"To the materials that may serve for elucidation and emendation of Æschylus a limit could hardly be defined. There is no Greek of any age that may not be useful for the purpose. It is only by knowledge of prose that we can know what is poetical in language; it is only by knowledge of late prose that we can judge what may or may not be glosses. The chief material of that too much neglected study is, of course, the language of the ancient lexicons and scholia. So we have this paradox, that one of the chief qualifications for editing Æschylus is familiarity with what is baldest and most prosaic in Greek. That qualification, though necessary for a sound method of criticism, few critics have appreciated the necessity of possessing."

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The following reviews, amongst others, appeared: The *Academy*, June 18, 1892; the *Educational Review*, April 1892; the *Cambridge Review*, May 19, 1892 (by A. B. C. i.e., A. B. Cook); *Revue Critique*, May 23, 1892; *Berliner philologische Wochenschrift*, Jan. 7, 1893 (by Wecklein); Bursian's *Jahresbericht*, Bd. 71, p. 202 (by Wecklein); *Rivista di Filologia*, Ann. xxi, p. 192.

The foreign reviews allude chiefly to the matter of the pamphlet, and especially to the collections of passages illustrating points; the English reviews allude chiefly to the manner.

— "On Editing *Æschylus*: A Reply," by A. W. Verrall, Litt.D. 28 pp., 8vo. Macmillan and Co., London, 1892.

A reply to the above, prefaced by a quotation on English and German scholarship from the *Egoist*, ch. 33. The use of *avros* is considered at some length, but the reply does not go into details of scholarship. It is personal, both in its exposition of V.'s own methods and in its reception of H.'s manner of criticism. The gist of it is contained in a sentence on p. 17: "If he would address himself directly to the Classics and let his contemporaries alone, he would produce work which few or none would study with more interest and pleasure than I."

1892

"Notes on Herodas." The *Academy*, vol. xli. pp. 88, 89 (No. 1029, Jan. 23), p. 112 (No. 1030, Jan. 30).

Brief notes and conjectures published along with articles of a like nature contributed by other scholars.

"Proceedings of the Cambridge Philological Society," xxviii.-xxx. London, 1892.

Contains notes on p. 22 of a paper on the 7th Mime of Herodas, read on Oct. 22, 1891, to the Society (of which W. H. was elected a member on May 21, 1891) by Dr. Jackson on behalf of W. H. and himself. The paper consisted of a text, a translation of such parts of the poem as were intelligible, and a brief commentary. W. H.'s suggestions were those which had already appeared in the *Athenæum* (Sept. 5 and Sept. 12, 1891) and the *Academy* (Oct. 12 and 24, 1891), for which *v. sub* 1891. The paper

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read on this occasion is referred to in the *Academy* (Oct. 24 and Nov. 14, 1891).

For other articles by W. H. on Herodas *v. sup* 1891, 1893, 1899, 1902.

"In Memoriam J. K. S." *The Cambridge Review*, vol. xiii. p. 193 (Feb. 11).

Poem. *V. supra*, Part II. p. 20.

James Kenneth Stephen (for whom *v. supra*, Part I. pp. 18, 25) died Feb. 3, 1892. The poem is dated Feb. 5.

Ll. 2-5 are adapted by W. H. from a verse in J. K. S.'s poem "In a Garden" (*Lapsus Calami*, p. 190, ed. 1898), to which the last line also refers; the other friend (in l. 3) was E. F. Benson. Reprinted in "The Book of the *Cambridge Review*," p. 109 (Cambridge, 1898).

For another poem on J. K. S. *v. supra*, Part II. p. 21.

"Mackail's *Greek Anthology*." *The Classical Review*, vol. vi. pp. 269-271 (June).

A review of *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology*, ed. J. W. Mackail (Longman, 1890). W. H. praises in particular the introductory essay, finds that of the notes the historical are the best, criticises several of the new readings, and while approving of the translation as a whole for its style and its fidelity, points out several passages where there are examples of "over-translation." On the dangers of "over-translation" he always insisted, and he explained his views clearly on this point in the preface to *A Book of Greek Verse*, pp. xx, xxi. W. H. also wrote a brief review of the book in the *Cambridge Review*, vol. xii. p. 327 (1891).

"Farnell's *Greek Lyric Poetry*." *The Classical Review*, vol. vi. pp. 438-439 (Dec.).

A review of *Greek Lyric Poetry*, ed. G. S. Farnell (Longman, 1891). W. H. praises the prefatory essays, but finds the commentary slight and the whole book not sufficiently planned with an eye for any particular class of readers—professional scholars, amateurs, or schoolboys. He corrects various inaccuracies, and pleads for an English version of Buchholz's *Anthologie aus den Lyrikern der Griechen*.

"Various Conjectures, I." *The Journal of Philology*, vol. xx. pp. 294-311 (No. 40).

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Amongst the passages dealt with are: *Æsch. P. V.* 558, 707; *Supp.* 174; *Ag.* 543; *Cho.* 687, 688, 735; *Eur. Heracl.* 109; *Andr.* 275; *A. P.* vii. 260, ix. 162, 492, xi. 25; *Schol. Æsch. P. V.* 71, 85; *Theb.* 1065; and several of the *fr.* of *Soph.* One of the chief notes shows the various ways in which the hortatory infinitive was liable to be corrupted. The majority of the emendations in this paper illustrate the use, which he advocated in his pamphlet *On Editing Æschylus* (1891), of scholiastic Greek. On the value of scholia *cf.* what he says in his paper on "Transposition of Words in MSS.," *Class. Rev.* vol. xvi. p. 243 (1902).

"Various Conjectures, II." *The Journal of Philology*, vol. xxi. pp. 75-100 (No. 41). The title-page of vol. xxi., which contains Nos. 41 and 42, is dated 1893, under which year this paper was classified in W. H.'s address to the Council of the Senate (*v. sub* Prælections, 1906). The separate numbers as they come out have no title-page, but are dated on the covers. The date on the cover of No. 41 is 1892.

The longest note, occupying 14 pp., deals with *Eur. Bacch.* 970-1012. This passage was supplemented later by notes in the *Journ. Phil.* No. 52 (1899). Amongst other passages dealt with are: *Eur. Bacch.* 446; *Hel.* 117; *Soph. Phil.* 300; *Æsch. Supp.* 367; *Pers.* 12; *Cho.* 381, 821, 835, 961; *Eum.* 634, 666; *Ar. Pax*, 1144; *Stobæus, Fl.* iv. 42; *Herodas*, v. 42, vii. 126; *Ibycus, fr.* 7; *Theognis*, 461.

1893

"John Addington Symonds." *The Harrovian* (with which is incorporated *Harrow Notes*), vol. vi. pp. 25-27 (May 20).

The article opens: "I have this claim only to write here about John Addington Symonds, that few Harrovians can have seen him so lately, and none, Harrovian or other, could more wish to have an opportunity of paying him some tribute, for no man has ever so attracted and so influenced me." The two main points insisted on and illustrated by quotations from his writings are his adoption of Goethe's principle of criticism "to live in the whole, and to see things so far as may be possible, in their relation to the whole," and his interest in life and human beings and not

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merely in literature, an interest which he had learnt largely from Walt Whitman.

"Remarks on the Text of Herodas." *The Classical Review*, vol. vii. pp. 313, 314 (July).

Nine passages are dealt with very briefly in an article which opens: "I should like to publish in advance of my edition a few remarks on the text of Herodas."

"Herodas." *The Classical Review*, vol. vii. p. 404 (Nov.).

Brief notes on i. 43, vi. 34, 102, vii. 105.

For other articles by W. H. on Herodas *v. sub* 1891, 1892, 1899, 1902, 1904.

1894

"Proceedings of the Cambridge Philological Society," xxxiv.—xxxvi. London, 1894.

Contains notes on pp. 13, 14 of emendations communicated by W. H. on Nov. 9, 1893. Amongst the passages emended were Theognis, 692; Longus, ii. 3, iv. 10; Lucian, i. 768, ii. 34, 590; Ar. *Eq.* 504; and Heliod. *Æth.* iv. 4. All these emendations, accompanied by *app. crit.*, are contained in the paper communicated to the *Journ. Phil.* No. 46 (1895).

The proceedings were also reported in the *Cambridge University Reporter*, Nov. 28, 1893.

1895

"Various Conjectures, III." *The Journal of Philology*, vol. xxiii. pp. 260–323 (No. 46).

The passages, some of which had already been dealt with in a paper communicated to the Cambridge Philological Society (1894), are grouped under authors. Choricus has 3 pp., Philostratus 3, Lucian 4, Euripides 4, Æschylus 24, and many passages from Nauck's *Tr. Fr.* and Kock's *Com. Fr.* are discussed at length. In dealing with Nauck, *Tr. Fr.* 466, he expands and illustrates what he said in his review of Jebb's *Philoctetes* (1891) and in *On Editing Æschylus* (1891), and what he insisted on later in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 12 (1900), vol. xvi. pp. 348, 442 (1902), vol. xvii. pp. 241, 248, 293 (1903), *Journ. Phil.* vol. xxx. pp. 293, 299 (1907), and more especially in his *Praelection*

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for the Greek Professorship (1906). He states the principle, which he says is too seldom followed, thus: "To understand the tragedians we must study the origins from which they draw. Our minds can never be in the condition to appreciate the sentiments expressed in Tragedy unless we are as familiar with Homer, Hesiod, Theognis, Solon, and the early philosophers and lyric poets, as we are with our own Bible" (p. 274). What he says on the Seven Sages in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 6 (1900), may be quoted here: "Their wisdom, as Plato says (*Protag.* 342E *sqq.*), consisted in their power of putting general truths in a brief and memorable form. Each was the one epigrammatist whose wit condensed the wisdom of the many, and embodied the undefined opinions of the race. Therefore we find the sentiments of the apophthegms ascribed to them expressed in countless passages throughout the literature."

The 24 pp. devoted to Æschylus was so far the largest contribution he had made in print towards elucidating that author. The passages here dealt with are: *Pers.* 571, 601, 734, 991; *Theb.* 106, 158, 257, 350, 414, 1002; *Supp.* 303, 814, 1023; *Ag.* 121, 379, 421, 525, 563, 679, 984, 990, 1168, 1337, 1355, 1392, 1574, 1662; *Cho.* 59, 160, 449, 692, 793, 831, 952; *Eum.* 22, 254, 377, 384. There are also notes on the schol. to Æsch. and Ar. On p. 301 he deals with the restoration of compound words in Æsch., a point which he illustrated again in reviewing Blaydes' *Advers.* in *Æsch.* (1897), in an article in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 119 (1900), and still more fully in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xv. p. 17 (1901). There is a long note on Æsch. *Cho.* 59-63, which he explains by Plut. *De sera Numinis vindicta*, p. 564E; and further illustrations of the passage were given in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvi. p. 348 (1902). The gist of the two notes is given briefly on p. 3 of W. H.'s prose translation of the *Choephore* (1905).

1896

"Blaydes' *Adversaria*, Part II." The *Classical Review*, vol. x. pp. 436-439 (Dec.).

A review of *Adversaria in Comicorum Græcorum Fragmenta*, Part II., ed. F. H. M. Blaydes (Halle, 1896). W. H. recognises B.'s familiarity with the diction of Comedy,

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but finds him an unsafe guide; the book, too, he says, might with advantage have been many times less in bulk. The article is not merely critical; it records original work on many doubtful passages, and illustrates the influence of Comedy on later Greek literature—a region in which English scholars, since the days of Porson and Elmsley and Dobree, have, he says, done little.

1897

"Blaydes' *Adversaria in Æschylum*." *The Classical Review*, vol. xi. pp. 56–59 (Feb.).

A review of *Adversaria in Æschylum*, ed. F. H. M. Blaydes (Halle, 1896). Like his review of Blaydes' *Adv. in Com. Fr.* (1896), it contains much original work illustrating once more the splitting up of compound adjectives, the use of genitives like 'Ερινύων, ἄτης as equivalent to an adjective, *hellish, deadly, the devil's own*, and other points. He finds B. less acquainted with Æschylus than with Aristophanes, and defective in acquaintance with metre, with MS. readings, and with the thought and language of his author, as well as with the recent work of other scholars.

1898

"Notes on Bacchylides." *The Classical Review*, vol. xii. pp. 66–68 (Feb.).

Short critical notes on the newly discovered fragments of Bacch. in an article which also includes notes by Platt, Ellis, Housman, Pearson, Richards, Sandys, Thomas, and Tyrrell.

For other work by W. H. on Bacch. *v. sub* 1900.

"Æschylea." *The Classical Review*, vol. xii. pp. 189–193 (May).

The notes are grouped under plays. The more important are on *P. V.* 1062; *Theb.* 25, 100, 254, 711; *Supp.* 255, 322, 499, 563, 598, 937, 1073; and there is a long note on the *Persæ* pointing out for the first time that, "portraying Persians, and laying his scene in their chief city, Æschylus has sought to add local colour to his picture by using Ionic words and Ionic forms." The same thing is to be observed, he says, in Trojan plays of Sophocles, and Cyrenaic forms are instanced in *Æsch. Supp.* Having stated the principle, he

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points out that it has important applications, explaining, amongst other things, the passionate repetition of words as representing the Oriental style in ll. 259, 988, 993, 1002, 1056.

Dealing with *Supp.*, he says: "Study of the errors in this play—the last in Cod. M—has convinced me that it was copied directly, or certainly at no more than one remove, from an Egyptian papyrus."

"Æschylea." *The Classical Review*, vol. xii. pp. 245–249 (June).

Continued from the previous article. The more important notes are on *Ag.* 104, 358, 428, 437, 528, 796, 857, 975, 1129, 1473, 1479, 1657; *Cho.* 108, 416; *Eum.* 94, 637, 661, 753, 931, 1045. His opinion, expressed at some length, on the reading of l. 1045 he had altered when he printed the last chorus of *Eum.* in *A Book of Greek Verse*. For his views on the whole of this last scene *v.* the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, vol. xxvi. p. 268 (1906).

"Note on the ΛΟΓΙΑ ΙΗΣΟΥ." *The Classical Review*, vol. xii. p. 350 (Oct.).

A brief note illustrating the doctrine contained in the fifth of the newly discovered *Λόγια* by Lucian, *Hermotim.* 81.

— "Lucian: *Hermotim.* 81." *The Classical Review*, vol. xii. p. 394 (Nov.).

A brief note by A. C. Pearson saying that the passage of Lucian refers, not to the *Λόγια*, but to certain pantheistic utterances of the Stoics, and comparing Clem. Alex. *Protrept.* 5, § 66, and Themist. *De Anim.* 72b.

"Sallust: *Orat. Philippi in Senatu*, § 7." *The Classical Review*, vol. xii. p. 351 (Oct.).

A brief note explaining the point of "latro cum calonibus et paucis sicariis, quorum nemo non diurna mercede vitam mutaverit," which was a Greek phrase, and is illustrated by parallel passages.

"Various Conjectures, IV." *The Journal of Philology*, vol. xxvi. pp. 92–110 (No. 51).

A considerable number deal with the *Anthol.*, the others with Callimachus, Manetho, Apoll. Rhod., Athenæus, and Hermesianax. On Hermes. v. 3 he refers to Charon and his attributes, he explains the use of οὐδὲ in Hom. *T.* 79, and on Simonid. 159 he illustrates the devices to overcome the intractability of proper names, a point which he illustrated

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again in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 9 (1900), and vol. xvi. p. 434 (1902). Simonides he calls "the highest type in poetic art, as Pheidias in plastic, of Athenian purity of style."

In *Flaws in Classical Research*, p. 8 (Frowde, 1909), J. P. Postgate quotes W. H.'s ἀνέθη-κεν in Simonid. 159 "so acutely restored by the brilliant Greek scholar whose recent death we deplore."

"The Book of the *Cambridge Review*," 1879-1897. Cambridge, 1898.

Contains "In Memoriam J. K. S." (p. 109), reprinted from the issue of Feb. 11, 1892, and "A Private Oration" (p. 225), reprinted from that of Feb. 20, 1890.

1899

"Critical Notes." The *Classical Review*, vol. xiii. pp. 3-8 (Feb.).

The notes are on a large number of passages in Nauck's *Trag. Fr.* and Kock's *Com. Fr.*, and are introduced by a paragraph which runs: "The form in which these notes are offered calls, I feel, for some apology. They would not be presented in a bare abstract if I could help it; but the illustration, explanation, additional fragments, and various criticisms I have gradually accumulated are now of such amount that they could only be published in a volume by themselves. Instead of waiting for an opportunity upon which I cannot count, I have thought it best to ask the Editor for space to print merely these unpublished textual alterations with the briefest possible references in their support. Even so, I venture to hope that not a few things here will commend themselves to students."

A few emendations are revisions of those suggested in the *Journ. Phil.* No. 46 (1895); a few others were in turn revised and republished, with the addition of many others, in the same journal, No. 60 (1907).

Phædrus, *Append.* ix." The *Classical Review*, vol. xiii. p. 135 (March).

A short note illustrating the hen scattering the corn about by Plut., Clem. Alex., and Burckhardt's *Arabic Proverbs*.

"On Herodas." The *Classical Review*, vol. xiii. pp. 151-156 (April).

A series of notes on difficult passages on which W. H.

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did not feel certain that he had yet collected sufficiently illustrative material. He prefaces his notes by saying: "One of my objects in publishing these notes before my commentary appears is to invite assistance towards clearing up some passages that leave me still in doubt. They are but few; for I am satisfied now about the meaning of many things that puzzled all of us at first." He refers in grateful terms to F. G. Kenyon, who compared his readings with the original MS. in the British Museum.

For other articles by W. H. on Herodas *v. sub* 1891, 1892, 1893, 1902, 1904.

"Notes on Euripides." The *Journal of Philology*, vol. xxvi. pp. 233-237 (No. 52).

The main notes are on *Or.* 896; *I. A.* 669, 1395; *Bacch.* 391, 495, 973, 993, 1010; *Hel.* 514; *Herac.* 429. Those on *Bacch.* 993, 1010, supplement notes in the *Journ. Philol.* No. 41 (1892). On these passages he says, incidentally: "It should be understood that words are glossed not necessarily because they are unfamiliar, but often to indicate which of two or more senses they bear in the present case," and "The *Bacchæ*, being one of the plays learnt in schools, shows signs of having been freely glossed, to the detriment of the text." Many of the emendations, like those in his papers in the *Journ. Phil.* No. 40 (1892), and the *Class. Rev.*, vol. xiv. p. 195 (1900), and vol. xvi. p. 353 (1902), illustrate more particularly his knowledge and use of scholiastic Greek, the importance of which he first emphasised in *On Editing Æschylus*, p. 2 (1891). On *Or.* 896 he says what he says in different ways elsewhere, and especially in *On Editing Æschylus* (1891): "Custom of the language is once more my trusty guide."

"Cambridge Compositions." Cambridge, 1899.

Contains twelve versions by W. H., all of which, except two (those on pp. 311 and 353) were reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*. Six of these versions were from Heine, and the other six were versions of Tennyson's epitaph on Gordon, Wordsworth's "A slumber did my spirit steal," Hogg's "My love she's but a lassie yet," Ford's "Since first I saw thy face," and the second verse, beginning "O Love, they wrong thee much," from the anonymous song "Fain would I change that note," quoted on pp. xix and xxi of

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Bullen's *Lyrics from the Song-books of the Elizabethan Age* (Nimmo, 1887).

W. H. never translated in order to accomplish a *tour de force* or to provide specimens for examinees ; he wrote these things because it pleased him, and enabled him, as he says on p. viii of the preface to *A Book of Greek Verse*, "to illustrate affinities in thought and manner between writers in two different languages." He goes on to say that Heine's lyrics seemed to him precisely like Greek epigrams, Heine being, in fact, steeped in the Greek Anthology and in Catullus, and that the translations of him which he published in *Cambridge Compositions* served to make this literary kinship recognised, for before that he had not seen any of his lyrics turned into Greek epigrams, while several had appeared from more than one hand since. He also points out in the same preface how like Callimachus Wordsworth is, and instances his translation of "A slumber did my spirit steal." Tennyson's epitaph has Simonides for its model, Ford's song Callimachus, the Elizabethan poem Nossis, Hogg is turned into Anacreon, and Shelley becomes the purest Sappho.

The following reviews, amongst others, appeared : The *Times*, March 24 ; the *Morning Post*, Sept. 30 ; the *Manchester Guardian*, April 7 ; the *Scotsman*, March 20 ; the *Glasgow Herald*, March 30 ; the *Dublin Express*, March 18 (by R. Y. Tyrrell) ; the *Athenæum*, April 1 ; the *Spectator*, March 25 ; the *Saturday Review*, May 13 ; the *Speaker*, Sept. 30 ; the *Guardian*, Sept. 13, 1899, and Aug. 20, 1900 ; *Literature*, May 20 ; the *Tablet*, May 13 ; the *Publishers' Circular*, April 15 ; the *Classical Review*, May (by R. Y. Tyrrell) ; the *Cambridge Review*, June 15 ; the *Oxford Magazine*, Nov. 29 ; the *Journal of Education*, May ; the *Educational Times*, May ; *School World*, April.

Tyrrell in the *Class. Rev.* drew particular attention to W. H.'s versions, which were also praised by the *Manch. Guard.*, *Athen.*, *Educ. Times*, *Camb. Rev.*, *Oxford Mag.*, and *Literature*, though none of the reviewers singled out the version in Sapphics of the *Ode to a Skylark* as they did when it was reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, and none seemed to realise the object W. H. had in making these versions.

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1900

"Notes on the Greek Lyric Poets." *The Classical Review*, vol. xiv. pp. 5-14 (Feb.).

Emendations and explanations of seven passages in Bergk's and Christ's eds. of Pindar (1896), thirty passages in Bergk's *Poet. Lyr.* (4th ed. 1897), and about fifty in Blass's ed. of Bacchylides (1898).

The whole paper illustrates how W. H. relied, for emending passages, on his sense of metre and on his acquaintance with Greek ideas. For the latter see esp. the note on Chilo on p. 6 (quoted in the bibliogr. note under 1895), and that on Bacchylides on p. 12, where he says: "The whole of this passage [Blass's Bacch. p. 79, v. 35 *sqq.*] is merely a paraphrase in brief of Solon, 13, 33 *sqq.*, p. 43 Bergk, which contains the original of every detail here. To regard this, however, as plagiarism in our sense, with its implied reproach, would be quite to misconceive the Greek attitude towards art, including literature in general and lyric in particular. The art of the lyric poet—Pindar often prides himself upon his skill in it—was largely shown in his power of treating with brief touches matter familiar, and assumed to be familiar, to the audience." This principle he insists on again in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvi. p. 442 (1902), and vol. xvii. p. 248 (1903), and in the *Prælection* (1906).

About this time, when he was at work on Bacchylides, he sent some of his results to Blass and to Jebb. Blass, on p. lxxvi of the preface to his 3rd ed. of Bacch. (Teubner, 1904), refers to W. H.'s paper in the *Class. Rev.* Feb. 1898, in his list of acknowledgments, and says: "Idem plurimas suas adnotationes doctas coniecturasque mecum per litteras communicavit, unde multum fructus cepi"; and in an article, "Nachlese zu Bacchylides," in *Hermes*, vol. xxxvi. p. 272 (1904), he refers to W. H.: "Dem ich zahlreiche und sehr werthvolle schriftliche Mittheilungen verdanke." Jebb, on p. viii of the preface to his ed. of Bacch. (Camb. Univ. Press, 1905), says: "References will be found in several places to notes which from time to time have been communicated to me by Dr. Walter Headlam."

In a note on Simonid. 159 he adds to the references already given in *Journ. Phil.* vol. xxvi. p. 93 (1898), two of them being from his favourite Marjory Fleming.

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"Upon Æschylus, I." *The Classical Review*, vol. xiv. pp. 105-119 (March).

The main passages dealt with are: *P. V.* 370, 561, 575, 778; *Pers.* 276, 550, 561, 601, 1008; *Theb.* 10, 79, 206, 257, 809, 976; *Supp.* 8, 860; *Ag.* 49, 125, 138-163, 178, 702, 779, 784, 790, 1269, 1432, 1444, 1479, 1573.

This paper, like that on the Greek Lyric Poets in the *Class. Rev.* of the previous month, and those in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xv. pp. 15, 98 (1901), and vol. xvi. p. 243 (1902), illustrates the way W. H. relied for some of his emendations on his sense of metre. He writes, for instance, as follows: "It appears to me that metre requires . . ."; "The rhythm alone is enough to show that cannot be genuine"; and "I had doubts at one time whether the metre would admit such variations; but I do not doubt it now. It was an habitual practice with the Greeks, and the study of it reveals most interesting niceties—to suit their rhythms to their themes." This was the first time W. H. definitely stated in print the principle which he elaborated in his paper on Greek Lyric Metre in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, vol. xxii. p. 209 (1902).

In his note on *Ag.* 125 he states for the first time the principle for the order of words in Greek. The note which W. H. made on this paper in the list of his more important publications which he sent in to the Council of the Senate when applying for the Greek Professorship in 1905 runs: "In this paper I stated for the first time the rule for the order of the words in a classical Greek sentence. It is dictated by the emphasis, and accordingly determines which is the emphatic word in almost every clause. And the Greek portion of the emphasis is exactly the opposite of the English, whereas it was commonly supposed to be the same." "This principle," he says in the paper in the *Class. Rev.*, "I have found the surest key of all to understanding Greek. . . . I propose before long to illustrate it with examples and to point out some of its important applications." This he never did, though he applies the principle throughout his published work, and alludes to it again in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xviii. p. 268 (1904).

There is a long note at *Ag.* 1444 on the relations between Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, and another on the *Supplices*,

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where he discusses the question of the proposed alliance between the fifty daughters of Danaus and their fifty cousins, and illustrates it by Burckhardt, Lane, and Burton. This point was illustrated once more in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvii. p. 291 (1903). On the obscurity of the phraseology used in speaking of the alliance he says: "It can hardly be that this obscurity is other than designed. We have traces, I think, of an ancient conflict of ideas upon this question of legitimate degrees; and perhaps it was a question Æschylus did not care to argue."

The corruption of compounds, the use of proverbs, and other points are illustrated in detail.

"Upon Æschylus, II." *The Classical Review*, vol. xiv. pp. 194-201 (May).

The main passages dealt with are: *Cho.* 159, 506, 541, 612-635, 643, 688, 790-806, 862, 956; *Eum.* 258, 358, 377, 752, 1036.

This paper, which is a continuation of that in the *Class. Rev.* for March, illustrates in its four main notes the character and attributes of Heracles (*v.* pp. 194, 195, and *cf.* *Class. Rev.* vol. xv. pp. 22, 105 (1901)), the use of scholia (*v.* pp. 195, 196), the free, dramatic treatment of the chorus in Æschylus (*v.* pp. 196, 197), and transposition (*v.* pp. 198, 200). Transposition he illustrated at greater length in a paper devoted to the subject in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvi. p. 243 (1902).

"The *Agamemnon*." *The Cambridge Review*, vol. xxii. pp. 101, 102 (Nov. 29).

A review of the Greek play, signed "W. Headlam."

A sympathetic criticism written from the point of view of "a student with an ideal standard in his mind," not only discussing details of the performance, but dealing briefly with the manner of Æschylus in general and the problem of how to treat the chorus. "These wonderful lyrics," he writes, "with their varying emotions cast in significant varieties of rhythm and enhanced by rhythmic movement and by music, must surely have affected a fit audience as much as the greatest works of Bach or Beethoven. . . . To treat them adequately would have greatly increased the length of the performance, at the risk of bewildering and wearying the audience. There was a choice, then, of two

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plans ; either you might make selections, or you might keep them whole and pass them over rapidly with little stress, making them quite subordinate to the action, which could readily be followed." (The latter was the plan adopted by Sir Hubert Parry.) In referring to particular passages in the text he quotes for the first time in print his own verse translation of the play which he intended to publish with his commentary and introductory essays. From this time onward he frequently quoted from this translation (in the *Classical Review*, the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, and in the College translation papers) where it was available.

"The Plays of Æschylus, translated from a Revised Text : *The Suppliants*." vi pp. + 42 pp., 8vo. George Bell and Sons, London, 1900.

The first of what he intended to be the complete series of the plays of Æschylus translated into prose for Bell's *Classical Translations*.

He explains his view of these prose translations in the prefatory note to his translation of the *Choephoroe* (1905): "The object of these prose translations is to enable those who know some Greek to read the Greek of Æschylus correctly. They have never dreamed of pretending to any value as artistic form. No prose, however well it might be used, could ever represent such verse æsthetically ; only verse can do that ; and so long as verse affords the means of doing it, to seek the same end with a less effective instrument I have always looked upon as a mistaken aim. Prose has a proper function of its own, a separate and different one—to show how the Greek is to be construed ; it is superior for that purpose, and should be content, I think, if it can achieve it without more offence than necessary. The true *spirit* and *effect* are only in the power of verse to give ; but verse itself is not in a position to convey them until first it understands the meaning of the poet's words ; and it is in that preliminary business of *explaining* that a prose version has its legitimate and useful province. Whether the text has been restored correctly, and the sense of it correctly rendered,—those are the two points on which a prose translation of a poem should be judged."

Where the readings differ from Wecklein's or Weil's texts they are noted. The notes are not, however, entirely

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textual; they deal with the ideas of the play as well, and embody in concise form the results of his continuous study of Æschylus, some having already appeared in print, others being given for the first time.

1901

“Notes on Euripides.” *The Classical Review*, vol. xv. pp. 15–25 (Feb.).

The main passages dealt with are: *Alc.* 218–244, 262, 1129; *Andr.* 466; *Tro.* 513, 597, 1090; *Supp.* 377, 604, 946, 993; *Hel.* 124, 380, 1218, 1354, 1485, 1667; *Cycl.* 63, 366, 434; *Hec.* 1, 1057; *Bacch.* 330, 395, 446, 996, 1145. There are also a few small suggestions on Sophocles dispersed among these notes.

This paper and its sequel, like those in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. pp. 5, 105 (1900), illustrates more particularly the way W. H. relied for some of his emendations on his sense and understanding of metre. In his paper on Greek Lyric Metre in *Journ. of Hell. Stud.* vol. xxii. p. 209 (1902), he deals more fully with the principles only hinted at in the three following statements: “The tribrach is a link between two rhythmical phrases” (p. 17); “The metre is bacchiac leading to glyconic” (p. 20); “It is a Dorian rhythm, and used there because it was associated with big and *Herculean* themes” (p. 22). There is a long note (p. 17) on the corruptions of compound words, remarks on particles combined with *οὐν* (p. 20), and a collection of passages referring to Heracles (p. 22; and *cf. Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 194 (1900), vol. xv. p. 125 (1901)). In dealing with the *Bacchæ* he suggests (p. 23) that the name *βρόμιος* may be originally derived, not from *βρόμος*, meaning *frenitus*, but from the *grain* called *βρόμος*, so that the title is virtually equivalent to *John Barleycorn*.

“Notes on Euripides, II.” *The Classical Review*, vol. xv. pp. 98–108 (March).

The main passages dealt with are: *I. A.* 228, 334, 351, 1330; *El.* 435–485, 622, 708, 1145; *Or.* 450, 896; *Phæn.* 176, 1527; *Ion.* 1065; *Rhes.* 543, 823; *Hipp.* 550; *Herac.* 776, 901; *H. F.* 685, 777–806, 1138, 1214; *Med.* 1238; *Fr.* 282, 304, 331, 1063.

This paper, like the previous one, of which it is a

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continuation, illustrates the way he applied his sense of metre. There is a long note (p. 104) urging that Eurip. must have had the lyrics of the *Agamemnon* (esp. 381 *sqq.*) in mind in writing *H. F.* 749–806, and another (p. 105) on Heracles and his club (*cf. Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 194 (1900), vol. xv. p. 22 (1901)). On p. 101 passages are collected to illustrate the meaning and corruptions of δέ γε.

There is a note on these two papers on Euripides and on the paper contributed to *Journ. Phil.* xxvi. p. 233 (1899), in Bursian's *Jahresbericht*, Bd. 139, p. 39 (1907), in an article by Siegfried Mekler on the literature dealing with the Greek tragedians published 1898–1902. He refers to special passages in W. H.'s article in terms of high praise, and finishes: "Anderes unterliegt Zweifel, aber nirgends verleugnet sich der Kenntnisreiche und zugleich taktvolle Beurteiler und Bearbeiter des Textes."

"In Memoriam." *The Classical Review*, vol. xv. p. 81 (Feb.).

Greek elegiacs on the death of Queen Victoria. On the same page are two similar copies of verses: Greek elegiacs by J. P. P. (*i.e.*, J. P. Postgate) and Latin elegiacs by H. M. B. (*i.e.*, H. M. Butler).

"Version." *The Classical Review*, vol. xv. p. 232 (May).

A version in Greek elegiacs of Sir Philip Sidney's sonnet "I never drank of Aganippe well."

This was the first of a series of versions which he contributed from time to time to the *Class. Rev.*, all of which, except three, were reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*. This will be found on p. 249 of that vol.

"Rococo (*Donec Gratus eram*)."

The Saturday Review, vol. xcii. p. 527 (No. 2400, Oct. 26).
A translation of Horace, *Carm.* iii. 9. Reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 237.

"τὸν ἄνδρα, 'Manhood,' and the Shaving of the Beard." *The Classical Review*, vol. xv. pp. 393–396 (Nov.).

An emendation and explanation of Polyb. iv. 4, 5. Examples are drawn largely from late and patristic writers to illustrate the fact that "The Puritan school of morality—Pythagorizers, Laconizers, Cynics, Stoics, Christian Fathers and their followers—held it a denial of manhood to shave

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the hair upon the face." In a note at the end, which contains a reference to Æsch. *Cho.* 956, he says: "There are many passages in Greek and Latin literature which cannot be appreciated without familiarity with the current language of philosophy."

"Τοκέων, 'a Parent,' and the Kindred Forms." The *Classical Review*, vol. xv. pp. 401-404 (Nov.).

Contains illustrations drawn from all over Greek literature to show that "τοκέων (or τεκέων) is an old Ionic form to be restored in two epigrams of the *Anthology*, each of which uses it in reference to an old Ionian." The two epigrams are Meleager, *A. P.* vii. 79, and Leonidas, *A. P.* vii. 408. A table is given to illustrate the way in which terminations vary in different dialects. After explaining the various ways in which verbs were coined, he says: "This is just the point which critics often, and the Dictionaries with them, fail to recognise."

"Proceedings of the Cambridge Philological Society," lii.-liv. London, 1901.

Contains notes on p. 4 of emendations proposed at a meeting of the Society on March 9, 1899, by W. H. in Æsch. *Supp.* and *Ag.* The emendations were published in his paper "Upon Æschylus," I., in *Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 105 (1900).

There is also a note stating that he withdrew his paper on the versification of Bacchylides, xvii. (Theseus), which had been announced for the same meeting.

The proceedings were also reported in the *Cambridge University Reporter*, May 16, 1899.

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"Ghost-raising, Magic, and the Underworld." The *Classical Review*, vol. xvi. pp. 52-61 (Feb.)

Passages are collected from all over Greek and Latin literature, the *Zend-Avesta*, and Burton's *Arabian Nights* to illustrate the nature and results of the magic practices adopted in evocations. The methods of the necromancers having been established, W. H. applies his knowledge of them to explain and emend a number of passages, amongst others: Æsch. *Pers.* 580, 640, 685; *Cho.* 374, 815-822;

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Supp. 160; Dio. Cass. lxxiii. 4; Stat. *Theb.* 4, 472; Sen. *Æd.* 570. The preliminary part of the paper illustrates the contrasted character of the Upper and Nether Gods, and of the rites connected with them. "Broadly speaking, Greek divinities and spiritual powers may be divided into two classes, Blacks and Whites, and it is most important, for understanding Greek, to keep in mind this great Antithesis. . . . Both were worshipped on their due occasions; but the details of their worship were opposed throughout."

"Version." *The Classical Review*, vol. xvi. p. 236 (May).

A version in Greek hexameters of the anonymous *A Wooing Song of a Yeoman of Kent's Son*, beginning "I have house and land in Kent," quoted on p. 41 of Bullen's *Lyrics from the Song-books of the Elizabethan Age* (Nimmo, 1887).

Not reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*.

"God Save the King." *The Classical Review*, vol. xvi. p. 242 (June).

A Greek version of the National Anthem in the metre of the scolion upon Harmodius and Aristogiton. This, with a Latin version in the metre of Catullus, xxxiv. (the Hymn to Diana), by J. P. Postgate, was offered by the *Classical Review* as a tribute to the coronation of King Edward VII. A Latin chorus of a similar nature is printed from Dr. W. H. Cummings' *God Save the King* (Novello, 1902), and the version of the National Anthem there recommended for adoption is accepted by W. H., with variations in two lines. He reads, "On him our hopes we fix" in the penultimate line of the second stanza, and "To cry with loud applause" in the penultimate line of the third. The editorial note says: "The subjoined English text, which, as will be seen, differs in several lines from the current version, has been constructed by Mr. Walter Headlam from Dr. Cummings' materials; and will probably be deemed to have in rhyme and perhaps in some other respects an advantage over the more familiar form."

"Transposition of Words in MSS." *The Classical Review*, vol. xvi. pp. 243-256 (June).

A long paper explaining for the first time the causes of the phenomenon noted by Porson frequently in his correspondence, and especially in his pref. to Eurip. p. 7, and by Cobet,

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Coll. Crit. p. 188, that transposition of words in MSS. constantly occurs. The phenomenon, which he deals with mainly when it occurs in verse, was not purely accidental, as was supposed. He explains it thus: "The error which the copyist commits in such a case does not consist in writing the words in any order at haphazard, but in arranging them according to the order they would have in prose; according to their grammatical construction." He illustrates the tendency of the copyists to rewrite the text in simple order by joining article and substantive together, and by bringing up particles to the beginning of the sentence; a corollary from which is, that from expecting particles to follow the first word of the sentence they were liable to mistake the punctuation, and were so led to deprave the text still further.

The establishment of this principle was due to his "having observed this practice of theirs, and tested it and made use of it for many years." On this practice of his he says: "Palæography is only the first foundation for emending texts; sound judgment in that region cannot be attained except by constantly observing various readings. How many critics at the present day would claim that various readings have been their constant observation?"

This paper, in which a large number of passages from the lyric, tragic, and comic writers are emended (the final paragraphs also touch on transposition in Greek prose and in Latin), illustrates once more how W. H.'s textual criticism was based on his use of the scholia and his understanding of metre. On the use of scholia he says: "The material for learning what transcribers do consists in the various readings of their MSS.; but to find out what their mental habits were you must study scholia; there you can see the ways their intelligences worked, the things they consider puzzling, and the way they deal with them. . . Now the order of the words is the very thing which they most often think requires elucidation; there is no form of note in scholia so common as τὸ ἐξῆς οὕτως, 'the consecution is as follows' . . . when the annotators give τὸ ἐξῆς, 'the order of the words,' they commonly replace at the same time one or more of the original words by an explanatory synonym; and this is apt to get into the text along with the rearrangement."

Applying metrical tests to transposition, he says: "When

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metre is restored by transposition, the words ought no longer to be in the normal order of construction ; and, conversely, if unmetrical words are at the same time in unusual order then transposition is not a likely remedy." This principle enables him to dismiss some proposed emendations which violate it. His views on transposition are given in almost identical terms in a letter to Mr. Gilbert Murray (*v. supra*, Part I. pp. 71-73). Numerous examples of transposition are also to be found in his pamphlet *Restorations of Menander* (1908).

On the general methods of editors in dealing with texts he says : " Those who are bold enough to steer by their own stars are apt to fall into one of two extremes ; they either launch out wildly and rewrite their author altogether, or they hug the shore and treat their text as though it had been handed down by an apostolic succession of inspired transcribers : which they do depends upon their temperament, but the apologists for Inspiration are prepared to defend you any *Mumpsimus*, in defiance of such human arguments as metre and the usage of the language " ; on which he quotes Cobet, *Novæ Lectiones*, p. vii. (1858 ed.). The principle to be observed in adhering to the MS. he states in his review of Tucker's *Choephoroi* in the *Class. Rev.* xvi. p. 348 (1902) : " If the MS. is good, it is a merit to maintain it ; if the MS. is bad, it is a fault."

There is one note (on Eur. *H. F.* 799) which could only have been written by a musician. " In Lyric, relatives are habitually postponed, and are especially avoided at the beginning of a line : if you open with a stronger word, it seems to give a firmer outline, and enables the singers to attack more briskly."

" ἀρρέμα = Slightly." The *Classical Review*, vol. xvi. p. 319 (July).

A note on the use of ἀρρέμα qualifying an adjective, in answer to a request for parallels to its use in Lycophron *ap.* Ath. 420B, and Alexis *ap.* Ath. 383D, made by W. F. R. Shilleto in the previous number of the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvi. p. 284.

The note opens thus : " If Mr. Shilleto desires other examples of ἀρρέμα qualifying an adjective, the Dictionary will supply them,—I mean the Paris *Thesaurus*, the revised

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edition of Stephanus' great work. Liddell and Scott, with all its errors, is an extremely useful handbook, but it does not, could not, and should not aim at being exhaustive; it belongs also to an earlier period of knowledge." (S.'s last sentence ran: "Liddell and Scott give no hint of the usage at all.") Another note on ἀρρέμα, by A. W. Mair, appears on the same page.

L. and S.'s lexicon is corrected again and again in W. H.'s published work, more particularly in the review of Nairn's *Herodas* (1904). Amongst his unpublished papers is an essay in MS. pointing out some of its errors in detail.

"Tucker's *Choephori* of Æschylus." *The Classical Review*, vol. xvi. pp. 347-354 (Oct.).

A review of Æschylus' *Choephori*, ed. T. G. Tucker (Camb. Univ. Press, 1901). W. H. praises the prose translation, and singles out for commendation a number of readings and three points of interpretation. He says, however, that T. is not sufficiently interested in the religious and philosophical ideas of Æschylus, and is too little sensitive to the usage of language, and especially to the difference between verse and prose; he dismisses many of the conjectures as being unmetrical, and fails to find many others adopted owing to T.'s slavish adherence to the MS.

On all these points on which he differs from T. he lays down his principles in brief. On ideas he says: "We are not likely, I think, to get much forwarder with Æschylus without new illustration and more study of ideas. Verbal emendations we may make, and every true thing helps; but they do not greatly matter now unless they give us new significances, literary and artistic." To show what he means here by "an idea" he illustrates *Cho.* 59 by a large number of passages, including Plutarch, *De sera numinis vindicta*, p. 564E, and expands what he said in the *Journ. Phil.* vol. xxiii. p. 313 (1895). On the usages of language he protests against the tendency "to think that a construction is canonised when it has been labelled with a grammatical appellation." On pp. 353, 354, he insists on the use of scholia, illustrating what he said on p. 2 of *On Editing Æschylus* (1891): "It is only by knowledge of prose that we can know what is poetical in language." On metre he says, amongst other things: "Many of the conjectures are out of

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court, because they are not metrical. Greek lyric metre cannot be learnt without an ear to start from, and an ear for metre is a gift from God." On the merit of adhering to MS. readings he says: "There is much loose thinking and loose language on this point. If the MS. is good, it is a merit to maintain it; if the MS. is bad, it is a fault: to assume it as a merit without proving the correctness of the MS. is to beg the question."

—— "Tucker's *Choephori* of Æschylus: A Rejoinder." *The Classical Review*, vol. xvi. pp. 125-128 (1903).

A reply by Tucker, who finds "that in several most important departments of Greek scholarship—to wit, in the scientific study of grammar, in palæographical knowledge, and in comprehension of Greek tragedy as literature and as poetical drama—Mr. Headlam betrays very defective qualifications. . . . That Mr. Headlam's attitude towards the Greek language, both as grammar and vocabulary, is unscientific and behind the times, and that his criteria in matters of emendation and interpretation are too purely subjective, needs little illustration to those *che sanno* (as he might put it)."

—— W. H. wrote a rejoinder to the above reply, but eventually decided not to publish it.

"The Market-place." *The Saturday Review*, vol. xciv. p. 456 (No. 2450, Oct. 11).

Poem. *V. supra*, Part II. p. 58.

"The Last Hope." *The Saturday Review*, vol. xciv. p. 611 (No. 2455, Nov. 15).

Poem. *V. supra*, Part II. p. 60.

"Metaphor, with a Note on Transference of Epithets." *The Classical Review*, vol. xvi. pp. 434-442 (Dec.).

"Transference of epithets was in its origin a metrical device for dealing conveniently with proper names, especially geographical." Instances are then quoted from all over Greek and Latin literature. For other methods of dealing with proper names *cf.* his articles in the *Journ. Phil.* vol. xxvi. p. 93 (1898), and *Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 9 (1900). "At first it was merely an ingenious expedient, but its elegance was pleasing to artistic sense, and so, as happens,

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it came to be sought and studied for its own sake. The Alexandrians, of course, seized upon it eagerly ; any technical device of diction, though previously admitted only as a licence, it was characteristic of that school to cultivate as though it were a merit. . . It acquired, I think, in some cases, an artistic value which has not been understood." Its value was that it produced "an effect intentionally confused, *impressionistic*. . . If you wish to convey the impressions vaguely flashed upon the eye and ear, you dab the various colours in among the substantives." He illustrates this point by *Æsch. Theb.* 335, *Fr.* 158, *Pers.* 277, *Ag.* 48, and quotes passages to show that "when epithets transferred are found in Comedy, they are always in burlesque of Lyric style, or of Tragic, which derived its ornate character from Lyric. . . The first principle of ornate diction is that it is a heightened style of speech : and this heightening is usually obtained . . . by substituting synonyms for common words. . . If the substituted synonym should carry a special association of its own, you have a metaphor."

He then shows how metaphors are often developed from the equivocal meaning of a word which undergoes a "sort of enharmonic change," and explains that *Æschylus* did not work by transient allusive touches as *Sophocles* did, but took one metaphor and sustained it with variations throughout a play. *Sophocles*, like *Bacchylides*, was a typical Ionian ; *Æschylus'* moral sympathies, like those of *Pindar*, were Dorian, Hebraic, Stoic, Puritan. From perceiving *Æschylus'* use of metaphor, which he illustrates with numerous examples, he is able to explain many passages hitherto deemed obscure (*Ag.* 445, 966, 997, 1347, and the whole of the second *stasimon*, 367-480, which was the basis of his *Prælection* for the Greek Professorship (1906)), and to emend many others (*Æsch. Cho.* 388, 840, *Ag.* 530, &c.).

This shows what he meant when he says (*Class. Rev.* vol. xvi. p. 348) : "Verbal emendations we may make, and every true thing helps ; but they do not greatly matter now unless they give us new significances, literary and artistic " ; and "Readings are important according to the significance of their idea" (preface, p. vi, to the prose tr. of the *Choephoree* (1905)).

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For quotations of a passage from this paper, on the want of appreciation of Æschylus and Pindar, and another on Æschylus' power of construction—the second passage was incorporated in the Prælection—*v. supra*, Part I. pp. 36, 37, and *cf.* Part I. p. 45.

The last paragraph (insisting on the necessity of becoming familiar with the Greek view of established, permanent ideas as opposed to the modern view of original ideas) is developed from a passage in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 12 (1900), and the principle is stated again in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvii. p. 248 (1903). For other references see the bibliog. note under 1895.

Early in the paper he says: "I wish I could go further without laying down more laws: but it is just these laws and principles that must be laid down if we are to understand Greek poetry, and I look in vain to find them recognised."

There are incidentally emendations of several passages in Nauck's *Tr. Fr.*, and several quotations from W. H.'s verse translation of the *Agamemnon*.

"Version." The *Classical Review*, vol. xvi. p. 473 (Dec.).

Version in Greek iambics from *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3.

Reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 131.

"Proceedings of the Cambridge Philological Society," lv.–lvii. London, 1902.

Contains notes on p. 17 of emendations and explanations communicated at a meeting of the Society on Nov. 15, 1900, by W. H. on Æsch. *Ag.* 149, 330, 385, 422, 642, 971, 975; *Cho.* 67, 71, 807; *Eum.* 570; *Supp.* 249, 726; *Fr.* 206, 270.

The results arrived at in these notes appear subsequently in his papers in the *Class. Rev.* and his prose translations of the plays of Æsch.

The proceedings were also reported in the *Cambridge University Reporter*, Dec. 4, 1900.

"Greek Lyric Metre." The *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, vol. xxii. pp. 209–227.

There is very little of W. H.'s published work which does not illustrate as well as imply a knowledge of Greek lyric metre. In the Notes on Euripides in the *Class. Rev.*

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vol. xv. p. 15 (1901), he touched on some of the underlying principles, but he did not actually formulate them till he wrote this paper.

In his address to the Council of the Senate when standing for the Greek Professorship in 1905 he says of this paper : "My discovery of the construction of Greek lyric metre is entirely new."

For an account of the views expressed in it *v. supra*, Part I. pp. 57 ff.

The gist of the whole thing is contained in a paragraph on p. xvii. in the preface to *A Book of Greek Verse*.

The examples analysed are taken from the Dramatists, Pindar, Bacchylides, and others ; the whole of the chorus Æsch. *Ag.* 686-718 is accompanied by his verse translation ; an original tune is printed combining Asiatic and Dorian figures ; and there is incidentally a note illustrating an error of scribes by an error of the printers in Campion's song *Kind are her Answers* "which has escaped correction both by Mr. Bullen and Mr. Beeching."

Other Elizabethan corrections he published in the *Athenæum*, No. 3974 (1903).

He intended to follow this paper with others, but never did so, though he lectured on the subject and printed three sets of illustrations in which numerous examples were analysed and numerous metrical parallels adduced, ranging from Swinburne down to the libretto of Gounod's *Faust* and English nursery rhymes. He also read a paper to the Cambridge Philological Society on Nov. 24, 1904, on "The Pæonic Metre," illustrated chiefly from Greek tragedy and from Bacchylides, xvi., referred to but not quoted in *Proceed. of Camb. Phil. Soc.* lxvii.-lxix. p. 13 (1905).

— "Mr. Headlam's Theory of Greek Lyric Metre, from a Musician's Point of View," by Edward J. Dent. The *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, vol. xxiii. pp. 71-74.

A paper pointing out the interest, importance, and convincing nature of W. H.'s views regarded simply from the musical standpoint.

"Herodas." *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. xxix. pp. 262, 263 (10th ed.). London, 1902.

An article occupying two columns, in which W. H. discusses the character of the mimes and their interest in the

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history of literature, as being a new species, illustrating Alexandrian methods. "Two of the best known and the most vital among the 'Idylls of Theocritus,' the second and the fifteenth, we know to have been derived from mimes of Sophron. What Theocritus is doing there, Herodas, his contemporary, is doing in another manner—casting old material into novel form, upon a small scale, under strict conditions of technique. The method is entirely Alexandrian. . . As Theocritus may be called Idealist, Herodas is a Realist unflinching." Each mime is then dealt with in brief, and the last sentence runs: "The execution has the qualities of first-rate Alexandrian work in miniature, such as the epigrams of Asclepiades possess, the finish and firm outlines; and these little pictures bear the test of all artistic work—they do not lose their freshness with familiarity, and gain an interest as one learns to appreciate their subtle points."

A good deal of this article was reproduced in the introduction to Nairn's ed. of the *Mimes* (Clarendon Press, 1904).

There is a short bibliographical note at the end containing the sentence: "There is a complete edition, with commentary and translation by the writer of this article"—a statement which he felt absolved him from all further responsibility in the matter.

For other articles by W. H. on Herodas *v. sub* 1891, 1892, 1893, 1899, 1904.

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"Bevan's *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus." *The Classical Review*, vol. xvii. pp. 164-165 (April).

A review of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, tr. E. R. Bevan (David Nutt, 1902).

On the subject of translation in general he says: "I would repeat a principle I stated some ten years ago [*i.e.*, in reviewing *Odes from the Greek Dramatists* (1891)], which I think is true at any rate of languages possessing old traditions like our own,—that for true artistic form translations should be made with reference to the whole literature in either language, and that convincing translation is possible whenever the translator's literature contains a native model corresponding." This principle was stated more fully in the preface to *A Book of Greek Verse*.

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He praises B. for taking the right models—Milton, the Bible, and the Dramatists, blending all, with a preponderance of Milton, for “Milton here [in *Prometheus*], as in other respects, is our nearest single parallel to Æschylus.” On the geographical descriptions, which, B. points out, were introduced on their own account, he says: “Surely they were an object in themselves; a theme in which so many romantic poets have delighted, Æschylus, Marlowe, and Milton beyond all. . . Poets, as Aristides says, love to rehearse and decorate the names of rivers and of countries; while inaccuracy and freedom of imagination are their ancient and traditionary privileges.”

“Version.” The *Classical Review*, vol. xvii. pp. 229–231 (May).

A version from *The Wisdom of Solomon*, xviii., into the metre of Pindar, *Pyth.* iii.

Reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 59, immediately after a version in the manner of Empedocles of a part of ch. xvii.

“It is excuse enough,” he says, “perhaps, for such translations that they give some people pleasure, but I think their only literary value is to point out likenesses of mood and manner in two languages. Nothing I have ever read has more suggested Pindar to me than this book.” He points out that the treatment of the theme “is just the treatment cultivated by the Dorian lyric, in contrast to the straightforward Epic style of narrative, in telling the familiar Epic stories: the first Chorus of the *Agamemnon* is a fine example.”

“Danae (from *Simonides*).” The *Saturday Review*, vol. xcv. p. 619 (No. 2481, May 16).

A translation of Simonides’ poem *Danae*, an earlier version of which appeared in *Harrow Notes*, vol. i. p. 99 (1883).

Reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 49.

“Some Passages of Æschylus and Others.” The *Classical Review*, vol. xvii. pp. 240–249 (June).

The chief passages dealt with are: Æsch. *Theb.* 83, 125; *Supp.* 1033; *Ag.* 189, 352, 616, 771, 784, 800, 887, 944, 1444; *Cho.* 687, 703, 926; *Soph. O. C.* 547; *El.* 673.

This paper illustrates once more how it is Æschylus’ “brevity in allusion to familiar doctrine that makes his

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lyrics difficult." Ideas illustrated are: the Pythagorean doctrine of sleep (p. 241); "catching a Tartar" (p. 242); the eye that shows the truth (p. 244); Hope embodied in Orestes, who comes as the Avenger and Deliverer of the House (p. 246); Electra treated like a slave (p. 247). What was said in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvi. p. 434 (1902), on Æschylus' use and development of metaphor is supplemented on p. 246 (the usurpers conceived as a disease), and on p. 248, where there is a note (repeated later in the Prælection) to point out that the main idea running through the *Choephoroe* is the Orphic idea of "the change from Darkness to Light; *παρά τε φῶς ἰδεῖν, the night is departing*, is the burden of the final chorus."

The note on *Supp.* 1033 is on a musical point dealing with Artemon's term *ὑποδοχή* to describe the method of singing in succession in *Ath.* 694a (*F. H. G.* iv. 342): "The Choruses in Tragedy as our texts give them are merely the *libretti*; they do not indicate *ὑποδοχαί*, but in Æschylus at any rate there is enough to show us that they were frequent; and it would not be surprising if there had been considerable use of solo voice." This point is dealt with also in *Class. Rev.* vol. xvi. p. 197 (1900), and in the notes on *Supp.* 88 and *Cho.* 622 in his prose translations of those plays (1900, 1905).

In speaking of Sophocles' *Electra*, and how it contains "hardly any touch which in one form or another is not already to be found in Æschylus," he lays down once more the principle enunciated in *Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 12 (1900), and vol. xvi. p. 442 (1902), that the Greeks aimed, not at originality, but at "the most proportioned and complete expression of a type."

This principle was also laid down at a meeting of the Cambridge Philological Society on March 3, 1904, when W. H. opened a discussion on "The Greek Point of View towards Art and Literature," referred to but not quoted in *Proceed. of Camb. Phil. Soc.* lxvii.-lxix. p. 4 (1905).

There are quotations from his verse translation of the *Agamemnon*.

"Some Passages of Æschylus and Others" [II.]. *The Classical Review*, vol. xvii. pp. 286-295 (July).

The chief passages dealt with are: Æsch. *Eum.* 361, 476,

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491, 508, 634, 661, 910, 914, 991, 998, 1029, 1045, *Theb.* 460, 670, *Cho.* 39, 722, *Ag.* 357, *Supp.* 340, 754, and numerous *fr.*; *Soph. Philoct.* 41, 827, 1113, *Aj.* 384, and *fr.*; *Lucian, Anacharsis (pass.)*; *Pind. N.* 8, 28, *I.* 4 (3) 31, *P.* 4, 129.

There are notes illustrating the Oriental origin of Athene (p. 286), the meaning of *αἰσχύνη* and *αἰδώς* (p. 290), the games (p. 291), the ornate language of cooks (p. 293), and *ὑβρις* (p. 293), where he points out that a mistake of Stephanus is copied by the Dictionaries, and says: "If people would only study the ideas!" The note on p. 287 on the crimson robes in *Eum.* 1029 was expanded in his paper on "The Last Scene of the Eumenides" in *Journ. of Hell. Stud.* vol. xxvi. p. 268 (1906).

He supplements on p. 291 what he said in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 111 (1900), on the marriage question in *Æsch. Supp.*, and on p. 294 he states the principle underlying Greek prohibitions which he discussed more fully in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xix. p. 30 (1905) in answer to objections raised against it (vol. xix. p. 26) by H. D. Naylor.

The principle is that in general instructions as "Thou shalt not steal" you could say either *μὴ κλέπτειν* (Ionic), or *μὴ κλέπτε* or *μὴ κλέψῃς*. In particular injunctions the aorist subjunctive always refers to future time; *μὴ τοῦτο ποιήσῃς* = "See that you do not do this at any future time," whereas *μὴ τοῦτο ποίει* = "Do not do as you are doing; cease to do so." This he says he had from Dr. Henry Jackson, who had it from Shilleto, who probably derived it from Hermann. (J. wrote in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xviii. p. 262 (1904), to say that he obtained it, not from Shilleto, as W. H. supposed, but from Thomas Davidson.)

There are quotations from his verse translation of the *Agamemnon*.

"Wild Roses." The *Saturday Review*, vol. xcvi. p. 166 (No. 2493, Aug. 8).

Poem. *V. supra*, Part II. p. 28.

"On a Picture of Leander." The *Classical Review*, vol. xvii. p. 368 (Oct.).

A version in Greek elegiacs of Keats' sonnet "Come hither, all sweet maidens soberly."

Not reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*.

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"*Arden of Feversham*: 'Pathaires.'" *The Athenæum*, No. 3974, p. 868 (Dec. 26).

A paper containing restorations on two passages in *Arden of Feversham*, Act iii. Sc. v. (wrongly quoted as Act V. sc. iii.). The first passage is the well-known *crux*, "Such deep pathaires, like to a cannon's burst," which W. H. emends to "pathaines," a substantive formed from the Greek *παθαίνεσθαι*, the word used regularly of orators and actors for exhibiting passionate emotion with a view to exciting emotion in another. "My notion is that, whether he invented it himself or not, the author used a substantive from this Greek verb . . . because, apart from its extremely close resemblance to the text, there is no other word that you could find or make that would express the meaning so exactly."

The other passage comes a few lines later in the same scene: "A fence of trouble is not thickened still," which he emends to "A fount once troubled is not thickened still." He illustrates the idea by a number of passages, and says: "The text arose from writing or printing 'A fonce troubled,' instead of 'A fon[t on]ce troubled.' What we find now was an attempt to make some sense and metre of it."

This paper illustrates, as well as anything he wrote, the methods of emendation and explanation which he applied to texts, whether Greek or English.

1904

"Hymn to Aphrodite (from Sappho)." *The Saturday Review*, vol. xcvi. p. 43 (No. 2515, Jan. 9).

A translation of Ποικιλόθρον', ἀθανάτ' Ἀφρόδιτα.

Reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 7.

"From Sappho." *The Saturday Review*, vol. xcvi. p. 230 (No. 2521, Feb. 20).

A translation of φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἵσος θεοῖσιν.

Reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 5.

"Versions." *The Classical Review*, vol. xviii. pp. 69, 70 (Feb.).

Version in Greek elegiacs of William Blake's poem

"Whether on Ida's shady brow."

Reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 145.

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Version in the manner of a scolon of "Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl."

Reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 43.

In a note on p. 271 of *A Book of Greek Verse* he says that the metre is an arrangement of his own, constructed according to the Greek principles which he explained in the *Journ. of Hell. Stud.* vol. xxii. p. 209 (1902).

"Notes on Æschylus." *The Classical Review*, vol. xviii. pp. 241-243, 286 (June).

Brief notes recording new readings, or suggesting them, with a word or two of explanation, in *Pers.* 638, 1005; *P. V.* 445, 580, 738, 818; *Theb.* 55, 109, 151, 299, 473, 547, 624, 788; *Supp.* 121, 171, 249, 490, 568, 790, 901, 1012; *Ag.* 99, 219, 653, 1181; *Cho.* 154, 245, 284, 316, 863b, 999; *Eum.* 68, 338, 485, 667b, 688, 941, 947, and other passages.

In the note on *Cho.* 249 he suggests that *πρηγμάτων* was due to a scribe remembering it in a passage of Archilochus, the passage being *Fr.* 88 (4 ll.). *καὶ νῦν θεῶς τῶνδε πρηγμάτων γενεῖν* formed the fifth line, W. H. suggests, and "was taken by Æschylus (like many others) from Archilochus." Cf. the note on the passage in his prose translation (1905).

An addendum to this paper was printed as a note on p. 286.

"Nairn's *Herodas*." *The Classical Review*, vol. xviii. pp. 263-269 (June), and pp. 308-316 (July).

A review, printed in two instalments, of *The Mimes of Herodas*, ed. J. A. Nairn (Clarendon Press, 1904).

The first paper deals mainly with Mimes i. and ii., the second with Mimes iii.-vii.

He begins by drawing attention to a restoration of N.'s at i. 82, which he believes to be certain, and says that the ed. gains by the incorporation of the new fragments received by Kenyon in 1900. He continues: "The illustration is drawn mainly from two sources, Crusius' *Untersuchungen* (1892) and a paper of mine in *C. R.* 1899, p. 151, to which Mr. Nairn fully acknowledged his debts. It was written after I had read nearly the whole of Greek literature and a good deal of Latin with this special object, and I mention this because, with that material at my command, the nakedness of the land in the present case is somewhat unfairly

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evident to me. . . . If Mr. Nairn had only been content to claim no more for his edition than the value that it has as a rapid compilation with a provisional text for the purpose of a class-book, it would have been possible to consider it as such : but he has injudiciously made use of phrases which should lead a student of literature to expect a good deal more than he will get. 'It has been my aim,' he says, 'to give the student all needful assistance towards the correct interpretation of this difficult author.' I am bound, therefore, to express my opinion that the interpretations are often incorrect, that often the best readings are not mentioned, that in the Introduction especially there is much which is trivial and superfluous, while what really wants doing for Herodas has not yet been done."

Like all W. H.'s reviews, it contains a mass of original contributions, taken in this case from the material which had been accumulating ever since 1891 for his own edition, now in the press, an edition to which he often referred in his early articles on Herodas, and to which there is an allusion in the review of Nairn's Herodas in the *Cambridge Review*, March 10, 1904. ("Our own Press has had the promise of an edition from another scholar for many years. Quousque tandem?") In his note on i. 78 he refers again to his principle of the order of words, first enunciated in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 114 (1900): "The emphasis is determined by the position of the words, and I am obliged to insist upon this matter until it becomes recognised, because it is so important." There are constant corrections of Liddell and Scott up and down the paper. Correcting their meaning of ἐπιμηθής, he says: "Προμηθεύς was *Forethought*, and Ἐπιμηθεύς was invented as his pendant, *Afterthought*, or *wisdom after the event*, Προμηθεύς μετὰ τὰ πράγματα, the man who marries in haste and repents at leisure, ὀψίνοος."

"From Callimachus." The *Saturday Review*, vol. xcvi. p. 76 (No. 2542, July 16).

Three translations of Callimachus, *A. P.* vii. 459, v. 6, vii. 80.

Reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, pp. 217, 219, 221.

"Two Flower-Songs from Meleager." The *Saturday Review*, vol. xcvi. p. 662 (No. 25, Nov. 6126).

Translations of Meleager, *A. P.* v. 147, 136; modified

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versions of Nos. xxiv. and xxix. in his *Fifty Poems of Meleager* (1890).

Reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, pp. 241, 243.

"On Some Tragic Fragments." *The Classical Review*, vol. xviii. pp. 430, 431 (Dec.).

Notes on four passages in Nauck's *Tr. Fr.* (1889 ed.).

The four passages dealt with are p. 780, Astydamas 84; p. 790, Chæremon 36; p. 812, Moschion 2; p. 820, Sosiphanes 2.

"The Plays of Æschylus, translated from a Revised Text: The *Agamemnon*." viii pp. + 62 pp., 8vo. George Bell and Sons, London, 1904.

In the course of the preface he says: "The best texts represent the light of twenty years ago; and I hope it will be thought that the last twenty years have done much both for the text and the interpretation of the *Agamemnon*. Whenever they are likely to be unfamiliar, the readings adopted are given in the margin; and references to the *Classical Review*, which scholars can easily consult, have often enabled me to dispense with arguments in favour of them."

As in the case of *The Suppliants* (1900), the notes are not entirely textual, but also deal with the ideas of the play, and contain in concentrated form material some of which he had already published, while some was new. One of the more important notes containing new material is on l. 1325, where he illustrates Æschylus' development of the idea *σκιὰ τὰ θνητῶν*.

1905

"Greek Prohibitions." *The Classical Review*, vol. xix. pp. 30-36 (Feb.).

A paper illustrating in detail the principle laid down in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvii. p. 294 (1903), for the usage of Greek prohibitions, and controverting a paper by H. D. Naylor (published above W. H.'s paper on pp. 26-30), which questioned that principle. He states the principle more precisely and at greater length than he did in his former paper, and in dealing with the apparent exceptions to the rule adduced by Naylor he says: "Since I was made

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aware of this distinction I have chanced to read, not only Tragedy, but almost the whole of Greek literature ; and the result of that reiterated impression has been to assure me absolutely that the distinction is true in the vast majority of cases ; and I do not see how any one who will go through the examples even in one author consecutively can doubt that the distinction holds in usage." [Later he says : " For understanding the effect of literature it is the usage, not its origin, that matters."] " But he must not concentrate solely upon a collection of abnormal cases, or his view will be distorted. That is why it is a mistake to teach Greek out of grammars, because inevitably they give far more prominence to abnormalities than to the rule itself." The last point is dealt with more fully in an essay in MS. on " The Teaching of Greek."

" Version." *The Classical Review*, vol. xix. p. 74 (Feb.).

Version in Greek elegiacs of Wordsworth's poem " She dwelt among the untrodden ways."

Reprinted in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 217.

" Illustrations of Pindar, II." *The Classical Review*, vol. xix. pp. 148-150 (April).

There was no paper actually called " Illustrations of Pindar, I.," but there is a note to the effect that some passages from that author were given in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvii. p. 288 (wrongly quoted as p. 228), on *I.* iv. 31 ; p. 291, on *P.* iv. 173 ; p. 292, on *O.* x. 72 (1903).

For other notes on Pindar *v.* the *Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 10 (1900), and the *Journ. Phil.* vol. xxx. pp. 297-306 (1907).

The passages dealt with here are *N.* iv. 1, viii. 32, 35, 40.

On *N.* iv. 1 he illustrates the medical metaphor, and says : " This is the phrase in which the East always spoke of the physician ; ' He laid his hands upon the sick and they recovered ' ; and Greek too spoke habitually of the healer's hands : χεῖρες, παιωνίασι χερσίν, ἡπιόχειρ, ὁ χειρουργῶν, *surgeon*. That is why the deified representative of the Thessalian nation was called Χείρων, just as another of the national heroes bore the name Ἴάσων. Thessaly was the home of medicine and magic, two things never dissociated in the unscientific stage of human knowledge. The other glory of the nation

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is mentioned by Eur. *El.* 815. . . The equestrian inhabitants (*ἱπποτά Πηλεῖς*) of the Thessalian prairies were a race of stockmen, and sat their horses—introduced by Poseidon through the Vale of Tempe—as though they were one piece; the cowboys of the ancient world: they practised lassoing, and had their bull-fights . . . so that mythology portrayed them as half-man, half-horse, and they were called *Κένταυροι* . . . whether *κένταυρος* meant *Buffalo Bill* or a *Toreador*."

N. viii. 41, ἐν σοφοῖς, he interprets "before the eyes and witness of," "before the court and judgment of," and says: "I suppose that Milton understood it so, for in a famous passage I believe that among other classical memories he had in mind not only the phrase of Ovid I have quoted [*Ovid, Ep. Pont.* iv. 2. 35], but also this of Pindar." He quotes from *Lycidas*: "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil . . . But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes And perfect witness of all-judging Jove," and then turns the passage back into Greek. In the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvii. p. 289 (1903), he illustrated *κατὰ ῥάβδον*, in *Pind. P.* 4 (3) 33, by a passage from Webster's *A Monumental Column*, and Webster he adduced again in a letter to Miss Jane Harrison to illustrate by a passage in *Monuments of Honour* the idea of *σκιαγραφία* (Iamblichus, *Protrept.* 8) in *Æsch. Ag.* 1327.

"Three Passages in Æschylus." The *Classical Review*, vol. xix. pp. 395-398 (Nov.).

Detailed notes on the various steps taken towards emending *Cho.* 829, *Eum.* 79, *Fr.* 179. The note on *Cho.* 829 illustrates very clearly and in great detail the kind of way in which he applied his sense of metre and his knowledge of the usages of language and the methods of the scholiasts when he was dealing with a corrupt passage.

"Ἑτά in Old Comedy." The *Classical Review*, vol. xix. pp. 435-436 (Dec.).

A brief note restoring *ἑτά* in the text of Crates, "*Ἡρώες Fr.* 8 (Kock, i. p. 132).

"A Marvellous Pool." The *Classical Review*, vol. xix. p. 439 (Dec.).

A brief note emending the epigram in Tzetzes, *Chil.* vii. 670, and Cougny, *Anthol.* p. 598. *ἰσχυρὸν δυνήσω* is

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restored to ἐχθρόν ἀεὶ νήκην for "Among the wonders of the world, there is a tiny pool in Sicily near Geta, which objects to being bathed in." He illustrates by Aristot. *Mirabil.* p. 38, Westermann, and by Sotion, *ib.* p. 188.

"The Plays of Æschylus, translated from a Revised Text: The *Choephoree*." vi pp. + 56 pp., 8vo. George Bell and Sons, London, 1905.

In the preface he states his views on prose translations (quoted in the bibliog. note on *The Suppliants*; v. sub 1900), and, speaking of the corruption of the text and of the passages about which he could not satisfy himself, he says: "In most cases of corruption, though the precise wording may be lost beyond recovery, the general sense is evident enough; and then the exact text is not material. Readings are important according to the significance of their idea. It matters little, for instance, what we read for ἐν παῖσ' ὥς in v. 687; it matters considerably whether in v. 63 we read ἄκραντος or ἄκρατος, whether in v. 956 our *Te Deum* says τὸ θεῖον κραεῖ or κραεῖται, whether the whole speech, v. 687 sqq. belongs, to Clytemnestra or Electra."

Two of the longer notes—those on Hermes in ll. 809 sqq. and on Æschylus' allusions to the Great Mysteries in ll. 959 sqq.—are expanded from notes in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvi. p. 349 (1902), and vol. xvii. p. 248 (1903), for here, as in the other prose translations, fresh material was added to what had already been published in some cases, while in many other cases long notes already published were concentrated into a few lines.

A review by A. Sidgwick appeared in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xx. pp. 165-168 (1906). S., while disputing some readings suggested by W. H., accepts the majority; he does not altogether agree with his principle that the true spirit and effect of Greek drama are only in the power of verse to convey, and points out several passages which he says "are in no way typical of Mr. Headlam's forcible lucidity and literary sense, but are the results of a mistaken theory." At the end of his review he says: "I cannot part from Mr. Headlam without an emphatic recognition of the value of his work on Æschylus—the close and learned scrutiny he has directed upon the immensely numerous difficulties of the text, the new evidence he has brought to bear on them,

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and the combination of wide learning, independent thought, and original illustration, which have done so much to stimulate, enrich, and illuminate the study of one of the greatest of poets."

1906

"Prælections delivered before the Senate of the University of Cambridge." Cambridge, 1906.

On pp. 99-137 W. H.'s Prælection "The Second Chorus of the *Agamemnon*" (ll. 379-480) is printed. The whole chorus is translated into verse, the critical notes, based on what he had already published, are put in the form that they were to take in his forthcoming edition of the *Agamemnon*, and the commentary contains statements in brief of several of the main principles which underlay his study of Æschylus, and which are to be found stated and illustrated in almost all his previously published work. The paragraphs on pp. 111, 112 dealing with Æschylus' method of developing metaphors and the analogy between Æschylus and Beethoven are taken almost verbally from the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvi. pp. 438-440 (1902), and those on pp. 113, 114 dealing with Greek ideas and the necessity for being familiar with them summarise the principle which he stated first in the *Camb. Rev.* vol. xii. p. 288 (1891), and repeated so often in his critical papers. (See the bibliog. note under 1895, where several passages illustrating this are collected.)

The gist of the whole Prælection is contained in the letter written to his sister Feb. 3, 1906 (*v. supra*, Part I. p. 132): ". . . To explain my view of the main idea of the *Agamemnon*—that he falls from precisely the same causes by precisely the same means as Paris: the process being *πλοῦτος—κόρος—ῥβρις* (through *ἐλπίς* and *θράσος*) leading to *ἄτη*. "Ἀτη personified employs *ἡεθώ* as an *agent-provocateur*, embodied, for Paris, in Helen, and for Agamemnon in Clytemnestra: that is the meaning of the central scene, where she *persuades* him to act as impious Priam would have done by walking on the sacred robes." For other references to the Prælection *v. supra*, Part. I. pp. 132-135.

In his address to the Council of the Senate dated Dec. 27, 1905, in which he made formal application for the Professorship of Greek, he wrote: "I have devoted particular

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attention to the Ethical Philosophy and the general body of Ideas conceived and accepted by the Greeks, through which much light can be thrown upon the literature. Some of my most important work is connected with this special study." (For the way in which W. H.'s explanation of Greek ideas can throw light on Thucydides, see *Thucydides Mythistoricus*, by F. M. Cornford (Arnold, 1907).) Other paragraphs from this address to the Council of the Senate are quoted *supra*, Part I. pp. 133, 134, Part II. p. 134. After giving a list of the more important among his recent publications (this list was subsequently revised by W. H., and reprinted after his death in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xxii. pp. 163, 164 (1908), and the *Camb. Rev.* vol. xxx. pp. 135, 136 (Dec. 3, 1908)), he says: "The following are subjects I should like to lecture on: The Greek View of Art and Literature: Greek Ideas and their Treatment by the Poets.—Metaphrasing—Metaphor; The Ideas of the *Agamemnon*, of *The Bacchæ*, of Pindar; Types in Comedy and After; Conventional Dialects; The Aims of Herodas; Lost Departments of Greek Literature; Anacreon and his School; The Use of Later Greek Literature; Prometheus [he gave a lecture on "Prometheus and the Garden of Eden" on Nov. 22, 1905; *v. supra*, Part I. p. 55]; The Pythagorean Society; Pythagoreanism in Æschylus and Pindar; The Construction of Greek Lyric Metre; Textual Criticism.—Palæography.—The Use of Scholia and Ancient Lexicons; Translation into Greek Prose, and the Value of it." (Lady Jebb's *Life and Letters of Sir Richard Jebb* (Camb. Univ. Press, 1907) contains on p. 393 a letter by W. H. on the value of composition.)

When the Prælection was delivered (after Dr. Verrall's) on Jan. 26 in the Senate House he distributed printed copies of his translation of the chorus, with critical notes underneath. It made a pamphlet of twenty pages, being, in fact, the Prælection subsequently printed in the volume, without the commentary.

The following reviews, amongst others, appeared: The *Tribune*, June 25; the *Westminster Gazette*, Sept. 8; the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Aug. 3; the *Glasgow Herald*, July 12; the *Jewish Chronicle*, Nov. 30; the *Classical Review*, Dec.

The review in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xxii. pp. 444-446, was

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by Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, who says of W. H. : "Deinde versibus suis Headlam nonnulla subicit, in universum disputata, e quibus liquido apparet, ab hoc præceptore ductos in ipsa Musæ Græcæ penetralia introduci tirones."

The other reviews do not draw attention to W. H.'s Prælection.

"The Last Scene of the *Eumenides*." The *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, vol. xxvi. pp. 268-277.

The germ of this paper is to be found in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvii. p. 287 (1903), and the gist of it is put into the note on the passage in his prose translation of the play (Bell, 1908), and also into the note on p. 285 of *A Book of Greek Verse*.

He shows that ll. 1022-*fin.* contain three allusions to the Panathenaic Festival. "On that occasion the μέτοικοι, Resident Aliens or Denizens, were permitted to take part in the procession as being of *good-will* (Hesychius, s.v. Σκαφηφόροι), and for special honour were arrayed in *scarlet cloaks* (Photius, s.v. Σκάφας). The Furies (now Eumenides, *Benign Ones*) are to be treated as the μέτοικοι were at the Panathenæa, and the whole of this procession is designed as a reflection of the great procession at that feast. And εὐανδροῖσι is an allusion to the contest of εὐανδρία on that occasion" (note from the prose tr.).

He shows how in the whole of the latter part of the play Æschylus is working out in his characteristic way the idea of the parallel between the Eumenides and the μέτοικοι, and how with this theme is woven in another theme—the glory of Athena, "who is shown abolishing the ancient *Ordeal* by Oath (vv. 432-436) and instituting civilised Justice and Trial by Jury on the Areopagus. . . Our interest in the Panathenæa hitherto has been owing mainly to another work of art, the sculptures of Pheidias on the Parthenon. Henceforward, when we read this last scene of the *Eumenides*, we may find, I think, a new occasion to recall that splendid pageant."

The substance of this paper was read at a lecture on Nov. 7 in the Archæological Lecture Room (*v. Camb. Rev.* Nov. 1, 1906). Several of the passages are translated into verse, which was reprinted in a version of the whole scene in *A Book of Greek Verse*, p. 97.

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1907

"Proceedings of the Cambridge Philological Society," lxxiii.-lxxv. London, 1907.

Contains notes on pp. 14, 15 of papers read by W. H. on Nov. 8, 1906, on Aristoph. *Eq.* 755, where he explains that *ισχάδες* are dried figs, and the technical word for their bursting and gaping when ripe was *κεχληνέαι*; and on Æsch. *Theb.* 202, where he explains that *τάδ' ἔσται* is a formula of assuring confidence.

The proceedings were also reported in the *Cambridge University Reporter*, Nov. 20, 1906, and in the *Classical Review*, vol. xxi. p. 63 (1907).

"Emendations and Explanations." *The Journal of Philology*, vol. xxx. pp. 290-319 (No. 60).

The chief passages dealt with are: Æsch. *Ag.* 1276; *P. V.* 118; Plato, *Rep.* 424A; *Orphica*, ed. Abel, p. 91; Hymn to *Δικαιοσύνη*, lxxiii. 3; Pind. *O.* vi. 74, x. (xi.) 24; *P.* ii. 35, 72, iv. 286; *N.* i. 62, iv. 36, 54, vii. 86; *I.* iii. 5, v. (iv.) 7; Alexander Ætolus, *Ath.* 699c; a group of passages from Synesius and Dio. Chrys., and a number of *Com. Fr.* ed. Kock. Some of the notes on the *Com. Fr.* are revisions of those previously published in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xiii. pp. 5-8.

ἔρχεται ὥσπερ κύκλος αἰξανομένη, in Pl. *Rep.* 424A, he illustrates by Soph. *Fr.* 787 and Stob. *Fl.* 98, 71; inferring that all three passages derive from older Pythagorean phrasing. On *θραύεις*, in the Hymn to *Δικαιοσύνη*, he illustrates ideas: "On this elementary theme *Δίκη θραύει χρόνῳ* we might proceed, if we were working in the manner of Greek poets, to play variations. *θραύειν* was used of shivering the timbers of a ship, or of shattering a chariot on the racecourse . . . and so we might speak of a sinner as shattering his ship upon the shoal of Justice at the end of his voyage, or as shattering his chariot in the *δίαυλος*, or last lap." As examples of each plan he quotes Æsch. *Eum.* 556 *sqq.* and Eur. *H. F.* 764 *sqq.* There are other notes illustrating Greek ideas on Pind. *P.* iv. 286 (*καίρῳ*), and on Pind. *I.* v. (iv.) 7, where he says: "*δαίμων*, the *Apportioner*, is a personification of the *μοῖρα*, or *portion*, which is assigned to every man at birth, and corresponds

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precisely to the *star* assigned him by astrology. . . . No idea is more important than this for Pindar, and I hope before long to give a full account of it, which is sadly wanted, especially for his sake and for Æschylus." On p. 316 he draws attention to the variations which the burlesque manner plays upon the epithet *white*, and on p. 312 there is a table illustrating words formed from the root *ῥpu-*.

In dealing with Pindar he incidentally controverted some statements by Professor Gildersleeve, who replied in the *American Journal of Philology*, vol. xxviii. 1, pp. 107-111 (1907). At the end of a paragraph on p. 109 G. writes: "Against careless and captious readers like Dr. Headlam one is never safe."

For other notes on Pindar *v.* the *Class. Rev.* vol. xiv. p. 10 (1900), vol. xvii. p. 288 (1903), vol. xix. pp. 148-150.

"A Book of Greek Verse." xxiv pp. + 310 pp., 8vo. Cambridge University Press, 1907.

P. v. The dedication: "To Henry Montagu Butler, in affection and gratitude."

Pp. vii-xxiii. The preface.

P. 1. Quotation of Sappho, *Fr.* 70:

"Ἀγε δῆ, χέλν διὰ μοι
φωνάεσσα γένοιο.

Pp. 2-261. The translations into and out of Greek.

Pp. 262-308. Notes.

Pp. 309, 310. Indices.

The preface, dated August 1907, consists of an essay on the art of translation, and contains his theories on a subject which he had previously dealt with briefly in the preface to the *Fifty Poems of Meleager* (1890), and in his reviews of *Odes from the Greek Dramatists*, *Camb. Rev.* vol. xii. p. 274 (1891), Mackail's *Greek Anthology*, *Class. Rev.* vol. vi. p. 269 (1892), and Bevan's *Prometheus Bound*, *Class. Rev.* vol. xvii. p. 164 (1903). A paragraph on p. xvii. also gives the gist of his theory of the principles of Greek Lyric Metre, which he expressed at greater length in the *Journ. of Hell. Stud.* vol. xxii. p. 209 (1902). A practical illustration of the principles will be found in the translation on p. 43 of

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"Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl," the metre being an arrangement of his own. The quotations given in the bibliog. notes under the above headings and the passage given in the Note on *Nausicaa* (v. *supra*, Part II. p. 106) make it unnecessary to say more of this preface than that it attracted as much attention as the versions and translations which illustrated the theories laid down in it. After a quotation of Pindar, *N.* vii. 77-79, the preface ends: "May this garland be acceptable to readers who already know that perfect language, and perhaps tempt some to make their first essay at learning it."

The versions and translations include those which were originally printed in the *Academy* (v. *sub* 1885) and the *Saturday Review* (v. *sub* 1901, 1903, 1904), all the pieces which he contributed to *Cambridge Compositions* (1899), except two, and all, except two, that had already appeared in the *Classical Review*. Ten of the *Fifty Poems of Meleager* (1890) are also reprinted, with considerable modifications, two of the ten having passed through an intermediate stage in the *Saturday Review* (Nov. 26, 1904). This early publication he thought little of in later years, but the reason for not reprinting some of the translations from *Cambridge Compositions* and the *Classical Review* was not that he thought them inferior to the others, but that they did not happen to fit into the scheme of the book. They would have come into the second volume which he had in mind.

The poems which correspond in English and Greek are grouped together so as to bring out "those affinities in thought and manner between writers in two different languages" which the book was designed to illustrate. The Greek pieces are arranged as nearly as possible in chronological order, and "range from the seventh century B.C. (its earliest surviving lyric) to its latest utterance in the sixth century A.D., and with only one or two exceptions have been chosen solely for their merit, in some kind, as poetry." The book begins with Aleman, Sappho, Simonides, and the early lyric writers, and ends with Theocritus, Meleager, and the later epigrammatists of the Anthology, while in the middle come Pindar, Bacchylides, and the Dramatists. Amongst the English poets translated into Greek are

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Shakespeare and the Elizabethan song-writers, Blake, Landor, Shelley, and Tennyson, so that, as some of the reviewers pointed out, the book, apart from the Greek, became an English anthology in itself. Besides the English poems there are specimens of Victor Hugo, Ferrari, and Heine (whose songs, turned into Greek epigrams, constituted the main bulk of his contribution to *Cambridge Compositions*). Horace's *Dialogue* is chosen for its affinity to Matthew Prior, and three pieces of Catullus for their "Greekness," and Campbell's rendering of "Hybrias the Cretan" is printed because it was among the very few translations from the Greek which wholly satisfied his own ideal.

The notes, which occupy some thirty-five pages, deal briefly with Greek Lyric Metre, Greek Ideas, Pythagoreanism in Æschylus and Sophocles, and other points which are illustrated in detail in most of his previously published work. They also contain incidentally a verse translation of Æsch. *Ag.* 170 *sqq.*, and of a passage at the end of Callimachus' *Hymn to Apollo*, and to illustrate ἵψος ἐξ ἵψους in his version of Shelley's *Skylark* he could not refrain from quoting Katharine Tynan's poem beginning "All day long in exquisite air, The song clomb an invisible stair." Scattered up and down the notes are judgments which illustrate his tastes and temperament as well as anything he wrote. "Remark how this idyllic opening [of Ibycus' poem about the spring] shifts without a break and works up rapidly into a tempestuous passion. The sudden contrast and the stormy vehemence remind one of Hungarian music." And of the two penultimate stanzas of Theocritus' *Harvest Home* he says: "I know one picture which is worthy to be set beside this—the *Concert Champêtre* of Giorgione in the Louvre."

The details of spacing and binding and of the general appearance of the book were due largely to the Cambridge University Press accepting his views on these matters.

The following reviews, amongst others, appeared (in 1908 except when otherwise stated): *The Times* Lit. Supp. Feb. 13; the *Morning Post*, June 22; the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Dec. 16, 1907; the *Globe*, Dec. 24, 1907; the *Manchester Courier*, March 6; the *Glasgow Herald*, March 11; the *Irish Times*,

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Dec. 13, 1907; the *Athenæum*, Jan. 4; the *Spectator*, April 11; *Notes and Queries*, Jan. 25; the *Guardian*, April 29; the *Outlook*, April 25; the *Publishers' Circular*, Nov. 23, 1907; the *Educational Times*, Feb. 1; the *Tablet*, Jan. 25; the *Cambridge Review*, March 5; the *Oxford Magazine*, Feb. 20; the *Bookseller*, Dec. 1907; the *Journal of Education*, Feb.; *School World*, Aug.; the *International Journal of Apocrypha*, Oct.; the *Classical Review*, May (by R. Y. Tyrrell); the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, vol. xxviii. p. 157; *Hermathena*, vol. xv. p. 140 (by R. Y. Tyrrell); *Revue Critique*, March 12; *Literarisches Zentralblatt*, May 23 (by Wilamowitz-Moellendorf).

The *Athenæum* said of his Greek versions: "They are not surpassed, if, indeed, they are equalled, by any existing productions of the same kind." The notice in the *Morning Post*, which appeared in the issue that contained the news of his death, was headed "A Scholar Poet." It begins: "Dr. Headlam is probably the finest Greek scholar in Britain both for learning and acumen, and clean detachment from any bias of politics or literary fashion, such as will sometimes deflect even a great scholar's judgment. As an interpreter and reconstructor of texts his name stands high; he has done the service of rescuing the style for translating verse into prose from a deplorable convention which reigned a generation ago; and now he comes to us with an exhibition of mastery at the very summits."

For quotations from other reviews *v. supra*, Part I. p. 155.

1908

"Menander." The *Academy*, vol. lxxiv. p. 416 (No. 1865, Feb. 1).

Two half-columns of emendations of the newly discovered fragments of Menander. They are given in the briefest form, unsupported, and are all reprinted in his pamphlet *Restorations of Menander* (*v. infra*).

"Restorations of Menander." 32 pp., 8vo. Bowes and Bowes, Cambridge, 1908.

A pamphlet on the newly discovered fragments of Menander, ed. by Gustave Lefebvre and Maurice Croiset, and pub. by the French Archæol. Institute at Cairo, 1907.

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This pamphlet contains a mass of conjectural emendations and illustrations, in most cases supported briefly. The note on pp. 16, 21 and several others illustrate the principle of transposition of words which he dealt with at length in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xvi. p. 243 (1902). He refers to this principle in the prefatory note, p. 4, where, however, the reference is wrongly given as p. 436.

The pamphlet is mentioned in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xxii. p. 62, and reviewed, with van Leeuwen's ed. of the same fragments, by H. Richards in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xxii. p. 127, where he says of W. H.'s work: "His fine scholarship appears, as usual, not only in the conjectures which he puts forward, but in the illustrations and general wealth of learning by which they are supported." It was also reviewed in the *Guardian*, April 26, and by Otto Hense in the *Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift*, June 13, 1908 (No. 24).

"Versions and Translation." The *Classical Review*, vol. xxii. p. 62 (March).

Versions in Greek iambics of Scott's verse "O woman, in our hours of ease," and of the epitaph beginning "She took the cup of life to sip," in Meole Churchyard.

"Weil's *Æschyli Tragædiæ*." The *Classical Review*, vol. xxii. p. 96 (May).

A very brief review of *Æschyli Tragædiæ*, ed. H. Weil, Teubner, 1907, which "gives me an opportunity of repeating what I have expressed before, my admiration of his clear intelligence and my most grateful sense of his services to Æschylus and his readers in the past."

"Proceedings of the Cambridge Philological Society," lxxvi.-lxxviii. London, 1908.

Contains an abstract on p. 17 of notes read by W. H. on Nov. 28, 1907, on *Soph. Trach.* 526, *O. T.* 1160, *O. C.* 327 and *frs.* 135, 182, 442, 486, 600, 704.

The proceedings were also reported in the *Cambridge University Reporter*, Dec. 17, 1907.

"Emendations and Explanations." The *Journal of Philology*, vol. xxxi. pp. 1-13 (No. 61).

Seven pages are devoted to Hesychius, the rest to

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fragments of Sophocles, Libanius, Aristides, Artemidorus, Achilles Tatius, Charito, Proclus, and Aristoph. *Vesp.* 283.

The illustration and support is in most cases brief.

"The Plays of Æschylus, translated from a Revised Text: The *Eumenides*." vi pp. + 46 pp., 8vo. George Bell and Sons, London, 1908.

"The Plays of Æschylus, translated from a Revised Text: The *Prometheus Bound*." viii pp. + 36 pp., 8vo. George Bell and Sons, London, 1908.

There is no preface to the *Eumenides*, and only a few lines on the text in the preface to the *Prometheus Bound*. Like his other prose translations, these contain notes which concentrate results already published, with the addition of a certain amount of fresh material.

Both were reviewed, together with Æsch. *Eumenides*, ed. A. W. Verrall (Macmillan, 1908), in the *Classical Review*, vol. xxii. pp. 182-185, by J. V. Powell, who, after dealing with V.'s book, compares H.'s translation with V.'s, and draws attention to the best of H.'s notes. At the end of the review he writes: "Just as these remarks were being written came the lamentable news of Dr. Headlam's death. He had lately appeared to have entered upon a period of his career no less prolific than brilliant, and it is to be hoped that among his papers will be found more of this fine and distinguished Greek scholarship which he had already given to the world in a rapid succession of publications. . ."

On p. v of the preface to his ed. of Æsch. *Eumenides* V. says: "Much is due to periodical publications, especially to papers by Dr. Walter Headlam."

1909

"The Plays of Æschylus, translated from a Revised Text by Walter Headlam, Litt.D., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and C. E. S. Headlam, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge." xvi pp. + 320 pp., 8vo. George Bell and Sons, London, 1909.

The frontispiece is of the bust of Æschylus in the Capitol Museum at Rome.

In this volume the *Agamemnon*, *Choephoroe*, *Eumenides*,

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The Suppliants, and *Prometheus Bound* are reissues of those plays as published separately by W. H. in 1904, 1905, 1908, 1900, and 1908 respectively. The other two plays, the *Persians* and *The Seven against Thebes*, are translated and edited by C. E. S. Headlam on the basis of material left by W. H. The text in these two plays is that of Wecklein (1885), and departures from it either made or approved by W. H. are indicated in the margin.

The preface to the collected plays consists of a note by C. E. S. H. to the above effect, and of three paragraphs made up of material taken from the prefaces to the separate plays. The first explains W. H.'s view of prose translations expressed in the preface to the *Choephorae*, and is quoted in the bibliog. note on *The Suppliants* (v. sub 1900). The second is made up from the prefaces to *The Suppliants* and the *Agamemnon*, and deals with the questions of texts. The third is from the preface to C. E. S. H.'s ed. of *The Persians*, but is written by W. H. It puts concisely what he said in the *Class. Rev.* vol. xii. p. 189 (1898) and elsewhere in dealing with passages from this play: "The diction of *The Persians* is different from that of the other plays of Æschylus. The characters are Persians, the scene is laid in their chief city, and the whole play reflects the manners and ideas of the East. To suit the local colour, the language has an appropriate cast. Æschylus makes his Persians speak in an archaic-sounding Ionic style, the Greek of Asia. This effect is obtained partly by metre, e.g., the use of long trochaics; partly by forms of words and pronunciation (as *νεὸς ἐὼν νεὰ φρονεῖ, κύνειον, εὐπέρτερος, νεὸς*); partly also by forms of phrase. . ."

The following reviews, amongst others, appeared: *The Pall Mall Gazette*, Dec. 14; the *Westminster Gazette*, Feb. 19, 1910; the *Liverpool Courier*, Nov. 19; the *Dundee Advertiser*, Nov. 13; the *Aberdeen Free Press*, Nov. 11; the *Educational Times*, Jan. 1, 1910; the *Church Times*, Dec. 17; *College Echoes* (St. Andrews University), Feb. 11, 1910; the *Spectator*, March 12, 1910; the *Nation*, Jan. 15, 1910; the *Thrush*, Dec.; the *Cambridge Review*, Jan. 20, 1910; *Guardian*, April 22, 1910.

The reviews, all of which, except those in the *Thrush* and the *West. Gaz.*, are very brief, praise the fidelity of the

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translation and the scholarship of the notes. The writer of the review in the *Thrush*, after discussing W. H.'s theory of translation and disputing two readings, adds: "It is almost superfluous to add that in by far the greater number of the passages on which he has worked, his clear judgment and brilliant scholarship have given to the world interpretations with which the most carping of critics can find no fault."

- "Dirge." The *Spectator*, vol. ciii. p. 645 (No. 4243, Oct. 23).
 Poem. *V. supra*, Part. II. p. 18, where it appears as
 "In Memoriam, K. S." For the occasion of it *v. supra*,
 Part I. p. 17.

IN THE PRESS

- "The *Agamemnon* of Æschylus." Text, verse translation, commentary, and introductory essays.
 "Herodas." Text and commentary.
 "The Fragments of Sophocles." Text and commentary.

Amongst the obituary notices and appreciations which appeared were the following: The *Times*, June 22; the *Morning Post*, June 22; the *Standard*, June 22; the *Daily Chronicle*, June 22; the *Daily Telegraph*, June 22; the *Aberdeen Free Press*, June 23; the *Aberdeen Journal*, June 23; the *Cambridge Daily News*, June 22; the *Yorkshire Post*, June 22; the *Teesdale Mercury*, July 1 (with an account of the funeral); the *Athenæum*, June 27 and Dec. 19 (under "Cambridge Notes"); the *Spectator*, Sept. 5 (by A. J. Church); the *Guardian*, June 24; the *Christian World*, June 24; *Truth*, July 1; the *Cambridge Review*, Oct. 15, p. 3, and p. 7 (by A. C.—*i.e.*, Arthur Cole), and Dec. 3, p. 175 (by O. L. R.—*i.e.*, O. L. Richmond); the *Cambridge University Reporter*, No. 1711, June 23, and No. 1717, Oct. 2 (a reference in the Vice-Chancellor's address); the *Harrovian*, July 2; the *Classical Review*, vol. xxii. p. 163, and p. 185 (by J. V. Powell, at the

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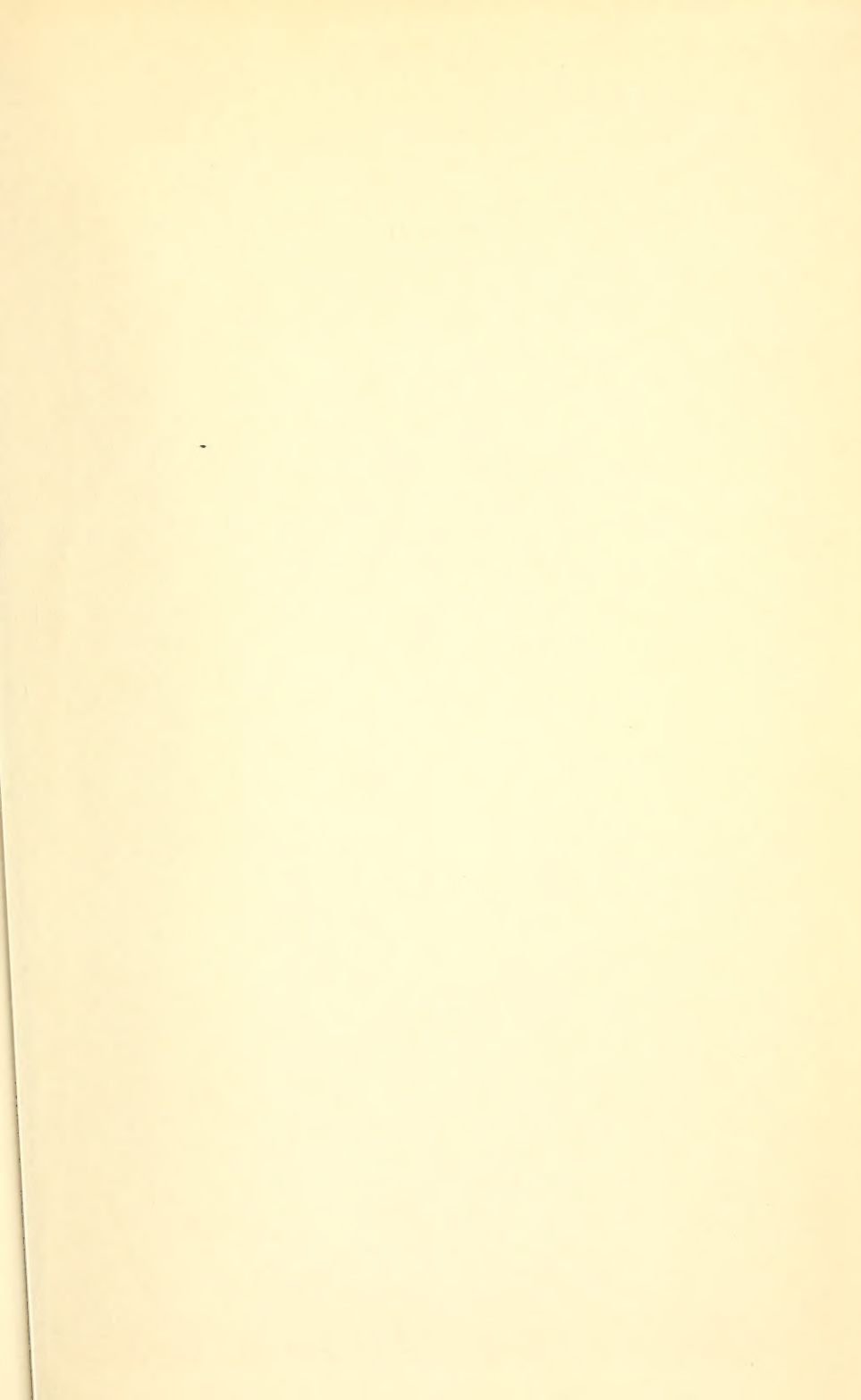
end of a review of his prose tr. of *Æschylus*); the *Literary World*, July; the *Sporting Times*, Oct. 31; the *Nation*, July 9; *Hermathena*, vol. xv. p. 140 (the first paragraph in a review by R. Y. Tyrrell of *A Book of Greek Verse*).

The article in the *Class. Rev.* contained a poem on W. H. by Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, which appeared again, with a translation by A. J. Church, in the *Spectator*, Sept. 5 (*v. supra*, Part I. p. 7). A poem, "In Memoriam—Walter Headlam," by J. R. L. (*i.e.*, J. R. Leslie), appeared in the *Cambridge Review*, Nov. 5. The article in the *Cambridge Review*, Oct. 15, dealt mainly with W. H.'s personal characteristics; that in the number for Dec. 5 dealt mainly with W. H. as a scholar. The article in the *Sporting Times*, which was headed "A Pink Scholar," refers to his having been "an occasional contributor to our pink columns," and then proceeds to quote from the article in the *Camb. Rev.* Oct. 15. An obituary article on R. D. Archer-Hind in the *Times*, April 8, 1910, refers to "the terseness and reserve of expression carried to the point of artistic perfection which characterise the Greek renderings of the late Walter Headlam." A review in the *Spectator*, Jan. 30, 1909, of Sandys' *History of Classical Scholarship* refers to the "index of more recent scholars, [which] covers half a closely printed page, and has for its last entry the name of Walter Headlam, in whom, as in Kennedy and Jebb, the poetry of Greece and Rome almost came to life again:

" 'Some little spark of ancient song,
Some fragment still
Was left us, lingering in thy soul
And in thy skill.' "

(Quoted from W. H.'s tr. of an epigram of Leontius on p. 147 of *A Book of Greek Verse*.)







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